



J. Kneller Pinx.

M. P. Gouche Sculp.

Mr John Dryden

Title. Vol. II. Anno. 1693. Aetate. 50.

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Print



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Mr John Dryden

Title. Vol. II. Anno. 1693. Aetate. 50.

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The SECOND VOLUME
OF
Familiar Letters
OF
LOVE, GALLANTRY,
And several other
OCCASIONS:

BY THE
Wits of the last and present Age.
WITH THE
Best of VOITURE's Letters,
Translated by Mr. DRYDEN, and Mr. THO.
BROWN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, at the *Bell-Savage* on *Ludgate-Hill*. 1724.

THE SECOND VOLUME
OF
THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
BY
JOHN STOW
IN TWO VOLUMES
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BY
JOHN STOW
IN TWO VOLUMES



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TO THE
READER.

BY the Desire of several
worthy *Persons* of *Wit* and
Learning, I have here printed
the *Remains* of the late *Celebra-*
ted Mr. *Tho. Brown*, which were
not inserted in the Works of
that Author, to do Justice to the
Buyers, rather than make those
Editions that are sold, imperfect ;

A

and

To the Reader.

and I must farther acquaint the Reader, that the *Dialogue*, formerly privately printed at Oxford, and inserted in these *Remains*, was written by a *Learned Friend* of Mr. Brown's, as I am now informed.

And since I have finished this *Collection* of *Letters*, I have received several *Original Letters* and *Poems* of Mr. Dryden, never before printed; and several *Letters* of Mr. Wycherly's, and other *Great Men*; and *Letters* written by the immortal *Queen Elizabeth*, and the *Earl of Essex*: Therefore, if the *Lovers* and *Encouragers* of *Wit* and *Learning*, will oblige me and the *Publick* with any *Original Letters* that are entertaining, they shall receive full *Satisfaction*.

be

To the Reader.

be gratefully receiv'd, and carefully inserted in the next *Volume*, if directed to the *Bell Savage* on *Ludgate-Hill*; or the *Sun* against *John's Coffee-House* in *Swithin's-Alley*, *Cornhill*.

For

Your Servant,

Sam. Briscoe.

A 2

The



THE
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OF THE
Second VOLUME
OF
LETTERS.

*A Collection of the best Letters, written by
Monsieur Voiture, to Persons of Quality of
both Sexes, in the Court of France.*

Translated by Mr. Dryden, Mr. Dennis, and
Mr. Thomas Brown.

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a Description of a Country Journey, tran-
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REMAINS

Of the late celebrated

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BEING

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A
COLLECTION
Of the Best
LETTERS

Written by
Monf. Voiture, &c.

To my Lord Cardinal DE LA VALETTE.

A Description of a Country Journey.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

My LORD,



Am satisfy'd, that you old Cardinals
take more Authority upon you than
those of the last Promotion, because,
having written many Letters to you,
without receiving one from you, yet
you complain of my Neglect. In the mean Time,
seeing so many well-bred Men, who assure me that
VOL. II. B you

you do me too much Honour to think of me at all, and that I am bound to write to you, and to give my Acknowledgments, I am resolved to take their Counsel, and to pass over all Sorts of Difficulties and Considerations of my own Interest. This then will give you to understand, that six Days after the Eclipse, and a Fortnight after my Decease, Madam the Princess, Mademoiselle de Bourbon, Madam du Vigean, Madam Aubry, Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, Mademoiselle Paulet, Monsieur de Chaudebonne, and my self, left Paris about six in the Evening, and went to *La Barre*, where Madam du Vigean was to give a Collation to the Princess. In our Way thither we found nothing worth our Observation; but only that at *Ormesson*, an *English* Mastiff came up to the Boot of the Coach, to make his Complement to me. Be pleased to take this along with you, my Lord, that as often as I express my self in the Plural Number, as for Example, We went, we found, or we beheld, 'tis always to be understood, that I spake in the Quality of a Cardinal. From thence we happily arriv'd at *La Barre*, and enter'd a Hall where we trod upon nothing but Roses and Orange flowers. Madam the Princess, after she had sufficiently admir'd this Magnificence, had a mind to see the Walks before Supper: The Sun was then just sitting in a Cloud of Gold and Azure, and gave us no larger a Share of his Beams, than to supply a soft and pleasing Light; the Air was not disturb'd either with Wind or Heat, and it seem'd that Heaven and Earth were conspiring with Madam du Vigean in her treating the fairest Princess upon Earth. After she had passed through a great Parterre and Gardens full of Orange-Trees, she arrived at the Entrance of an enchanted Wood, so thick and shady, that Authors conclude the Sun, since the Day of his Birth, never enter'd it, till now that

of a Country Journey.

3

We waited on her Highness thither. At the End of an Alley, which carry'd the Distance out of Sight, we found a Fountain, which alone cast up a greater Quantity of Water, than all those of *Tivoli* together: About it were plac'd four and twenty Violins, which had much ado to make themselves be heard, for the rumbling of the Streams in falling. When we were got near enough, we discover'd, in a certain Nich, within a Pallisade, a *Diana*, of about eleven or twelve Years of Age, and fairer than the Forests of *Greece* and *Thessaly* had ever seen: She bore her Bow and Arrows in her Eyes, and was encompass'd with all the Glories of her Brother. In another Nich, not far distant, was another Nymph, fair and gentle enough to pass for one of her Train. Those who are not given to believe Fables, took them for Mademoiselles *de Bourbon* and *de Priande*; and, to confess the Truth, they resembled them exactly. All the Company was in a profound Silence, admiring so many different Objects, which at once astonish'd their Eyes and Ears, when on a sudden the Goddess leap'd down from her Nich, and with a Grace, impossible to be describ'd, began a Ball, which lasted for some Time about the Fountain. 'Twas somewhat strange, my Lord, that in the midst of so many Pleasures, which were sufficient to engage the whole Attention of their Spirits, who enjoy'd them, yet we could not bear to think of you; and it was generally concluded, that something was wanting to our Happiness, since neither you, nor Madam *de Rambouillet*, were present. Then I took up a Harp, and sung this *Spanish Stanza*;

Pues quisco mi suerte dura,
Que saltando mi sennor
Tambien saltasse mi Dama.

B 2

And

And continu'd the rest of the Song so very melodiously, and with such an Air of Sadness, that there was not one of the Company but the Tears came into their Eyes, and they wept abundantly. Their Sorrow had endur'd much longer, had not the Violins struck up a Sarabrand, with great Speed and Presence of Mind; upon which the Company got upon their Feet, with as much Gaiety as if nothing in the World had happen'd, and fell into the Dance. Thus leaping, capering, turning round, and hopping, we return'd to the House, where we found a Table already spread, and serv'd as if it had been by Fairies. This, my Lord, is one Passage of the Adventure, which is so stupendous, that no Words are capable of expressing it: For there are neither Colours of Speech, nor Figures in the Art of Rhetoric, which can describe six several Sorts of Potages, which were at once presented to the Sight. And what was particularly remarkable, that there being none but Goddeses, and two Demi-Gods at the Table, (*viz.*) Monsieur *Chaudebbonne* and I, yet every one eat as heartily, and with as good Appetites, as if we had been neither more nor less than plain Mortals: And, to confess the Truth, a better Treat could not have been provided. Amongst other Things, there were twelve Dishes, besides other Eatables in Disguise, which were never seen before on any human Table, and whose very Names have never been so much as mention'd in any History. This Circumstance, my Lord, by some disastrous Accident, has been related to Madam *la Marreschalle* —, and though, immediately upon it she took twelve Drams of Opium, beyond her ordinary Dose, yet she has never been able to close her Eyes from that fatal Moment. During the first Course, there was not so much as one single Cup went round to your Health, the Company was so

gent upon the present Affair ; and at the Desert, we quite forgot it. I beg your Permission, my Lord, to relate all Things as they pass'd, like a faithful Historian as I am, and without Flattery ; for I would not for the World, that Posterity should mistake one Thing for another, and that at the End of two thousand Years hence, or thereabouts, they should imagine your Health was drunk, when really there was no such Thing in Nature. Yet I must give this Testimony to Truth, that it was not for want of Memory : For, during all Supper-Time, you were often mention'd ; all the Ladies wish'd you there, and some of them very heartily, or I am much mistaken. As we rose from Table, the Sound of the Violins summon'd us up Stairs, where we found a Chamber so gloriously lighted up, that it look'd as if the Day, which was now below the Earth, had retired hither, and was assembled in one Body of Light. Here the Ball began again, in better Order and with more Grace, than it had been danc'd about the Fountain ; and the most magnificent Part of it, my Lord, was, that I footed it there in Person. Mademoiselle de Bourbon, I must confess, was of Opinion, that I danc'd awkwardly ; but she concluded, to my Advantage, that I must be allowed to dance well ; because, that at the End of every Cadence, I put my self upon my Guard. The Ball continu'd with much Pleasure, till all of a sudden a great Noise, which was heard without Doors, caus'd the Company to look out at the Windows ; where, from a great Wood, which was about three hundred Paces from the House, we beheld so vast a number of Fire-Works issuing out, that we verily believ'd all the Branches and Trunks or the Trees had been metamorphos'd into Guns ; that all the Stars were falling from the Firmament, and that the Element of Fire was descending into the middle Re-

6 VOITURE's Description

gion of the Air. Here, my Lord, are three Hyperboles tack'd together, which being valued at a moderate Price, are worth three Dosen of Fuses at the least. After we were recover'd out of this great Fit of Extasy, into which so many Miracles had plung'd us, we resolv'd on our Departure, and took the Way to *Paris* by the Light of twenty Flambeaux: We pass'd through all the *Ormessonnois*, and the wide Plains of *Espinay*, without Resistance, and went through the Middle of *St. Dennis*. Being plac'd in the Coach by the Side of Madam — I said a whole *Miserere* to her on your Behalf; to which she reply'd, with much Gallantry, and no less Civility: We sung in our Journey a World of Songs, Roundeaux, Roundelays, Lampoons, and Ballads, and were now half a League beyond *St. Dennis*, it being two a Clock in the Morning precisely; the Fatigue of the Journey, Watching, Walking, and the painful Exercise of the Ball, having made me somewhat heavy, when there happen'd an Accident, which I verily believ'd would have been my total Ruin: There is a certain little Village, situate, say the Geographers, betwixt *Paris* and *St. Dennis*, and vulgarly call'd, *La Valette*. At our going out of this Place, we overtook three Coaches, in which were those Numerical Violins which had been playing to us. Hereupon, Satan entring into the Spirit of Mademoiselle, she commanded them to follow us, and to give Serenades all Night long to the poor innocent People of *Paris*, who were asleep, and dream'd not of her Malice. This diabolical Proposition made my Hair rise an End upon my Head; yet all the Company pass'd a Vote in Favour of it; and the Word was just ready to be given, but by a signal Providence they had left their Violins behind them at *La Barre*; for which the Lord reward them. From hence, my Lord, you may reasonably conclude,

elude, that Mademoiselle is a dangerous Person in the Night, if ever there was any in the World; and that I had great Reason at Madam — 's House to say, that the Violins ought to be turn'd out of Doors, when that pestilent Lady was in Company. Well, we continu'd our Way happily enough, but only that as we enter'd the *Fauxbourg*, we met six lusty Fellows, as naked as ever they were born, who pass'd directly by the Coach, to the Terror of the Ladies. In fine, we arriv'd at *Paris*; and what I am now going to relate is indeed prodigious: Could you imagine it, my Lord? The Obscurity was so great, that it cover'd all that vast City; and, instead of what we left it, not full seven Hours before, fill'd with Noise, and with a Crowd of Men, Women, Horses, and Coaches, we found nothing but a deep Silence, a dismal Desert, a frightful Solitude, dispeopled Streets, not meeting with any mortal Man, but only certain Animals, who fled from the Lustre of our Torches. But the remaining Part of the Adventure you shall have, my Lord, another Time: As *Boyando* tells you,

*Qui e il fin del Canto; e torno ad Orlando,
Adio Signor, a voi me raccomando.*





To Mademoiselle PAULET.

MADAM,



O great a Misfortune as mine, wanted no less Consolation than that which I lately receiv'd from you; and I look'd on your Letter as a Pardon which Heaven granted me after my Sentence; I can call by no other Name the News which oblig'd me to return to this Place, and I can assure you that the Sentence of Death is oftentimes less rigorous. But since, in the midst of all my Misfortunes, I have the Honour to be remember'd by you, to complain would be ill-becoming of me; for methinks he may dispense with the Favours of Fortune, who is happy enough to obtain yours. This is the Reason that I shall make use of to comfort my self, for the Necessity of remaining here; and not that which you urg'd in yours, that it is better to be an Exile in a Foreign Land, than to be a Prisoner in one's own Country: For, alas! you know but one half of my Misery, if you are not convinc'd that I am both together; and if you judge of the Matter rightly, you will find that a Thing, which seems very inconsistent, is to be found in me, which is to be banish'd from the same Person by whom I am kept a Prisoner. You will find it difficult to interpret this Riddle, unless you call to mind, that I have always been us'd to mingle a Dram of Love in my Letters: For if, as you say, I am allow'd some Liberty here, of which I should be depriv'd in *France*, I beseech you let it be that of assuring you, that there is a great deal

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Mademoiselle PAULET.

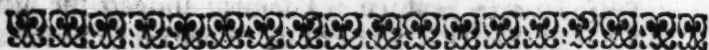
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deal of Passion mix'd with the Affection which I express for your Service. I should indeed be ungrateful, if I should discover but an ordinary Friendship for a Person who does such extraordinary Things for me ; and I am obliged to fall in Love at least with your Generosity. I have been acquainted what Care a Gentleman and a Lady has taken to enquire of my Welfare, which is an additional Obligation to one whom they had extremely oblig'd before. For all the rest, they have seem'd bury'd in so profound a Silence, that for six Months together I have heard not the least Mention of them. Whether this comes from their Forgetfulness, or from their Prudence, I am unable to determine. Yet Forgetfulness may be allow'd an Excuse for Silence ; but a dumb Remembrance is without Defence. I leave you to conclude, Madam, how much Lustre this reflects upon what you have done for me, and how much I am oblig'd to you for a long Letter at a Time, when others have been afraid to send me their Service. Therefore let me assure you, that tho' I am unable to make suitable Returns to such Goodness, I esteem it at least, and extol it as it deserves, and that I am as much as a Man can possibly be,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.





To Monsieur DE CHAUBONNE.



Writ to you ten or twelve Days ago, and return'd you Thanks for the two Letters, which I have at length receiv'd from you. If you were but sensible of the Satisfaction they brought with them, you would be sorry for not having writ to me oftner, and for not frequently repeating the Consolation, of which I had so much need. *Madrid*, which is the most agreeable Place in the World, for those who at once are lusty and Libertines, is the most disconsolate for those who are Regular, or those who are indisposed. And in *Lent*, which is the Players Vacation, I do not know so much as one Pleasure that a Man can enjoy with Conscience. My Melancholy here, and my Want of Company, have produc'd a good Effect in me; for they have reconcil'd me to Books, which I had for a Time forsaken; and being able to meet with no other Pleasures, I have been forc'd to taste and to relish that of Reading. Prepare then to see me a Philosopher as great as your self; and consider how fast a Man must come on, who for seven whole Months has study'd, or has been sick: For if one of the chief Things that Philosophy aims at, is a Contempt of Life; the Stone-Cholic is certainly the best of Masters, and *Plato* and *Socrates* perswades us less efficaciously. It has lately read me a Lecture, that lasted seventeen Days, and which I shall not quickly forget; and which has often made me consider how very feeble we are, since three Grains of Sand

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tho' I

Monsieur DE CHAUDEBONNE. 11

Sand are sufficient to cast us down. But if it determines me to any Sect, it shall not at least be that which maintains that Pain is not an Evil ; and that he who is wise, is at all Times happy. But whatever befalls me, I can neither be happy nor wise, without being near to you, and nothing can make me one or the other, so much as your Presence or your Example. Yet am I very uncertain when I shall be able to leave this Place; and expecting both Money and Men, which are coming by Sea, and which are two Things that do not always keep touch with us, I apprehend my remaining here longer than I could wish ; therefore I make it my humble Request to you, that you would not forget me so long as you have done, and that you would testify, by doing me the Honour of writing to me, that you are convinc'd of the real Affection with which,

I am yours, &c.



To Monsieur DE GODEAU.

S I R,



YOU ought to give me Time to recover our Tongue, before you oblige me to write to you : For it appears to me to be something absurd, that I, who have been now so long a Foreigner, and but just come from breathing the Air of *Barbary*, should presume to expose my Letters to one of the most eloquent Men in *France*. This Consideration has kept me silent till now. But tho' I forbear to answer your Challenges, I cannot refuse

refuse to return your Civilities. By these you have found a Way to vanquish me, in spite of all my Evasions. In my present Condition, it is more reputable to you to conquer me this Way, than to overcome me by Force: You would have acquir'd but small Glory by vigorously attacking a Man, who is already driven to Extremity, and to whom Fortune has given so many Blows, that the least may satisfy to overwhelm him. Amidst the Darknes in which she hath plac'd us, we can have no Defence; but here all our Art and our Skill in Parring are useless. The Case perhaps might be otherwise, if you had set before my Eyes the Sun of which you make mention; and, as dejected as you see me now, I should grow daring enough to enter the Lists against you, if the Light of that were divided between us equally. 'Tis more to have that alone on your Side, than all the rest of Heaven. The Beauties which sparkle in all that you do, are only deriv'd from hers, and it is the Influence of her Rays on you which produces so many Flowers. Nothing can ever appear more lively, than those which you scatter on every Thing that comes from you. I have seen them upon the Ocean's extreamest Shores, and in Places where Nature cannot produce, no, not one Blade of Grass. I have receiv'd Nosegays of them, which made me meet in Desarts with the choicest Delicacies of *Greece* and of fruitful *Italy*. And tho' they had been carry'd four hundred Leagues, neither the Length of Way nor of Time had in the least diminished their Lustre. They are indeed immortal and cannot decay, and so vastly different from all Terrestrial Productions, that it is with a great deal of Justice that you have offer'd them up to Heaven; for Altars alone are worthy of them. Believe me, Sir, in what I am saying, I speak but my real Sentiments: When my Curiosity, as you

say,

ſay, had oblig'd me to paſs the Bounds of the ancient World, to find out rare and ſurpriſing Objects, your Works were the wonderfullſt Things that I ſaw, and *Africa* could ſhow me nothing more new, and no more extraordinary Sight. Reading them under the Shade of its Palms, I wiſh'd you crown'd with them all; and at the very Time that I ſaw that I had gone beyond *Hercules*, I found I came ſhort of you. All this, which was capable of producing Envy in any Man's Soul but mine, fill'd mine with ſo much Eſteem and Affection, that you then took the Place there which you are now deſiring, and perfectly finiſh'd what you think you are ſtill to begin. After the Knowledge which I have had of you, how can I form ſuch an Image of you, as you are willing to give me? How can I fancy you to be that little Creature you ſay you are? How could I comprehend that Heaven could place ſuch mighty Things in ſo ſmall a Space? When I give my Imagination a Loofe, it gives you four Yards at leaſt, and repreſents you of the Stature of Men engender'd by Angels. Yet I ſhall be very glad to find that it is as you would have me believe. Amongſt the reſt of the Advantages which I expect to derive from you, I am in Hopes that you will bring our Stature into ſome Credit, and that it is ours which henceforward will be accounted the nobleſt, and that by you we ſhall be exalted above thoſe who believe themſelves higher than we. As we pour the moſt exquisite Eſſences into the ſmalleſt Bottles, Nature infuſeth the divinest Souls into the ſmalleſt Bodies, and mixes more or leſs of Matter with them, as they have more or leſs in them of their Almighty Original. She ſeems to place the moſt ſhining Souls, as Jewellers ſet the moſt ſparkling Stones, who make uſe of as little Gold as they can with them, and no more than juſt ſuffices to bind them.

By

14 VOITURE to Monsieur, &c.

By you the World will be undeceiv'd of that sottish Error of valuing Men by their Weight ; and my Littleness, with which I have been so often upbraided by Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, for the future may recommend me to her. For what remains, the Affection is very just which you tell me she has for you, and with her six more of the loveliest Creatures that illustrate the Light. But I wonder that you should think to get mine by such a Discovery, and to gain it by the very Means which were sufficient to make you lose it. You had need to have a high Opinion of my Goodness, to believe that I can love a Man who enjoys my Right, and who has obtain'd the Confiscation of my most valu'd Possessions : But yet I am so just, that even this shall be no Impediment, and I believe you to have so much Justice on your Side, that I do not despair but that we may accommodate even this Matter between us. They may very well have given you my Place, without your putting me out of it, and my Room in their Hearts was but very small, if it cannot contain us both. As for my Part, I shall do my utmost that I may not incommode you there ; and shall take care to take up my Station so that we may not clash. Since so powerful an Interest cannot make me cease to be yours, you may believe, that in spite of the worst of Accidents, I shall be eternally

Yours, &c.

B I L.



BILLET *from Madam de Saintot
to Monsieur de Voiture.*



Have promis'd to bestow you for a Gallant upon two fine Women, my Friends. I am confident that you will not find the Exploit too many for you, and do not doubt but that you will confirm my Promise, as soon as you have but seen them.



The Answer of Mons. DE VOITURE.



LET me see what I love as soon as you can; for I die with Impatience till that happy Moment. And since, at your Command, I have fallen in Love, it behoves you to take some Care that I am belov'd too. I have thought all Night upon the two Ladies that ——— In short, upon you know whom. I write this Billet to one of them; deliver it, I beseech you, to her, whom you believe that I love the more passionately of the two. In Acknowledgment of the good Offices which I receive from you, I assure you, that you shall always dispose of my Affections; and that I will never love any one so much as your self, till I am convinc'd that you have in good earnest a Mind that I should.

To



To his unknown MISTRESS.



AS there ever so extraordinary a Passion as that which I have for you? For my Part, I do not know any Thing of you; and to my Knowledge I never so much as heard of you; and yet e-gad, I am desperately in Love with you; and it is now a whole Day since I have sigh'd and look'd silly, languish'd and dy'd, and all that for you. Without having even seen your Face, I am taken with its Beauty; and am charm'd with your Wit, tho' I never have heard one Syllable of it. I am ravish'd with your every Action, and I fancy in you a kind of I know not what, that makes me passionately in Love with I know not whom. Sometimes I fancy you Fair, and at other Times Black; now you appear Tall to me, by and by Short; now with a Nose of the *Roman Shape*, and anon with a Nose turn'd up: But in whatever Form I describe you, you appear the loveliest of Creatures to me; and though I am ignorant what Sort of Beauty yours is, I am ready to pawn my Soul that it is the most bewitching of all of them. If it be your Luck to know me as little, and to love me as much, then Thanks be to Love and the Stars. But lest you should a little impose upon your self, in fancying me a tall fair Fellow, and so be surpriz'd at the Sight of me, I care not for once if I venture to send you my Picture: My Stature is three Inches below the middle one; my Head appears tolerable enough, and is decently set off with a large grey Head

VOITURE to *Maidemoiselle* Paulet. 17

Head of Hair ; then with Eyes that languish a little, yet are something haggard ; I have a Sort of a Cudden-cast of a Face ; but in Requital one of your Friends will tell you, that I am the honestest Fellow in the World ; and that for loving faithfully in five or six Places at a Time, there is no Man alive comes near me. If you think that all this will accommodate you, it shall be at your Service as soon as I see you. Till that long, long'd-for Time, I shall think of you ; that is, of I know not whom. But if any one should chance to ask me for whom I sigh, don't be afraid, I warrant to keep the Secret : I would fain see any one catch me at naming you to him.



To Mademoiselle PAULET.

By Mr. DENNIS.

MADAM,



Here was only one Thing wanting to your Adventures, and that was to be a Prisoner of State : I have given you here the happy Occasion of being such ; Fortune, who has omitted no Opportunity of bringing you into Play, will, in all Probability, make her Advantage of this. I know very well, that I bring you into Danger by writing to you ; yet cannot even that Reflection restrain me. From whence you may conclude, that there is no Risk which I would refuse to run to refresh your Remembrance of me, since I can resolve to

18 VOITURE to *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

to endanger even you, you who are dear and valuable above all the rest of the World to me. I tell you this, Madam, at a Time when I would not lye, no, not in a Complement: For I would have you to know, that I am much the better for the Distemper which I have lately had: It has caused me to assume such good Resolutions, that if I had them not, I could be contented to purchase them with all my Health. I plainly foresee, that this will but divert you, you that are conscious to so much of my Weakness, and who will never believe that I can keep single Resolutions; I who have spoken so many Vows: Yet nothing is more certain, than that I have hitherto beheld the *Spanish* Beauties with as much Indifference, as I did the *Flemish* at *Brussels*; and I hope to grow a Convert in the very Place of the World in which the Tempter is strongest, and where the Devil resumes as glorious Shapes as what he put off when he fell. The Reformation is so great in me, that I have but one Scruple remaining, which is, that I think too often of you, and that I desire to see you again with a little too much Impatience. I who have moderated the rest of my Passions, have been unable to reduce that which I have for you to the Measure with which we are permitted to love our Neighbours; that is to say, as much as we do our selves; and I fear you have a larger Share in my Soul, than I ought to allow a Creature. Look out, I beseech you, for a Remedy for this, or rather for an Excuse for it; for as for a Remedy, I believe there is none, and that I must be always, with the utmost Passion,

MADAM, Yours.

To

To the Marchioness of RAMBOUILLET, in Answer to a Letter of Thanks of hers.

MADAM,



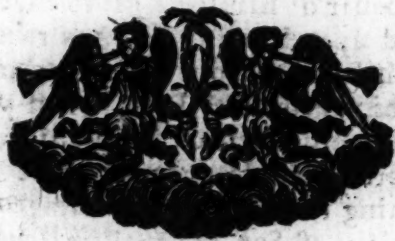
HO' my Liberality should, as you tell me, surpass the Bounty of *Alexander*, it would nevertheless be richly recompenc'd, by the Thanks which you have return'd me for it. He himself, as boundless as his Ambition was, would have confin'd it to so rare a Favour. He would have set more Value upon this Honour, than he did on the *Persian Diadem*; and he would never have envied *Achilles* the Praise which he receiv'd from *Homer*, if he could but himself have obtain'd yours. Thus, Madam, on this Pinnacle of Glory on which I stand, if I bear any Envy to his, 'tis not so much to that which he acquir'd himself, as to that which you have bestow'd upon him; and he has receiv'd no Honours, which I do not hold inferior to mine, unless it be that which you did him, when you declar'd him your Gallant. Neither his Vanity, nor the rest of his Flatterers, could ever perswade him to believe any Thing that was so advantageous to him; and the Quality of Son of *Jupiter Hammon* was by much less glorious to him than this. But if any Thing comforts me for the Jealousy which it has rais'd in me, 'tis this, Madam, that knowing you as well as I know you, I am very well assur'd that if you have done him this Honour, 'tis not so much upon

20 VOITURE's *Letter of Thanks.*

upon the Account of his having been the greatest of Mankind, as of his having been now these two thousand Years no more. However, we here find Cause to admire the Greatness of his Fortune, which not being able yet to forsake him so many Years after his Death, has added to his Conquests a Person that gives them more Lustre than the Daughters and Wife of *Darius*; and which has gain'd him a Mind more great than the World he conquer'd. I ought here to be afraid, after your Example of Writing, in too lofty a Style. But how can the Writer be too sublime who writes of you, and of *Alexander*? I humbly beseech you, Madam, to believe that I have equal Passion for you, with that which you shew for him; and that the Admiration of your Virtues will oblige me to be always,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.



An



An Imitation of Monsieur de Voiture's Letter to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet; being an Answer to that by which she had inform'd him, who was then with Monsieur in Exile, that the Academy designed to abolish the Particle Car. [For.]

That the Reader may be diverted with this Letter, he is desir'd to suppose, that there is a Club of Wits erected in London for the Regulation of the Tongue, who have a Design to abolish it.

MADAM,



OR, being of so great Importance in our Tongue as it is, I extreamly approve of the Resentment you shew for the Wrong they design to do it; and I must needs declare, that I expect no Good from this Club of Wits which you mention, since they are resolv'd to establish themselves by so great an Oppression; even at a Time like this, when Fortune is acting her Tragedies throughout all *Europe*. I can behold nothing so deserving of Pity, as when I see they are ready to arraign and to banish a Word, which has so faithfully serv'd this Monarchy; and which, amidst all our *English* Confusions, has always been
of

of the Side of those who were truly *English*. For my Part, I cannot for my Heart comprehend what Reason they can alledge, against a Word, whose only Business is to go before Reason, and which has no other Employment than to usher it in. I cannot imagine what Interest can oblige them to take away that which belongs to *for*, to give it to *Because that*; nor why they have a mind to say with three Syllables, that which they say with three Letters. That which I am afraid of, Madam, is this, that after they have been guilty of this one Injustice, they will not scruple at more; perhaps they may have the Impudence to attack *But*, and who knows if *If* may be any longer secure. So that after they have depriv'd us of all those Words, whose Business it is to bring others together, the Wits will reduce us to the Language of Angels: Or, if they cannot do that, they will at least oblige us to speak only by Signs. And here I must confess, that your Observation is true, *viz.* That no Example can more clearly shew us the Instability of humane Affairs. He who had told me some Years ago, that I should have outliv'd *For*, I had thought had promis'd me a longer Life than the Patriarchs. And yet we see, that after he has maintain'd himself for some Hundreds of Years in full Force and Authority, after he has been employ'd in the most important Treaties, and has assisted in the Councils of our Kings with Honour, he is all of a sudden fallen into Disgrace, and threaten'd with a violent End. I now expect nothing less, than to be terrify'd with lamentable Cries in the Air, declaring to the World, that the great *For* is dead: For the Death of the great *Cham*, or of the great *Pan*, was, in my Mind, less important. I know if we consult one of the finest Wits of the Age, and one whom I esteem with Passion, he will tell us, that 'tis our Duty to condemn

An Innovation like this; that we ought to use the
For of our Fathers, as well as their Sun and their
 Soil, and that we should by no Means banish a
 Word which was in the Mouths of our *Edwards* and
 of our *Henries*. But you, Madam, are the Person
 who are principally oblig'd to undertake his Pro-
 tection: For, since the supreme Grace, and the so-
 vereign Beauty of the *English* Tongue lies in yours,
 you ought to command here with an absolute Sway,
 and with a Smile or a Frown, give Life or give
 Death to Syllables, as uncontroll'd as you do to
 Men. For this, I believe you have already secur'd
 it from the eminent Danger which threaten'd it,
 and by vouchsafing it a Place in your Letter, have
 plac'd it in a Sanctuary and a Mansion of Glory, to
 which neither Envy nor Time can reach. But here,
 Madam, I beg Leave to assure you, that I could not
 but be surpriz'd to see how fantastick your Favours
 are; I could not but think it strange that you, who
 without Compassion could see a thousand Lovers
 expire, should not have a Heart to see a Syllable
 die. If you had but had half the Care of me,
 which you have shewn of *For*, I should then have
 been happy in Spight of ill Fortune: Then Poverty,
 Exile, and Grief, would scarce have had Force to
 come near me. If you had not deliver'd me from
 these Evils themselves, you had freed me at least
 from the Sense of them. But at a Time that I ex-
 pected to receive Consolation from yours, I found
 that your Kindness was only design'd to *For*, and
 that his Banishment troubled you more than ours.
 I must confess, Madam, it is but just you should un-
 dertake his Defence; but you ought to have taken
 some Care of me too, that People might not object
 to you, that you forsake your Friends for a Word.
 You make no Answer at all to that which I writ
 about; you take not the least Notice of that which

so

To much concerns me : In three or four Pages you scarce remember me oncé ; and the Reason of this is *For*. Be pleas'd to consider me a little more for the Future, and when you undertake the Defence of the Afflicted, remember that I am of the Number. I shall always make use of him myself, to oblige you to grant me this Favour, and to convince you that it is but my Due : *For*

I am, &c.

*To the Duke of ENGUIN, upon his
Taking of DUNKIRK.*



Am so far from wondering that you have taken *Dunkirk*, that I believe you could take the Moon by the Teeth if you did but once attempt it. Nothing can be impossible to you ; I am only uneasy about what I shall say to your Highness on this Occasion, and am thinking by what extraordinary Terms I may bring you to reach my Conceptions of you. Indeed, my Lord, in that Height of Glory, to which you have now attain'd, the Honour of your Favour is a singular Happiness ; but it is a troublesome Thing to us Writers, who are oblig'd to congratulate you upon every good Success, to be perpetually upon the Hunt for Words whose Force may answer your Actions, and to be every Day inventing of new Panegyricks. If you would but have the Goodness to suffer your self to be beat sometimes, or to rise from before some Town, the Variety of the Matter might help to support us, and we should find out some fine Thing or other to say to you

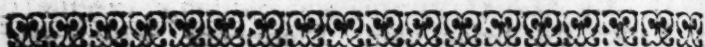
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you, upon the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the
 glory that is gotten by bearing her Malice bravely.
 But having, from the very first of your Actions,
 rank'd you equal with *Alexander*, and finding you
 rising upon us continually ; upon my Word, my
 Lord, we are at a Loss what to do, either with you
 or our selves. Nothing that we can say, can come
 up to that which you do, and the very Flights of
 our Fancy flag below you. Eloquence, which mag-
 nifies smallest Things, cannot reach the Height of
 those which you do ; no, not by its boldest Fi-
 gures. And that which is call'd Hyperbole on o-
 ther Occasions, is but a cold Way of speaking when
 it comes to be apply'd to you. Indeed it is diffe-
 rent to comprehend, how your Highness each Sum-
 mer has still found out Means to augment that Glo-
 ry, which every Winter seem'd at its full Perfection ;
 and that having begun so greatly, and gone on more
 greatly, still your last Actions should crown the
 rest, and be found the most amazing. For my
 own Part, my Lord, I congratulate your Success,
 as I am in Duty oblig'd ; but I plainly foresee, the
 very Thing that augments your Reputation with us,
 may prejudice that which you expect from After-
 Ages ; and that so many great and important Acti-
 ons, done in so short a Space, may render your Life
 incredible to future Times, and make your History
 be thought a Romance by Posterity. Be pleas'd,
 then, my Lord, to set some Bounds to your Victo-
 ries, if it be only to accommodate your self to the
 Capacity of human Reason, and not to go farther
 than common Belief can follow you. Be conten-
 ted to be quiet and secure, at least for a Time, and
 suffer *France*, which is eternally alarm'd for your
 Safety, to enjoy serenely, for a few Months, the
 Glory which you have acquir'd for her. In the
 mean Time, I beseech you to believe, that among

so many Millions of Men who admire you, and who continually pray for you, there is not one who does it, with so much Joy, with so much Zeal and Veneration, as I, who am,

My LORD,

Your Highness's, &c.



To Mademoiselle PAULET, what he saw
most Remarkable in and about Gra-
nada.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

MADAM,



Have now one of the finest Subjects in the World to furnish me with a Love Letter; for without wronging my Conscience, I may safely tell you, that I pass my Days without Light, and my Nights without Sleep: At least this has been my constant Course of Life ever since I left Madrid. In ten Nights I made a shift to perform ten Days Journey, and am arriv'd at Granada without seeing the Sun, unless it were just as he was rising in the Morning, or a little before he went to Bed at Night. He is so very dangerous here, that the Comparison which some of our Poets make between his Rays and their Mistresses Eyes, will hold good no longer for what they perform only by Figure and Allegory, he actually effects in this Climate. In short, he burns every Thing that beholds him, and any liv-

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ing Creature that can look upon him without Roasting for it, may for all I know be able to live comfortably in a Furnace. However, I have had the good Luck to escape him, for which I am beholden to the Night, for I always took care to keep the whole Earth between his Worship and me. At present I pass my Time most deliciously in the Shade of a Mountain of Snow, which does this City the Honour to cover it. Three Days ago in *Sierra Morena* I saw the individual Place where *Don Quixote*, of blessed Memory, and *Cardenio* met upon the Road; and the very same Day I sup'd at the Inn where the famous Adventures of *Dorothea* were accomplish'd. This Morning I took a Turn in the ancient *Alhambra*, cross'd the noted Square of *Vivarambla*, and the Street where I lodge boasts a Name ten Times longer than a *Welch* Pedegree, for 'tis call'd, *La Calle de Abenamer Muley Benand Moro de la Morera*. You can't imagine what a great Satisfaction it was to me, to see these Things which I had so often thought of; but, Madam, it was infinitely more Pleasure to me to think on certain Things which I had sometimes seen. Tho' I must own, that the Objects that daily present themselves to my Eyes are extremely beautiful and fine, yet my Imagination perpetually obliges me with something which is infinitely brighter; so that I would not change the Images my Memory furnishes me with, for all the richest Sights in the Universe. Yesterday casting my Eyes on the Walks and Fountains of *Generalifa*, and wishing I could be so happy as to meet those celebrated Beauties of the romantic Age, *Galiana*, *Zaida*, and *Daxara*, just in the very Equipage and Habit as they were when they liv'd in this sinful World, I could not forbear to wish the good Company of another Person, who, to do her Justice, is a thousand Times more charming

ing and amiable, and would Eclipse the greatest Beauties in the World, should they presume to appear in the same Hemisphere with her. By these Tokens, as I take it, Madam, I have sufficiently describ'd her to you; but is it not a most horrid and lamentable Thing, that I should be forc'd to observe so much Artifice in my Language, and that I dare not say for my Life, that it is your Ladyship I mean all this while? For your Comfort Madam, you may give me leave to display some of my Complements now, being at the Fountain Head of Gallantry, from whence it has spread it self all over the Earth. From this Place I design in four Days to reach *Gibraltar*, and from thence to make a small Trip to *Ceuta*, in Order to visit the Place of your Nativity, and pay my Respects to your noble Parents, the lawful and undoubted Monarchs of all the Forests and Desarts of that spacious Country. Now, Madam, as I shall give them a full Account of your Ladyship, so I humbly desire you to do the same for me to all your Friends, and particularly to assure three of them, that let Fortune dispose of me where she pleases, my better Part, meaning my Soul, shall be everlastingly with them. As for your self, Madam, I need not at this Time of Day give my self the Trouble to inform you, that no Man Respects and Honours you more than myself, for you cannot but know, that I am but too much,

MADAM,

Your humble Servant, &c



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET,
containing a pleasant Description of
his Travelling by Water from Vien-
na to Valentia.

By the same.

MADAM,



Could have wish'd you had seen me the
other Day, to satisfy you what a Pickle
I was in from *Vienna* to *Valentia*. The
Sun had newly put on his Morning-Gown
an' Slippers, so that he was hardly able
to gild the Mountain Tops, when we found our
selves upon the *Rhofne*; it was one of those Days
in which *Apollo* uses to spruce himself more than
ordinary, and which are seldom seen at *Paris* but
in the midst of Summer. My Companions enter-
tain'd themselves, sometimes with looking upon
the Mountains of *Dauphine*, that lay some ten or
twelve Leagues on the left Hand, all cover'd with
snow, and sometimes on the Hills, on both Sides
the *Rhofne*, loaden with Vines, or on the Vallies
that were adorn'd with green and verdent Trees,
as far as the Sight could Reach. While they thus
diverted themselves, I stole from my Company, and
went upon the Cabin of Boughs that cover'd our
vessel; and leaving them to their admiring the
beautiful Variety of the Landskip that lay before
them,

them, I was reflecting upon what I had left behind me. I fix'd my right Elbow on the covering of our Bark, which supported my Head; my left Hand was carelessly stretch'd out, holding a Book, which you must know I took up to serve me as a Pretence of being alone; my Eyes were stedfastly fix'd upon the River, tho' at the same Time I dare not tell you I saw it, when immediately there fell from my Eyes a Shower of Tears, but of that enormous Bulk and Magnitude, that the River was considerably swell'd by them. These Tears were attended by a Storm of Sighs, so loud and violent, that you would almost have sworn that every individual Sigh fetch up some Part of my Soul along with it; and every other Minute there slippt certain Words from me, but pronounc'd with so much Disorder and Confusion, that the People about me could make nothing of them, tho' I shall make no Scruple to explain them to your Ladyship, whenever you command me. What I have here written to you, would have appear'd with ten Times more Grace and Advantage in Verse; for I can assure you, the Water-Nymphs commiserated my Condition, and the God of the River was troubl'd at my Affliction; but the Mischief on't is, that all these fine Things are murder'd in Prose. But to proceed with my Story, I remain'd in this religious Posture seven Hours by the Clock, without stirring Hand or Foot, so that had you seen me, Madam, in this Plight, it would have animated your Devotion. The Master of the Vessel solemnly protested, that he had carry'd in his Time, at least ten thousand Men between Lyons and Beaucaire, but never carry'd the Fellow of me before now: And having now dress'd up this pretty Story, something whispers me in the Ear, that your Ladyship does not believe one Syllable of it to be true, but takes it to be Matter of

Inven-

Mademoiselle RAMBOUILLET. 3F

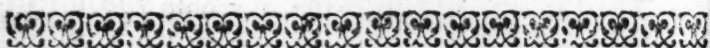
vention, meerly contriv'd to fill up a Letter-
thy, Madam, if it be so, methinks you may very
well excuse me; for not to conceal our Infirmities
from you, a Man finds himself plaguily puzzl'd
what to say; and were it not for the Benefit of this
vention, or Table, I can't imagine how two Per-
sons, that are not in Love with one another, or
have not some extraordinary Business that passes
between them, can often write to one another.
However, Madam, to deal ingeniously with you,
whatever I have told you of my sighing and crying,
all that is true to a Tittle; but I will not so far
over-strain my Conscience, as to swear that the
Water-Nymphs and the God of the River were so
highly concern'd for me, as I told you they were.
These Thoughts entertain'd me a whole Morning,
without the least Remission; during which Time, I
must confess, I thought two or three Times upon a
certain Lady that shall be nameless, the rest I to-
tally devoted to your Mother and your self. I
promis'd you, if I travell'd by Water, that I would
get out of your Debt, if always thinking of
you would do it; and indeed, I have so punctually
perform'd my Promise, that if I fall into the same
trouble again, the first Sun that shines on me in *Lan-*
sedoc, will certainly fire my Constitution. 'Tis al-
ready so excessive hot here at *Avignon*, that we can
hardly endure it; tho' Winter domineers in your
quarters, I can assure you that it is Spring with us,
and that there is great plenty of Fleas and Violets:
wish you Store of both with all my Heat, Madam,
as I should be glad that you did not sleep over-
much in my Absence, so I cannot but wish all that
fine and beautiful wherever I see it, as being,

MADAM,

Your Servant, &c.

P O S T C R I P T.

WE had a very fine Sight in our Streets last Night, for all our Windows were illuminated with Torches and Candles, in Honour of my Lord Cardinal, who made his Entrance into the City about seven in the Evening. It was as light as at Mid-Day, and if his Holiness himself had come hither in Person, he could not have been more magnificently receiv'd. They gave him a Thousand Benedictions as he past along, a Commodity of which the People of this Country are extremely liberal, for you must know 'tis a Papal Territory.



*To the Count de GUICHE. In which
he Complements him upon his Gal-
lant Exploits in the Army.*

By the same.

My LORD,



THO' now it is become so familiar to us, to see you perform the greatest Actions, that we scarce wonder at them; and for fifteen Years together, you have accusom'd us to talk of you, as we do at this Present; yet I cannot forbear being extremely surpriz'd, when I hear of any new Performances of your Valour; and your Reputation is so dear to me,

ne, that I am extreamly pleas'd to find it each Day increase. I dare engage, that the most ambitious Person in the Universe, would sit down satisfy'd with what you have so lately acquir'd, and content himself with that Esteem which all the World conspires to pay to your Lordship. But, my Lord, by all the Observations I can make, you set your self no Limits, as to this Point, and as if you were jealous of the Reputation you have already acquir'd, and of the Actions you have formerly perform'd, you seem every Year resolv'd to surpass your self, and to do something above your former Exploits. For my Part, whatever Esteem I may have for your former Actions, I shall not be sorry to see them eclips'd by those you are yet to perform, and that your Exploits in Flanders should darken all that you have done in France, Germany and Italy. All my Fear is, that this immoderate Thirst of Glory will carry you beyond your due Bonds; and indeed your Behaviour in the last Battle, wherein the Marshal de la Meilleray defeated the Enemy, as it gives me just Occasion of Joy, so it alarms me with some Apprehensions. The signal Proofs you gave there of your Gallantry and Courage, furnished Matter of universal Admiration here: And indeed, my Lord, if we consult the most extravagant Romances, we shall hardly find any Thing more surprizing, or more worthy to be celebrated. But, my Lord, give me leave to represent to you, that since we have lost the Invention of enchanted Armour; and it is no longer fashionable for Heroes to make themselves invulnerable; a Man is not allow'd to perform such Actions as these often in his Life, neither ought he to trespass too much upon his good Fortune; who, tho' she has deliver'd him for this Time, gives him no Security to rely always upon her. I beg you, my Lord, to be more cautious in the future.

therefore to consider, that Fortitude has its Ex-
 tremes as well as the rest of the Vertues, and ought,
 like them, to be always attended by Prudence.
 This, if you seriously consider it, will convince
 you, that a Marshal of the Field, and a Generalis-
 simo, ought by no Means to expose himself to the
 Chances of a private Soldier and Volunteer; or to
 make bold with a Life on which that of so many
 thousands depends. I can't tell how you will relish
 this Freedom of mine; but certain I am, that you
 can't accuse me of interposing in a Business where-
 in I have no Manner of Concern: Nay, you must
 be sensible that none can be more so, if you reflect
 with what Zeal and Passion I have ever been,

Paris, Oct. 6,
 1640.

MY LORD,
 Your Servant.



*To the same, upon his being promoted to
 the Dignity of a Marshal of France*

By the same.

MY LORD,



F I have said any Thing disrespect-
 ful of War in my last, I now beg
 Pardon with all my Heart: For since
 your Lordship owes your late Ho-
 nour and Promotion to that fickle Mi-
 stress, I am perfectly reconcil'd to her
 and will take care to speak honourably of her in
 all Companies hereafter. I have indeed long ag-
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been of Opinion, that so great Valour and Services in a Man of your Quality, and a Person so respected by all the World, must ere long be rewarded: But as there is a vast Difference between what ought to be, and what is actually done, I could not but be extremely transported to hear of your Lordship's being promoted: And this News as much affected and surpriz'd me, as if I had never expected it. I make no Question, my Lord, but that the principal Recompence of your Actions is the immortal Glory you have acquir'd by them; and yet, methinks it should be no little Satisfaction to you to arrive so early at that Honour, which is the highest and greatest that the Fortune of War can bestow upon her Favourites: But then, if you consider on the other Hand, how many Dangers you run thro' to carry this Point, to how many Hazards you have expos'd your self and how many gallant Men you have seen fall by your Side, who started at the same Time, and ran the same Race with you, you can't but think your self something indebted to Fortune, which has so long preserv'd you, and at last rewarded your Labour. Among the many Reasons I have to congratulate your Happiness, I have one, of which your Lordship cannot be unsensible; and which, in reality, at least in my Opinion, far exceeds all the rest: I mean, by the voluntary and hearty Acclamations of all the World, to find that your Glory is free from all Envy; and to see that all People are as glad at your Prosperity, as if it concern'd themselves. This universal Joy at your good Fortune, is a certain Presage to me, that it will be attended by many more: And I doubt not but you will shortly crown that Honour you have receiv'd from the King, with some new Atchievements; which, as it is wholly in your Power to effect, so it is the most

most real and solid. I flatter my self that you believe I heartily wish it; since I need not now inform you how many thousand Obligations I have upon me, to be with all Manner of Respect and Sincerity,

Your Lordship's humble Servant.



*To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET,
what happen'd to him in his Journey.*

By the same.

MADAM,



Cannot positively say that I am come to Turin; for I have brought but one half of my self with me. You imagine my Meaning is, that I have left the other half with you: But give me leave to tell you, you are mistaken. All that I understand by it is, that of a hundred and four Pounds, which I weigh'd at my coming out of Paris, I now weigh but fifty two. In short, I am fain away exceedingly, and am so much alter'd for the worse, that I believe my nearest Acquaintance would hardly know me, should they see me in this Condition. An ill-natur'd Intruder, a Fever, staid me a Day at Roan. Upon its first Attack, I concluded with my self, that I should be laid up for a Month or two; and therefore with the humblest Resignation of a good Christian, expected a Sicknes of a long continuance. What vex'd me most of all, was, that I imagin'd you would hardly believe it proceeded from

from my Grief in parting from you ; but ascribe it
 to my riding Post : And indeed, Madam, had you
 made that Inference, I could not condemn you.
 or to tell you the Truth, the three last Horses I
 mounted, very much gall'd that Part of my *Body*,
 which *History* tells us *Brunal* once upon a Time
 new'd *Marpisa*. This I mention'd to a certain great
 person in *Roan*, who being, as I was afterwards in-
 form'd, an *Apothecary* by Trade, was so complai-
 ant and civil, as to bring me something of his
 own composing, which gave me present Relief.
 When you see my Lady Dutcheſs next, pray in-
 form her of this Matter, and likewise tell her, that
 I have receiv'd no other Hurt, as yet, save only
 that which proceeds from my not seeing you. But
 as, there is no *Remedy* for that : Neither *Acids*, nor
Alkali's, nor *Acrimony*, nor *Chymical Salts*, will help
 me. Within a few Days I shall pursue my *Journey*
 to *Rome*, whither, if you please to direct any of
 your Letters to me, I shall behold the *Curiosities*
 of that famous Place with more Delight and Satis-
 faction ; and pass away my Time more agreeably,
 than I am,

MADAM,

Paris, Sept. 8.

1638.

Your humble Servant, &c.





To my Lady Marchioness de RAMBOUILLET. *A merry Description of an Italian Palace.*

By the same.

MADAM,



FOR your Sake I have given my self the Trouble to see *la Valentin*; and that with much more Curiosity than ever I saw any Thing in my whole Life. Since you expect a Description of it, I shall give it you in as exact a Manner as I can. But, Madam, be pleas'd to consider, that when I have done this and executed your other Commission at *Rome*, I shall have done for you two of the hardest Things in the World, which is, to talk of Buildings and Business. To begin then, Madam, with *la Valentin*, I must inform you, that it is a pleasant House, within a quarter of a League of *Turin*, situated in a Meadow on the River *Po*. As you come up to it, the first Thing that presents it self to your Sight, the Duke take me if I know what it is; but, as I was saying before, the first Thing you see is a Lodge. No, no it is a Portal. No, I am mistaken, it is certainly a Lodge. After all, I seriously profess to you, I know not whether it is a Portal or a Lodge. Not an Hour ago I had every Thing as perfect as might be

But this wicked *Memory* of mine uses now and then to play me a Jade's Trick, and leave me in the lurch. But at my Return I shall take better Notice, and not fail to give you a punctual Account of all. I am,

MADAM,

Your Servant.

Genoa, Oct. 7,
1638.



*To Monsieur COSTART: A Letter of
Complement.*

By the same.

S I R,



Was Yesterday entertain'd in one of the most magnificent Palaces in the World. For my Lodgings, I had a spacious Hall, two Anti-Chambers, and a Chamber hang'd with *Tapistry*, all over bedaub'd with Gold, and was

attended by some Twenty or Thirty tall Servants in Liveries; and to Day I find my self in one of the wretchedest Inns that ever was seen, and have only One Boy to wait upon me. To banish so surprizing an Alteration of the Scene out of my Head, and raise my self to as great a Degree of Happiness, as I enjoyed Yesterday, I call'd for Pen, Ink and Paper, on Purpose to write to you: And may I be abandon'd

don'd by all the World, if amidst the Honours I receiv'd, suitable to the Person that I then represented, and amidst all the Dainties I was then regaled with, I found so much Pleasure as I do at this I resent. Besides the Satisfaction I take in entertaining you, I had a much stronger Reason to incline me to write; and that was, that the Cause of my maintaining a constant Correspondence with you does not proceed from any Advantage I propose to my self by the Exchange, since at this present Moment, when I cannot hope for any Answer from you, I yet take an infinite Pleasure to write to you and likewise to assure you of my Readiness to serve you, whenever any Occasion presents it self. Within three Weeks I hope to take my Farewel of Rome, if I can meet with the Conveyance of a Vessel to sail directly for *Marseilles*, you that are so well acquainted with the Winds, if you have any Command over them, be so kind as to lock them up, all but one or two, that will send me homewards. As for them, there is no great Danger, should they storm and bluster a little. I don't care a Farthing for a little Tossing of the Sea, provided I make the more Speed; for I long exceedingly to be at *Paris*, and particularly to kiss your Hands there. I am,

Rome, Nov. 15,
1638.

Your most humble Servant.



To

To

SIR,



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Aug. 10
1639.

To

To Monſieur CHAPELAIN.

By the ſame.

SIR,



HIS comes to tell you, that I ſhall punctually put your Orders in Execution. Whether 'tis for your own, or M. de Balzac's Sake that I do it, the Duce take me if I know, nor indeed do I think I ſhall be able to reſolve the Queſtion, tho' I ſtudy'd it twenty-four Hours by the Clock. The Authority that both of you have over me, is ſo equally divided, that if at the ſame Time, one of you ſhould command me to eat, and the other to drink, my Conſcience I ſhould be ſtarv'd, at leaſt, according to the nice Notion of our Philoſophers; I ſhou'd never find any Reaſon to comply with the one more than the other: But as my good Maſters order it, you agree ſo well in your Sentiments, that you will never impoſe any contrary Commands upon me: And your Interests are ſo mutually interwoven, that whenever I ſatisſie one of you, I cannot fail of ſatisſying the other. I

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Aug. 10,
1639.

To



To Mademoiselle de RAMBUILLET
*wherein he gives a pleasant Account
 of his Death.*

By the same.

MADAM,



Am the *only* Man, at least, as far as I can yet inform myself, that has dy'd of a Distemper which has not yet got Footing in our Weekly Bills; that is to say, of Your Absence: Neither do I much fear to tell it you *plainly*, because I am satisfy'd you will not be much concern'd at it. I was, you know, a very jocular Companion, and a Bachelor into the Bargain; and were it not, that I was somewhat addicted in my Nature to wrangling, and be as *refractory* and *obstinate* as your Ladyship, I wou'd not care a Farthing, if my other Imperfections were proclaim'd to all the World. You are therefore to understand, Madam, that ever since last *Wednesday*, the fatal Day of your Departure, I have not eaten a jot of any Thing; neither have I once open'd my *Mouth* or my *Eyes*: And indeed there is nothing, as to the *Ceremony* of my Funeral, but that I am still above Ground, that is to say, unburied. I thought it convenient to have this last *Ceremony* deferr'd a while, for certain Political Reasons: As in the first Place, because I have ever from my *Infancy*, had a strange Aversion to *Church-Yards*; and *Secondly*, as
 my

Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET. 43

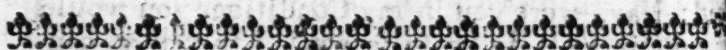
Affairs stand at present, it may be something judicial to them, if the Report of my Death should be spread abroad so soon: For which Consideration, I put the best Face I can upon the Matter, to keep the World still in Suspence. For, Madam, should the malicious World remember, that this *unlucky* Accident beset me, just in the very Nick of your Departure, they would *immediately* whip us up into a Ballad; from which, may Heaven deliver

Were I again in the World, one of the great-Plagues I should find there, would be to see at a *mighty* deal of Pains Abundance of People only take to advance and propagate all Manner of Follies, tho' they are never so absurd and ridiculous. The Living, in my Opinion, are not so troublesome in any thing as they are in this: Nay, they don't suffer us that are dead, to be quiet; but persecute us even in our very Grave. But, Madam, take heed that you don't laugh when you read this; for I can assure you, it has been always reckon'd an impious and inhumane Thing to insult over the dead: Nay, were you in my Condition, you would not take it well to be so serv'd. I therefore conjure you to take Compassion on me: And since it is not in your Power to do any thing else for me, have Care of my Soul; for upon my Word it suffers unspeakable Torments. When we parted last, I *immediately* took the Road to *Chartres*; then it was a strait to *la Mothe*; and now, while you are reading this Letter, 'tis perch'd upon your Shoulder, and will be this Night in your Bed-Chamber. If I thought it would not spoil your sleeping, it could give you five or six handsome Outcries about me; for when she is in her Fits, she makes such a Hellish Stir, that you would swear the House was creaking out at the Windows. It was once in my thoughts to send you my *Body* down by the Carrier,

Carrier ; but I soon consider'd that it was so bunglingly put together, that it would have been jolted all to Pieces, before it could have come down to you ; and besides, was afraid, lest the Heat of the Weather would have spoil'd it. And now, Madam, you will honour me exceedingly, if you will tell the two excellent Principals, with whom you are (and if they please to consult their Memories, I am sure they cannot but remember it) that while I liv'd, I was their most humble Servant ; and that I cannot shake off that Passion, even after Death. For notwithstanding the Condition I am in at present, I assure you, I preserve that very same Esteem and Honour for them as ever I had. Therefore I shall not only venture to affirm, that there is not any one of the *Dead* so much your Slave as I am, but will justify it to all the World, that none of the *Living* is more at their Devotion, or that can be more than,

MADAM,

Your Humble Servant.



To the same, A Description of Tours.

By the same.

MADAM,



Have travelled so far, that at last I came into a *Country*, where there is not the least Talk of War, or Plunder, Free Quarter, or Taxes, or any such Pagan Things ; and where all the Conversation of the People, from the highest to the lowest, runs upon *Love* and

Gal-

Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET. 45

llantry, Plays, Balls, Serenades, and so forth : And
 w I fancy, you imagine I am got the Lord
 wows where, into some strange Romantick Coun-
 y, beyond *Popocampesche* ; or that Fortune has
 ought me to the invisible Island of *Alcidiana*. To
 deceive you then, the Place where the aforesaid
 onders are to be heard and seen, is at no very
 eat Distance from you : 'Tis a City seated upon
 e Bank of the *Loyre*, where the *Cher* discharges it-
 f into that River. The Inhabitants speak a Sort
Tourain French ; and as for their Stature and Com-
 exion, they somewhat resemble those of *France*.
 o be serious with you, Madam, I can assure you,
 at since the *Moors* were turn'd out of *Granada*, no
 ace in the World could boast of so much *Gal-*
entry and *Magnificence*, as this. *Tours*, formerly
 all'd the Garden of *France*, may now stile itself the
Paradise of the Earth : There passes not a Day over
 ar Heads, wherein we have not Musick, Balls, and
 ntertainments. All that is nice and delicious, may
 e had here in Abundance ; *Oranges* come tumbling
 from all Parts ; we have whole *Caravans* loaded
 ith *Bon Christien Pears* ; and all the adjacent Coun-
 es are exhausted to furnish us. The *Highways*
 om *Paris* hither, are all strew'd with *Violins* and
Autboys, *Musicians* and *Dancers*, *Masques* and *Patches*,
Ribbons and *Top-knots*, *Cloth of Silver* and *Embroidery*,
 hich come thronging into this City. Last Night by
 even in the Evening, came in by Torch-light, six
 oaches full of Love and Laughter, Allurements
 ad Charms, Attractions and Invitations, who came
 om all Parts of the World to honour this *Assembly*
 ith their Presence. Nay, 'tis confidently reported,
 at some of them are come from the remotest Parts
Norway, as indeed may be reasonably concluded
 om the late blustering Weather we have had ; and
 any grave Folks here believe, that there is not a
 Man

Man or a Woman left in the World, but that they are all come hither; and yet, Madam, I make no Question, but the People you us'd to converse with staid behind; for among the vast Crouds I daily behold, I have not seen one of them, nor indeed any that resemble them. This prodigious Confluence of Strangers, has produc'd wonderful Effects over all the City. The Air is become infinitely more mild and serene; the Men are up to the Ears in Love, the Women are all become as beautiful as Angels; and the Lady President, whom you saw at *Richelieu*, is now one of the gayest, busiest Women in all *France*. But, Madam, what is the strangest of all (by the same Token perhaps you will not think it credible) amidst all this Mirth and Jollity, all this Feasting and Entertaining, I hardly know how to pass away the Hours, they move so heavy and dull. Among so many thousand Ladies, the Devil of one is fallen to my Share; neither dare I pretend to make Addresses to 'em: So that while all the rest of our Gallants have their Hands full of Love, they hardly know where to turn themselves, and are so elevated with their good Fortune, that they are resolv'd to live here eternally; I, for my Part, heartily wish myself at your Fire-side with Mademoiselle d'Intan, or to have a Glimpse of you at least through a Glass-Window with your Lady Mother. What I should ascribe this to, I can't tell; but this is certain, that I never found myself possess'd with so Ardent a Desire to see you both now; And the Philosophical Reason for it is plain; for I place my whole Felicity in it. This, Madam, I humbly conjure you to believe; as likewise that I am

Tours, Jan. 8.
1638.

Your Servant



*To my Lord Cardinal de la VALETTE;
wherein he describes a pretty Young
Lady.*

By the same.

My LORD,

OU are of the Opinion, it seems, it is the easiest Thing in the World to write, and speak as contemptibly of it, as a Man who has nothing else to do than to command ten thousand men and oppose thirty: But if we had you upon the same Spot here with us, and shew'd you some of our topping Beauties, you would find Abundance of other Work. Were you in my Place, my Lord, you would think your Time as precious as I do; and I could wish, with all my heart, you were, that we might see whether that profound Conduct for which you are so much celebrated, and that miraculous Prudence, by which you have escap'd so many other Dangers, would reserve you here. I am to acquaint your Lordship beforehand, that when you have put a Contribution to the present Wars, you will be drawn into another of more dangerous Consequence. In short, you must expect to deal with an Adversary more

re-

resolute and stubborn than the *Germans* : And you my Lord, who have deliver'd so many thousands will find it a hard Matter to escape your self. The Person I speak of, is fair-hair'd, of a very clear Complexion, more gay and cheerful than the fairest Weather of this Season. No Armour can keep her Blows ; nor are the Cruelties of the *Croats* to be compar'd to hers. She has a Pair of *Eyes*, where all the Light of the World seems to unite and centre ; a Complexion that carries all Hearts before it, and a Mouth, which those of all the World best cannot sufficiently commend. By this Description you will easily conclude her a *Beauty* ; but, what is most wonderful, she has the greatest Talent at Stealing, of any of her Sex. In her very *Infancy*, she robbed Snow and Ivory of their Whiteness, and Pearls of their Vivacity and Lustre. She took Beauty and Light from the Stars, and yet there passes not a Day but she steals a Ray from the Sun, and is not ashamed to adorn herself with it in the Face of all the World. Not long ago, at a great Assembly at the *Louvre*, she stole away all the Charms and Graces from the rest of the Ladies ; Nay, from the very Diamonds that cover'd 'em ; and spar'd not even the Crown-Jewels on her Majesty's Head ; but plunder'd them of all their Beauty and Splendour. In the mean time, tho' the whole World sees her commit these Actions of Violence, she does what she pleases, without any Fear of Punishment ; and no Man dares presume to lay hold on her. But not to persecute you too long with so terrible a Subject, we can't endure at *Paris*, that you should live so unpleasantly at *Metz* ; and since we are not able to hinder the Diversions you enjoy, we endeavour what we can to interrupt 'em : Yet I should not have been guilty of this Presumption, had I not been commanded to it by the above-mentioned *Lady*.

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And you who will not be denied any thing, and whom, even
 a thousand, to whom mighty Armies and their Generals
 submit, would make no great Difficulty to obey.
 I can assure your Lordship, that when ever I fancy
 to see you with eight or ten Great Officers about you,
 I pity Terence, Virgil, and myself; and no less
 am I troubled for your poor Friends here, who
 are so ambitious to see you; and yet I am con-
 fident there is not a Bastion belonging to the Gar-
 rison where you are, so inconsiderable, but you
 value it a thousand times more than you do me.
 However, it is not for such as me to murmur. I
 consider, there are many more who have greater
 reason to quarrel with you: Nor am I in the
 least fond of being at Difference with a Man, who,
 as I am told, has the Disposal of all our Forces.
 But since I have presum'd to make so familiar with
 you, I shall venture to tell you, that it is a very
 mortifying Thing, that your Affection, which not
 long since, was divided amongst the most excellent
 persons in the World, should be now become the
 under of a Parcel of Red-Coats. I can hardly
 contain myself; nay, all my Patience abandons me,
 when I think that the Place, which the most ad-
 mirable Creature in the World had in your Heart, is
 now taken up for the Quarters of Colonel Ebron,
 that Madam de C—— and Madam de R—— have
 theirs taken up by some Commissary or Major, and
 that you have bestow'd mine upon some Scoundril
 a Serjeant. This Consideration, my Lord, has
 crown all your Friends here into an inexpressible
 grief. Only the Fair Lady abovemention'd, has a
 better Opinion of you than the rest, and would
 persuade us not to believe you can be guilty of so
 near an Injustice. But I advise you as a Friend to
 answer her Expectations exactly; and above all
 things, to maintain a fair Correspondence with
 her: For if she once sets her Heart to do you a
 mischief, your Life-Guards and your Troops will

not secure your Person: Even Metz itself, as strong as it is, will not be able to shelter you from his Power. But, my Lord, I forget that I have troubled you too much upon your Patience; and that if I should make my Letter any longer, you must in your own Defence adjourn the reading of it till the Case is concluded. This wou'd be a most sensible Mortification to me, it so nearly concerning me in Point of Interest, that you should see the End of that Letter, wherein I profess to you, that of all the Persons whom you have so much oblig'd, none honours and esteems you more than,

My Lord,

Your most oblig'd and
most humble Servant.



To Mademoiselle PAULET. He gives her an Account of his Behaviour in the Army.

By the same.

MADAM,



Was the greatest Happiness in the World to me to receive your Letter, just before I left *Brussels*; and with it, so much Consolation on the very Eve of my Departure. Since that blessed Moment, I have known no Disturbance, tho' I have suffer'd a great deal of Pain: For I wou'd not have it said, that a Man for whom you were pleas'd to shew some Concern, can be *unhappy*; and I shou'd be ashamed to shew my Face again, should I suffer Fortune

as strong as I have a greater Influence over me than your self. I have travelled ten Days without the least Interruption from Morning 'till Night. I have pass'd through rough Countries where Wheat is as great a Curiosity as a Warming-Pan under the *Line*, and where Apples are preserv'd, with as much Tenderneſs as Oranges in *France*. I have viſited Places, where the moſt ancient Inhabitants cannot remember they ever beheld a Bed; and to my unſpeakable Comfort, I am at this preſent, writing in that School of Vertue and Industry, call'd an *Army*, where the ſuteſt are wearied out, and founde'r'd: Yet, Madam, I am ſtill alive and luſty, and don't believe there is a Man in all the Troops in better Health than myſelf. I am at a Loſs what to aſcribe ſuch miraculous Strength of Conſtitution to, unleſs it be to ſome divine Power in your Letter; and methinks, my Caſe reſembles that of thoſe Men, who perform more than Human Actions, after they have ſtified themſelves with certain charming Characters. As ſoon as I came hither, by the Favour of *Monsieur de Chaudbonne*, I got myſelf liſted in a Troop of *Gentlemen-Raparees*. I can aſſure you, Madam, without the leaſt *Vanity*, that I have becom'd myſelf as gallant'y as any of my Comerades. The Truth on't is, I have not as yet raviſh'd either Matron, or Wife, or Maid; becauſe, to deal ingeniouſly with you, I have not as yet recover'd my full Strength, nor made my Carcaſs amends for the Fatigue of my Journey. So all that I could do, was to ſet two or three Houſes on Fire; but I grow longer and ſtronger every Day, and within this little while you may expect to hear Miracles of me. To be ſerious with you, I am another Sort of a Man than when you laſt ſaw me; and I find my Valour ſtrangely improv'd, that *Almanzor* himſelf would have a hard Time to eſcape me: And yet I believe, that how terrible ſoever I repreſent myſelf, you won't take me for ſuch a Sort of a Monſter, but

conclude, I am not much to be fear'd, especially by you, Madam, since you know you've an absolute Ascendant over me; and that I am with the utmost Respect,

MADAM,

Your humble Servant



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLE
Wherein he thanks her for all her
Favours.

By the same.

MADAM,



IT is a thousand Pities you don't take Pleasure in doing good of finer; since whenever you undertake it, none can do it with so obliging an Air. I receive the late Complement you made with the Deference I ought; and you have not only alleviated my Misfortune, but have put me in some Doubt, whether I shall call it so. For since you have told me, that your Kindness for me shall last no longer than my Unhappiness, you have almost forced me to wish it may never cease. See, Madam, how much my Fate is at your Disposal; you have, by the bare inserting of these Words, so chang'd two Contraries, I mean, your Presence, and your Absence (one of which is con-

tain

only the greatest Good, and the other, the greatest Ill in the World) that I know not which is the Good, or which is the Ill, and consequently, which of them to chuse. However, since I must offer one Way or other, I had rather do it in your presence; and tho' you are never so cruel, yet in my Opinion, you can shew it no Way so effectually, by refusing to see me. I must confess, Madam, I fear you beyond what you can imagine, and more than any thing in Nature; but without forfeiting the Respect I owe you, I love you (if I may so express myself) much more than I fear you. Tho' you frighten me a little sometimes, yet I am infinitely pleas'd to see you in all your Shapes: Nay, should you be chang'd once a Week into a Dragon, I believe I should fall in love with your Scales and Claws. By what Alterations I have observ'd in you, I believe this *Metamorphosis* may one Day happen; and whereas you tell me, that three Days in Month, you are not to be convers'd with; methinks, that seems some Disposition to such a change. I am of M. C———'s Opinion, that you will come to a strange End, and then we shall know what Judgment to pass upon you. In the mean time, be what you will, all the World must own, you are a most amiable Creature; and while you continue under your present Shape, as your whole Sex can shew nothing so divine and perfect, so no Man shall be with more Zeal than I am,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

To my Lord Marques de SOURDIAC
at London: Wherein he conjures his
Lordship to write to him.

By the same.



HO' the constant Persecution of my
ill Fortune had render'd me insens-
ible to all Sorts of Affliction, yet I
could not digest that of not hearing
sometimes from you; and methinks
the Want of your Letters is an Un-
happinefs able to shake the *Constancy* of the most re-
solv'd *Philosophers*. I have, with much Impatience
long expected an Answer to my last; which I put
into the Hands of your *Noble Lady*. But now my
Stock is quite exhausted, and I can no longer ad-
journ my humble *Petition*, that you would put me
out of Pain, and let me know what fatal Accident
has depriv'd me of that Happinefs. You see my
Lord, with what Assurance I challenge your *Pro-
mise*; and what an *Opinion* I have of your *Goodness*,
when I so boldly beg this *Favour* of you, which I im-
portune you to pay, with as much Confidence, as if
it were a just Debt, tho' 'tis only the meer Effect
of your Indulgence and Liberality. And since you
have always so great an Inclination to that Virtue,
I flatter myself that you will not be displeased
with me for giving you an Opportunity to exercise
it. All that I can assure you, is, that it shall be
well

will employ'd, and heartily acknowledg'd; and
that you cannot possibly make a greater Demon-
stration of it, than by condescending to shew it to,

My LORD,

Your very humble Servant.



To *Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET*,
Upon presenting her with a *Posy*.

By the same.

MADAM,



Ince my Addresses to you are all ho-
nourably meant, I think there is no Sort
of Gallantry which I may not safely
practise; and having troubl'd you for-
merly with my Verses, I conclude
there can be no great Harm in sending you a
Posy. 'Tis a Present which the Gods have some-
times vouchsafed to receive from Men: And since
Flowers are the purest and noblest Productions of
the Earth, to whom can they be offer'd with more
Justice, than to your self? At least, you ought to
love them for this Consideration, that there is not
one Flower amongst them all, whose Beauty is not
accompanied by some efficacious Virtue: But tho'
they are the Daughters of *Sol* and *Aurora*, and out-
rival Pearls and Diamonds in their Lustre; I am
confident they will lose all their Brightness as soon
as they come near you; you'll soon make it appear,
that the Beauties of the Earth are not to be com-
par'd

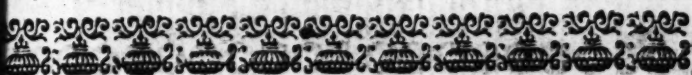
par'd with those of Heaven. I presume, Madam, that you'll give me Leave to call yours so: And since you represent Heaven in every Respect, that you'll not deny it the *Honour* of having produc'd so excellent a *Person*. It were too great an Advantage to the Things below, to list you in the Numbers; and since we are commanded to despise them, is it not reasonable to believe you are not to be reckon'd among them, since you command the *Esteem* and *Affection* of all that see you, and make all submit to your Yoke, that pretend to be Rational? I see what Consequence you may draw from this, if you think me one of that Class; but, Madam, I conjure you to believe, that the highest Effect your Charms have produc'd in me, is that of *Admiration*; and that I am, with the profoundest Respect,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.



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To the Same.

A Letter of Complement.

By the same.

MADAM,



Without borrowing any Citations, either from Sacred or Prophane History, whatever you write is admirable. I lay up the least Billers that fall from your Hand, as I would the Leaves of a Sybil; and out of them, I study that unaffected, but Majestick Eloquence which all the World is ambitious to attain; and without which, 'tis absolutely impossible to speak worthily of you. And if it be true, as you would flatter me, that I have done it, may presume to have perform'd the most difficult Thing in the World, and which, as much as lay in my Power, was eternally in my Wishes. For be assur'd, Madam, there is nothing I ever desir'd more passionately, than to acquaint the World with the two greatest Instances produc'd of an accomplish'd Virtue, and a perfect Affection, by letting it know how much you are esteem'd by all that know you, and how much I am,

MADAM,

Your obedient Servant, &c.

D 5

To



To my Lord Cardinal de la Valette
Upon his great Exploits.

By the same.

MY LORD,



FOR several Reasons, I did not expect any *Letters* from you so soon; for it was natural to conclude, that a Person who had so much Business upon his Hands, could hardly find Time to write much. I was content to hear your Name and Victories cry'd up every Week in the Streets; and to buy up all the News that I could learn of you. The Honour you did me, came at a very favourable Juncture; for some insolent People had maliciously given out, that my Kingdom would soon be at an End; and that they should shortly see me reduc'd to the obscure Condition of a private Person: Nay, some of them took this Opportunity to tempt my *Fidelity*. You would hardly believe, my Lord, what Advantages I have been proffer'd to induce me to quit your Party this Winter, and to declare open War against you. And though these Offers have been made by the most bewitching Lady in the World; yet I have heroically slighted them, as I own I was oblig'd to do, out of Respect to the Person to whom I have so many Obligations, and whose Humour is so agreeable to that of mine, that tho' he had ever

hated

ted me, I could not but esteem and love
 m. So that altho' I have Abundance of pret-
 Intrigues to make me fond of *Paris*, which
 people never want in this good-natur'd Town, who
 double not themselves with the Conduct of Armies,
 and are not capable of those high Passions which at
 resent take up the better Part of your Soul; yet
 am ready to sacrifice all my *Engagements* here,
 whenever you think fit to command me; and to
 wait on you, shall quit a Mistress that is young
 and sprightly as an Angel, and black as the Night.
 I only want a handsome *Pretence* to put this in Exe-
 cution; and if your *Enemies*, as I am perswaded,
 will needs have their Walls between you and them,
 and oblige you to a *Siege*, I shall not fail to be with
 you. Besides, not to flatter your Lordship, I had
 rather be a *Sieger* than *besieged*; and the *Spaniards*
 are gotten so near *Paris*, that tho' I did not leave
 Hands for your Sake, I should for my own. All the
 Bridges near it are broken down, the *Citizens* are
 ready every Moment to draw up their Chains;
 and at the same Time when we are formidable
 upon the Banks of the *Rhine*, we cannot call our
 selves safe upon those of the *Seine*. Amidst the Un-
 easiness that this Disorder gives me, 'tis some Con-
 solation to me, my Lord, to see, that when our Af-
 fairs decline on every Side, they prosper on yours;
 and while our Army in *Picardy*, shrinks into Garri-
 sons, that in *Burgundy*, moulders away in the Trenches,
 and the same ill Success attends us in *Italy*, you have
 pass'd all the Designs of the *Enemy*, and taken Places
 from him, while he contented himself with the hum-
 ble Honour of being a *Spectator*. In a Word, not to
 magnify Matters more than they *deserve*, all the
 Progress we have made this Year, is entirely due to
 your Conduct.

Te Copias, te Consilium, Et tuos præbente Divos.

Command

VOITURE to &c.

Command me, my Lord, to come and share
your Prosperity, and to pay my *Respects* to your
good Fortune, in that only Quarter, she is to
be seen at present. I am, my Lord,

Your humble Servant

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this *Letter*, a *Messenger*
is arriv'd here, who brings us Advice of your
being at Colmar. This *News* I assure you, has caus'd
greater Rejoicing at Court, than all the Balls that
are now on Foot. The Absence of Friends is sup-
portable, when they perform such glorious Ex-
ploits as you do : And as much as your Company
is desir'd here, there is not a Man that heartily
loves you, but rather than have you here, is con-
tent that you should tarry a little longer where you
are. To be free with you, my Lord, your relieving
the King's Allies in Spite of the *Season* and *Enemies*
was a Performance that can never be sufficiently
applauded ; and will be always mention'd to your
Commendation, that you should bear no Part in
the publick Joy, who is the only Person to whom
we are indebted for it.

*The End of Mr. T. Brown's Translation of Voiture's
Letters.*

Original

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Original



Vol. II.

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On

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Original LETTERS

From the ISLAND of

New Atlantis.

LETTER I.



Am going to fatigue my self with a long Letter to you, Madam, in Hopes of entertaining you for an Hour. I wish I may not be disappointed, and in giving my self Pain, afford your Ladyship no Pleasure. The Truth or probability I leave to your Censure. I have nothing to offer against either but a Woman's Malice, which, when

when animated by Revenge, is generally powerful enough to make her blacken the most Innocent.

The little Interest I have in the World must always be at the Devotion of the fair Sex; and it has been my good Fortune sometimes to render 'em Services. A young Lady, who has it in her Power of commanding me as she pleases, not long since recommended to me an Affair of an elderly Gentlewoman's, who had been a Favourite (in a late Reign) of the then She-Favourite, but has since been abandon'd by her, (whether grown out of use or for some other Reason) Disgust and Neglect has succeeded her Care and Kindness; nor could all her former secret Services oblige her to remember her as she ought, tho' in an Occasion where it was to do herself no hurt: She ungratefully refus'd to use her Interest to the Lord Keeper in a Cause she had depending, (where I had the Opportunity of serving her) as she might easily have done, without any Prejudice to herself. This so transported the old Lady (with Anger and Resentment) that I think there is nothing she would not attempt for her Revenge. She told me in her Rage a Thousand dangerous Secrets against my Lady; pretended Gratitude to me, set her upon paying my Score at her Cost. One Part of her Entertainment I here present your Ladyship. But before you imagine her the Speaker, allow me to say something by Way of Introduction.

You must remember, Madam, that some Years since, one Mr. W---l---, (who was known about the Town by the Name of Beau W---l---) from very mean Circumstances and an obscure Condition, set up an Equipage, and made a Figure beyond many of the Nobility. After blazing some few Years (I can't exactly tell how long) he was kill'd by one Mr. L. going to fight a Duel with him; the Report ran that L. murder'd him before he could draw his Sword: Nor could it ever be discover'd,

either

ther before or since his Death, who it was that
 supported him in all that Grandeur. Most certain
 is, that being a younger Brother, his Friends had
 procur'd him a Colours, and in that Post he was
 sent to serve in *Flanders*; where he had not long
 continu'd, but he was broke, as some report, for
 cowardice. But be it as it would, he might well
 say with *Themistocles*, *That he had been lost if he had*
not been lost: For such were his Necessities, that a
 young Colonel (but since, by the Death of his Fa-
 ther, a Baronet) lent (but as he thought, gave) him
 thirty Shillings to serve him in his Passage back for
England. Here, within a small Time, he appear'd
 the brightest Star in the Hemisphere: His Coaches,
 Saddle, Hunting, Race Horses, Equipage, Dress
 and Table, were the Admiration of the World, and
 continu'd such when they saw him continue them,
 and that they could not assign any Support to all this
 Glory. He never play'd, or but inconsiderably;
 entertain'd with Profuseness all who visited him:
 Himself drank liberally; but in all Hours, as well
 sober as otherwise, he kept a strict guard upon his
 Words; tho' several were either employ'd by the
 Curiosity of others, or their own, to take him at his
 looser Moments, and persuade him to reveal his
 Secret. But he so inviolably preserv'd it, that e-
 ven their Gueses were but at Random, and without
 Probability or Foundation. He was not known to be
 an Admirer of Ladies; for amidst all his Diversions,
 we (that Way) hear no News of his Pleasures; tho'
 he might, doubtless, have had the good Fortune to
 have pleas'd, his Person being no Ways despicable.
 What adds to our Surprise, is, that he appropriated
 none of his Hours, he was at all Times to be found,
 ever and with some of his People; seemingly open
 in Conversation, free from Spleen or Chagrin: In
 a Word, he had that settl'd Air, as if he were as-
 sur'd his good Fortune would for ever continue.
 One of his Friends advis'd him to Purchase whilst
 he

he had Money. Mr. W—— thank'd him, and said he did not forget the Future in the Present ; he was oblig'd to him for his Counsel, but whilst he liv'd it would be ever thus, for he was always certain to be Master of such a Sum of Money. This more and more confounded the World : For if they would say he deriv'd his good Fortune from the Ladies, there was scarce any rich enough to support him, neither did he bestow any of his Time unaccounted for ; and 'tis not to be believ'd that the fair Sex, being such rigid Creditors in Love, would not at least, expect Use-fruit for their Money, especially for such considerable Sums. Those who pretend to guess better, have recourse to Chymistry, (I mean such as have Faith in the *Hermes-tick Philosophy*) and said he had found *The Grand Secret*, and was Master of that unvaluable *Transmuting Stone*, at least of a Powder that had Power to make Gold of Silver. But whence should he have this Discovery ? Who could be found so obliging to bestow such a Fortune upon an obscure Person, unacquainted to the whole Set of Pretenders in *Trismegistus's Art* ? What *Raymundus Lullius* would impart this darling Secret to an useless Illiterate Unknown ? Or say, were it bestow'd upon him, when did he find Time for the Operation ? Or if he had, during his being Private, wrought sufficient for his Life, why did he not purchase with it ? Or what became of that precious Metal ? An inconsiderable Sum being all that could be found after his Death. This may also be urg'd to those who blasted his Reputation with the Report, that he must once have rob'd a *Holland Mail* of a considerable Quantity of rough Diamonds ; tho' another Person suffer'd for it, and deny'd the Fact to the last. Others would have it, that the *Jews* kept him (I don't find they can tell for what) it being very unlikely that a Set of Men should agree to maintain the Riots of an useless Person ; neither did he

frequent

quent the Conversation in Publick. And, as we
ve before observ'd, the grand Objection continues
in Force, in that Mr. W—— was never wanting,
had he any particular known Confident; or if
had, they have been rigorously just, not only to
n, but to his Memory. Thus is this great Secret
e to continue such; for neither Time nor Chance,
ich are reported for the certain Discoverers of
Things, have yet reveal'd it to us, unless by the
owing Relation you will allow the Riddle to be
Length expounded, which you must do me the
your to imagine you hear a malicious Person
king to me. I do not promise to give it you
her in or all her Words, yet in her Circumstan-
and in the Gross 'tis thus.

Forcing the Tears, (to make her Treachery to-
ated.) *Ungrateful Lady! Cry'd she, her Handker-
ef at her Eyes: But 'tis the Temper of the Great,
y hate whom they have trusted, and those by whom
y have been much oblig'd; nay, sooner would they for-
e and serve a mortal Enemy, being in nothing more
feet than Ingratitude. Once I was belov'd, trusted
d favour'd, or I had not been a Manager of guilty Se-
ts. All the Time of the late King's Life, I was in-
ed consider'd, but 'tis past, and I am forgotten; but
nsported with my Resentments, I delay to shew you,
at if I had been base, 'twas more than once in my
wer to ruine her, this ungrateful Lady! This Per-
accomplish'd in Ingratitude.*

After her Attendance was over in the King's
oset, she took me one Evening to walk with her
the Gardens at — The Season was hot, and
e Air refreshing. In one of the most retir'd
alks, we found there lying upon the Ground, a
erson whom we afterward knew to be one Mr.
—, a Cadet of a Gentleman's Family, but in his
circumstances unfortunate; his Posture was melan-
oly, his Looks dejected, and so bury'd in Thought,
at he rais'd not his Eyes to us, tho' my Lady
(who

(who is now) made a full Stop, and staid some Moments to consider him. She saw something either in his Air or Face, or both, that irresistably charm'd her; tho' perhaps he ought not to be reckon'd amongst those Beauties that strike all those who look on 'em with Love and Wonder, yet he might very well be said to be a pretty Man: However with Mr. Dryden, we may say;

*The Cause of Love can never be assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

Whether her amorous Star had then the Ascendant that she could not resist her Fate, or wishing herself to give into the Pleasures of Love in all Amour of Secrecy, or any other Cause, but we pass'd and repass'd him several Times (tying close our Hoods and pulling 'em as much as could be to hide our Faces) without raising his Person or Curiosity, therefore leaving me at the Garden Gate, with Instructions, she took Coach for London, and bid me try to discover who he was. I went and seat myself so near, that he could no longer avoid turning his Looks towards me; whereupon he rose and saluting me with a Bow civil enough, walk'd away. I got up and follow'd him, keeping so close that he could not but fancy I had a Desire to speak with him: But that seem'd none of his Concern. He was going as fast as he could to the Door which opens in Hide-Park, when I call'd Stay, Sir, have you no Curiosity to hear what can be said to you? None at all, Madam, he answer'd, unless the Goddess of Fortune should call upon me to offer some of those Favours I very much stand in Need of. Perhaps I am she, reply'd I, for 'tis known that blind Deity bestows her Blessings at Random, and therefore not always to the most deserving. You saw the Lady who not long since parted with me; no Goddess could have sent you so invaluable a Present as is her Heart. The News perhaps

(answer'd

answer'd my careless Gentleman) would not be un-
 pleasing to those who have any Inclination to Toys, but I
 and in Need of more substantial Favours; my broken
 fortunes are not fit for Ladies; this Night I mean to
 go in the Neighbouring Park, to determine with my-
 self what to do: Death is my Refuge, the Manner of it
 only the Debate: Tho' when the Thing is once resolv'd
 a Moment or two more of Pain being the only Disfe-
 rence, ought not to keep us long in Suspence; therefore,
 Madam, you cannot but find me the most improper Person
 for yours or any other fair Lady's Occasions. To
 conclude, upon my pressing and encouraging him,
 he told me, he had been broke in Flanders, and was
 undone, not only in his Fortunes, but Reputation,
 which had been blasted by Malice, and Mistake;
 and that being deny'd Revenge upon his too pow-
 erful Enemies, he was determin'd to turn it upon
 himself. I said all I could to dissuade him from
 despair; told him his better Angel had lately, in
 the Form of my Friend, appear'd to him; that if
 he would live but till to Morrow Night, I would
 engage to ease him of Part of his Misfortunes.
 My Spark was no otherwise out of Conceit with
 life, but because he had not the Means of living
 it with Pleasures, or rather Conveniency, so mo-
 derate was he before the Affluence of Fortune, I
 thought it improper to leave him, least by Means of
 any of the Gardeners he might discover us: So that
 I told him, if he would but walk to the Gravel-
 walk in the Park, I would come round and take
 him up in a Hackney-Coach, and carry him to
 London. That there might be no Return for him
 that Way, I took care to shut the Garden Door af-
 ter him. When I had got a Coach, I went to look
 for my Soldier: I found him at his Post upon my
 Duty. I took him up, and bad him have Courage,
 for Fortune had done more for him than he cou'd
 have had the Presumption to desire. He put on a
 more pleasing Air, and entertaining me (till we
 came

came to London) with Raillery upon our Adventure press'd me close to discover to him who we were. I told him 'twas *Fairy Land*, which whenever reveal'd, would fly before him; but charg'd him to attend the next Night at Twelve (if it did not Rain, as there was then little Probability of any) at the Rail that goes into *St. James's-Park*, at the end of the Walk, by *Madam Mazarine's* Lodgings. He fail'd not his Assignment, nor we to meet him. The Custom of the Place permitting Masks, the Moon shone bright, and the Centuries were civil. My Lady was so charm'd with her Lover, that till two of the Clock she did not think of retiring. She had no Interruption in her Amour, but discours'd him so much to her Satisfaction, that in parting she put into his Hands a Bill for Five Hundred Pounds upon Sir F — G —; then ordering him to stay with me for a quarter of an Hour, she struck, unseen by him, into *Madam Mazarine's* where her Chair and People waited. The Greatness of the Present amaz'd him, he could scarce believe his own Eyes, nor that Moon which lent him Light to read his good Fortune. But I must do him the Justice, to say, that he bore it handsomely. *You are indeed, Madam,* said he, *the Goddess you speak of, and 'tis but just that at your Shrine, I offer Part of what, by your Means, I have receiv'd.* I told him, that the Lady who had bestow'd that upon him, took care to let Persons that serv'd her stand in no Need of dividing her Favours. We took Coach at *St. James's Gate*, and I sent him Home to his own Lodgings near *Hippolito's*, for fear he should return and ask what Ladies were at *Madam Mazarine's*; tho' our was got Home before me, but so transported, and so in Love, that I was surpriz'd, who found no such Inclinations in my self of Admiration for the Person who had charm'd her. How often did she embrace and kiss me! I believe in Imagination that 'twas Mr. W —, She begg'd my Conduct and

and Secrecy in the Management of an Affair upon which her Pleasure and her Interest (two considerable Points) depended. She said, she was resolv'd to shew what a Fortune it was to be her Favourite; that she intended to abundantly exceed the Hopes I had given him, and would be the very Goddess of Bounty to him. He had Principles and Virtue, with a Soul deserving the noblest Favours; that could he be but secret, (which she would not doubt) her Pride would be to raise his Fortunes equal to his Merit. When I waited on her in the Morning, her Thoughts were rather more inflam'd. She arose to her strong Box, and gave me a Bag of a thousand Guineas, with an Order upon the same Banker for five hundred more. So that laden with Riches and Instructions, I took a Chair to the Piazza. Discharging it there, I walk'd to a Coach, which carried me to Mr. W——n's Lodgings, who was not yet stirring. After a little waiting, I was introduc'd to his Bed-side. 'Twas then, that I could not chuse but make some Reflections upon the Vissitudes of Human Affairs. The Chamber was two Pair of Stairs, dark and dirty, the Furniture, old and poor: Rise, Sir, said I to him, and meet your good Genius; I am sent as the God of Riches was to Timon; there is fifteen hundred Guineas thrown upon your Bed for your Morning's Welcome: 'Tis your Lady's Pleasure that you should immediately put your self in a Condition fitting the Favourite of Love and hers. Take the handsomest Lodgings (till a House can be furnish'd) that the Town affords; form your Equipage according to the nicest, richest Fancy; be every Thing that's Great and Noble. To those that have Money, all Things may be perform'd with Expedition. She is impatient 'till your Fortune shines equal to the Opinion that is had of your Merit. Rest assur'd that hers are no transitory Favours; they are not for a Day, but for ever. All you have to perform on your Part, is to reserve your self entirely for her, and never by any indiscreet Curiosity, endeavour to discover

discover her; perhaps Time and Experience may bring her to trust the mighty Secret with you; till then, if you enquire, and succeed in that Enquiry, you must not lose her, but your Life also. Beware, lest like the Psyche in Apuleius, you seek not to behold the dangerous Cupid. These Lines are recommended for your Motto from Sir William Davenant:

Ask not Bodies (doom'd to die)
to what Abode they go,
Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,
it is not safe to know.

Amuse the World, and let 'em in vain enquire where you derive this Fortune. It is not to be told; for telling, the Principles are destroy'd, and you remove from you, her, the Foundation upon which you stand. 'Twill also be her Ruin, and the Height of Baseness to you, to level that by which you were rais'd. This, and more, your Indiscretion (if you are guilty of any) will bring to pass. But because we with Difficulty believe of those we resolve to favour, she has not Half my Apprehensions of your Indiscretion, and therefore orders you to come this Night at Twelve of the Clock to the two Posts in the Pall-Mall. Ask no Questions, nor will you need, for I shall take Care to be there to introduce you. But because Instructions may be then improper, take 'em now: You will find my Lady in Bed, there shall be but one Light in the Chamber, but do not (by it) endeavour to see her Face; be satisfy'd, that she's young, and by some thought the handsomest. Make Use of your Fortune. I suppose Sleep will not be your Business. When the Clock strikes Two, rise and be gone, a Chair shall wait to carry you Home. Thus may you be bless'd both with Riches and Beauty, and for the Continuation of both, that entirely depends on your self, whilst you please, you shall be the only Favourite. These Experiments are too dangerous and expensive for Repetition, neither will she be able, without Difficulty, to steal those happy Hours allotted you. I suppose,

when you are together, you will take Measures for
 sure Favours. Farewel, and remember to be, if possible,
 (that is difficult in this Turn of Fortune) discreet.

Thus, for a long Time, did our happy Lovers
 enjoy the uninterrupted Sweets of Love. Mr.

— took a House, and furnish'd it splendidly,
 bearing to all Eyes the Wonder of his Time:
 his Lady's Opportunities were few, which the bet-
 ter help'd to conceal the Mystery; her Hours al-
 ways late, so that Mr. W—— having the Keys
 brought every Night into his own Chamber, with-
 out acquainting any of his Servants, he would rise
 and dress himself, and go in or out unknown to
 any of 'em, a Chair, by my Directions, always wait-
 ing to carry him. Thus (when the World would
 wonder, that he never absented himself from pub-
 lic Views) has this great Secret pass'd. His Ex-
 pences were so vast, that as the Town said, none
 but a Queen could support, without ruining her-
 self; which confounded all Penetration; and well
 deserves to be set down as a principal Article in
 the Account of secret Services, &c.

One Night returning with me from the Rendez-
 vous, my Lady — told me, she was undone, for
 that Fool W—— would be knowing. She had in-
 vain warn'd him against himself and that destroy-
 ing Devil, *Curiosity*; he seem'd resolv'd, and had
 gone so far as to tell her, that if it cost whatever
 was dearest to him, he could not be easy 'till she
 had given him that last Proof of her Love. Ah,
 my Dear, cries she, what Things these Men are!
 Whilst we yet have any Reserve, we still are im-
 portun'd; 'tis a Supply to Conversation, which
 without a Theme languishes: Love, however om-
 nipotent he be counted, abates much of his Divi-
 nity when he comes to full Enjoyment. I must
 either see this Creature no more, or resolve to dis-
 close myself. I cannot wisely do the latter; for
 W—— seems to be too weak a Vessel to trust my

Secret

Secret to; the Fumes of his good Fortune had turn'd his Brain. Is he not satisfy'd that I love him more than I ought, without I love him as much as I can? Ah, this might have succeeded when Love was young, and Desire stronger; while my Passion had yet the Gloss of Novelty; but I find him now with the Eyes of Custom; I have taken Leisure to view him with Consideration; he is now done by it, for his Defects ballance his Possessions and he, at least, wants as many Virtues as he enjoys. Nothing can be more disagreeable, than Imperfection. I am tir'd by it; my softer Moments are fatigu'd with it. What Opinion can a Person have of our Understanding, when we yield that to impertinent Solicitations, which we have refused to Reason? Were I but secure, that he would never come to the Knowledge of who I am, I could be well contented to let the Affair end here; and would take Care (for the Dignity of my former Passion) to see him so well provided for, that he might end his Days with Splendour; more just in this than Fortune, (that fickle Goddess) who makes her Sport out of the Ruins of her Favourites, and rejoices as much at the Calamity of those she abandons, as ever she did at the Prosperity of whom she raises. That I have not hitherto thought fit to bestow supernumerary Sums of Money for him to purchase any great Estate with, was, because he should have a more immediate Dependence upon my Bounty; Neither did I refrain his natural Inclinations to Expence, because that Manner of living more refin'd his Conversation, and brought him so much nearer my Taste. - But now, that the Matter is otherwise, you shall meet him the next Time in my Place, and give him what Advice I think necessary for both our Sakes.

I went accordingly, he took me for his Lady; tho' instead of being in Bed, I sat within the Curtains upon the Bed-Side; after some little Silence,

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Vol. I.

Madam, (said he) are you come with more favourable Inclinations to your Slave? Or are you resolv'd to persevere in your cruel Denial? Better by much to refuse all than grant by halves. How can I whisper to my Heart that I'm belov'd, when treated with such Reserve? Is not the Sight of the Person enjoy'd, half the Pleasure? When I have you in my Arms, know I what Idea's to fill my Mind with? 'Tis true, your Wit and Conversation have a thousand Charms; but where the lovely Face is wanting, Enjoyment must be imperfect. Where is that noble Confidence which ought to snatch hence those forbidding Reserves to the Person loving and being belov'd? My Happiness is so imperfect, that I know not how properly, it can be call'd such; if I am to be undone by the Sin of Knowledge, 'twas the Loss of Paradise, and must be mine. Whether push'd, or by my evil Genius, or some more irresistible unaccountable Power, I am resolv'd this Night shall end my Pain; (if you do not think fit your self to oblige me with the Discovery) thus (clasping your lovely Body in my Arms) will I expect the Morning, Day will confess the Charmer; but if your Face happen to be unknown to me (as 'tis scarce possible, since the late Opportunities I have had of seeing those Persons who have it in their Power to do as you have done) I'll follow you this Moment like your Shadow, 'till I explore that Secret you have so long, so disobligingly, and so religiously kept; and which you can have no other Motive, but vile distrust of my Honour, or have too great an Opinion of my Vanity. I may guess how obliging this must be to a Lover, who would die to serve, but never can deceive you. Ungrateful! interrupted I, discovering my self, Fool and Traytor, both to thy own Fortune, and those Conditions thou at first mad'st with me, and wer't sworn to observe: Came not this Lady to thee, like thy better Fortune, with flowing love and lavish Bounty, at the last of all thy Hours, when every Star had abandon'd thee, and thy Despair was precipitating thee into eternal Ruin? Hast thou not, her waste of Passion, her prodigality of Love, shone like a blazing Meteor, the Wonder and the Envy of the most

74 LETTERS of LOVE, &c.

Happy? Would'st thou with Baseness requite Favours
 invaluable? Not naming the Possession of her own lovely
 Person, a Glory Kings would pride themselves in...
 Go . . . , she shall never see thee more, from this Moment
 thy better Fortune turns her Face from thee, her own pro-
 pitious Star had not forsaken her, she had Warnings
 Presages of thy Villanies, and will no longer trust her-
 self with one so ungrateful; even now she ravishes from
 thee, the Continuation of those Blessings she had bestow'd
 despis'd and poor, gather up the Shipwrecks of thy ruin'd
 Fortune, depart a Country where thou hast only blaz'd
 and if thou are wise, will vanish from . . . Never Madam
 (interrupted he briskly (so long as our happy Monarch
 Reigns, and my Goddess possesses his Favours. See, Madam
 if I had any Occasion to be oblig'd to her, or you, for the
 Knowledge of . . . 'Tis some Time since I had the good Luck
 to discover her; but I'm perswaded, had I ever been
 where she was, Instinct must have done it. Our Coach
 once met in Hide-Park, she was then speaking as she
 pass'd, and the Tone and Mode of her Voice are too parti-
 cular to be conceal'd; besides, her Hand unglov'd rest'd
 upon the Window, and she had upon her Finger that large
 Diamond Ring, which, for its particular Beauty, she re-
 pleas'd to accept and wear as my Present; my Heart con-
 fess'd the Charmer, and flew after her Chariot Wheel.
 Let her but recollect how long since that happen'd, and
 from thence assure herself of my Discretion, and that she
 has no Occasion to disturb her most faithful Slave.
 for you, Madam, I remember well, my Life was to be the
 Price of this important Secret; if you please, 'tis yours
 to take, tho' Chance made the Forfeit; I can't well find
 such fair Enemies: I therefore, with my Knees to the
 Ground, beg of you to interceed for (and with) me to my
 Goddess, that she may permit me to serve her out of Love
 as before out of Gratitude. My Ardours have been more
 redoubl'd, since touch'd with that noble Passion, my Tri-
 umphs have had a more exalted Motive; for to a Hero
 like mine, Interest can never act like Love. You have
 Power to do all Things with her; make her easy and

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LETTERS of LOVE, &c. 75

this Discovery. What I pretend to from hence, is but a greater Freedom in the Enjoyment of her my Soul is fond of, that all constraint may vanish, I may see her Face, her Air and Shape, her Motions, and every other Grace, sometimes eat with her; (no remote Pleasure in Love) and in short, make it appear that I can value and adore her as I ought. Can I be properly said to have Passion for her whilst she was unknown? 'Tis only then since she was reveal'd to me, that mine can be call'd such, from thence it begins its *Æra*, and shall continue to the end of my Life. If (as all agree) the noblest Pleasure must be in pleasing, my Princess must have wanted that Pleasure, since I could not, with good Sense, pretend to love what I did not know; she might, for what I could tell, be old, or very ugly. 'Tis true, I was grateful to my Benefactor no more. . . . But there are other Transports due to Love, not to be imitated, and impossible to be conceal'd. Will she not have Reason to be better satisfy'd with me, when my Heart, fill'd with her fair Image, has voluntary Fondness? When all my Transports are excited by her Beauty, and that I consider nothing in the Possession of her, but her own Charms? Here he left speaking, and me in an irrecoverable Amazement. I rose and ask'd his Leave to retire, for what had newly happen'd was so unforeseen, that I had no Commission to treat upon it; but the next Night, if he pleas'd (to be in the same Place) I might wait upon him with such Commands as might decide his Destiny.

Nor you, nor any living Soul can guess the Lady's Grief and Rage; she wept, she sobb'd, she travers'd the Lodging, Disdain and Fury fill'd her Eyes and Motions; she accus'd her own Indiscretion, or, to call it better, Folly. When the Height of her Indignation was abated; 'See (says she) the just Reward of ingrateful, new and sudden Passions; I am going to pay dearly for mine. Oh Duty! how powerfully dost thou revenge thy self for our neglect of thee? W—— shall never see me more, that vain-glorious Fool, who even to my self,

' could not forbear boasting of his good Fortune
 ' Will he be more discreet to others? No, 'tis im-
 ' possible, the Wretch must die, that's certain; but
 ' the Manner, ay, there's the Difficulty. Oh! *Italy*
 ' *Italy!* thy Poisons, or thy *Banditti*, my whole Bu-
 ' state for Revenge. What do I say, for Revenge
 ' For Security: I can never be safe whilst such a
 ' dangerous Secret is lodg'd in so loose a Breas-
 ' What shall I do? Dissimulation does but increas-
 ' my Torment; But 'till I find an Opportunity to
 ' securely punish, it must be so. Go to him
 ' and tell him he may thank himself for seeing
 ' me no more. I had set it down for a Rule, never
 ' after this Discovery to converse with him, when
 ' ever he should prefer Vanity to me; but if he
 ' betrays me, he shall die, like *Alexander*. I mean
 ' with my own Hands, to taste the sweets of Mur-
 ' der and Revenge. Were I to meet with him in
 ' the King's Closet on such an Errand, it should be
 ' thus. But if his Discovery be made to others, I
 ' have Money, and Rage has Industry, to find out
 ' needy Villains to dispatch the Traytor. But
 ' he prove a Man of Honour, and conceal me, I
 ' shall still live and flourish, tho' I no more con-
 ' verse with him; if in publick Places he should
 ' meet me, (tho' if he be wise he will avoid 'em)
 ' bid him beware lest he cast a Glance of acquaint-
 ' ed Love; I forbid a Smile, a Bow, the least shew
 ' of what has been; nay, if the Secret should be
 ' blown abroad, or but whisper'd, he dies for it
 ' since it can only come from him (thee I am well
 ' assur'd on.) Is not the whole Nation upon En-
 ' quiry whence he derives his Fortune? Should
 ' they but think he knew me, 'twere all unravel'd
 ' for who but the Queen and me could support
 ' Favourite at such a shining Height? 'Twill, ay,
 ' 'twill be too easily believ'd. But if he be Discreet
 ' and engage himself in no Amour, (not that I
 ' value the Conquest of such a tawdry vain-glorious

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Heart, or can be jealous of what I think fit no longer to possess, but the Creature on whom he bestows it may exact my Secret) my Bounty shall know no other Period but his Life; care shall be taken to supply him successively with Bills of Exchange. If he be wise, he'll go out of *England*, or retire into the Country; not that I exact either from him; but as to the rest, his Choice won't be difficult to make between Poverty and Wealth, Death and Life.

Mr. W ——— was forc'd (when he saw he could get no better) to agree to these Conditions. My Lady, tho' she constantly supply'd him, as before, yet would never again by any Means be brought to see him. What I have hitherto related is Matter of Fact, and from the Original; what follows is circumstantial only, but enough to blacken her with the Suspicion of the monstrous truest of Actions. Poor Mr. W ———, thou surely deserv'st better Usage; 'twas her Pleasure to raise him, he could not seek it, 'twas the Work of her own Hands, he kept her Secret religiously, denying himself any Converse with Ladies, lest he should give her Occasion of Complaint against him. His Vanity indeed still kept him Company; for whereas a wise Man might easily have guess'd, that a Fool only could be content to maintain (for always) such an unprofitable Expence, he shou'd therefore have retrench'd his, and have consider'd of some solid Establishment in the World; but he still had some weak Ray of Hope, that his Perseverance and Obedience would allay her Passion of Anger, and restore him to her Favour again. But alas! 'twas but ill-grounded, for there had pass'd too much Time and he might well conclude she lov'd him not, when she could be contented to live so long without what she lov'd. In short, my self thought him despis'd and forgotten, his Name being but rarely mention'd, and that only when her Bounty was concern'd.

I imagin'd one Night that she had pick'd up a new Favourite, but where I could not tell; my Orders were to go to the short Piazza, and take up a Gentleman I should find walking there, (and who wou'd come to the Coach) his Gloves hanging out of his Coat-Pocket. This Spark I was to introduce by the Park Door up the back Stairs into the Dressing-Room. She press'd my Hand, begging me to retire, and to take care she was not over-heard by any of her own People. Her faithful Centinel obey'd; and after a Conference of two Hours, I heard her go into the Bed-Chamber with him, open her strong Box, and in a Voice louder than before, (for she seem'd for that Moment to have forgot I was her Neighbour) said to him, *Take this, and your Work done depend upon another Thousand, and my Favour for ever.* Then I was call'd, and order'd to reconduct him to the Place I took him up at. I would have enter'd into some Discourse with him in the Coach, but he was upon the Reserve, and methought something abrupt in his Departure. This was a Secret which I was not to be let into. The Wretch was Young, well dress'd, and handsome enough, and it seem'd to me, that he was going to succeed Mr. W — in the good Fortune of my Lady's Favour; but I began to change my Mind when I saw him no more, nor ever heard her mention him. My Guess was, that he had not pleas'd her, and was only a Favourite of a Night.

Not long after, the News surpriz'd and reach'd me, of poor Mr. W — 's being kill'd upon the Place appointed by him to fight a Duel with Mr. — A Name I had never known; the Quarrel an inconsiderable Pretence about Mr. W — 's Sister. I, all innocent of Revenge, went to acquaint my Lady with it. Nor did I right well know what Temper her Soul might be in, and whether 'twere best to condole or congratulate her. She receiv'd the News with an Air so unmov'd, that I could not

not

not make any Judgment of her Thoughts. After some Silence, she cry'd out, *Poor vain-glorious W---! And is it true that thou art dead? I have kept my Word with thee; my Bounty has no other Period but thy life.* Thus indifferently did she take the Death of one whom she with such an Eagerness of Passion had lov'd, and maintain'd with such a Magnificence of Favour. Now did the Town redouble its Curiosity, imagining to have it gratify'd by Mr. W---'s Papers; and that the hid Secret would be discover'd. But they were as silent as his Grave, and as I should never have been, had I not been us'd after so cruel and unprecedented a Manner,

When the Gentleman's Tryal came on who had kill'd Mr. W---, my Curiosity carry'd me to hear it, because I had been so well acquainted with the Deceased. I did not mention my Design to my Lady---, or she would doubtless have prevented me. My Surprise was inexpressible, when I saw that the Gentleman brought to the Bar was the same who I told you I had once introduc'd *Incognito* to my Lady---. I almost imagin'd my self a remote Accessary; and shuddering with Dread and Guilt, my Knees knock'd together, my Nose gush'd out violently with Blood, or I had swooned upon the Place. His Indictment beginning to be read, I found my self unable to hear it, therefore Way was made for me, with much Difficulty, and I recover'd (half dead) the Coach that waited for me. Whilst they were carrying me Home, I reflected on what a Person I had to deal with, and saw, that if I had any Value for my Life, I must not let her know the Discovery I had made; for such a dangerous Secret to one steep'd in Blood, would not have been long suffer'd to sleep in my Breast. Therefore I mention'd nothing of my Suspicion; nor knows she to this Day that I was at the Tryal, or knew Mr. --- was the same Person that had a private Audience of her Ladyship. Nothing could have been

manag'd with more Address; for I am still ignorant how she came acquainted with him, and of the Means she found of procuring a Person so fit for her Business.

'Tis needless to repeat to you how the Tryal pass'd: Mr. L ——— was condemn'd, and all Endeavours us'd to get his Pardon. But the King was always inexorable upon the Account of Murder. My Lady never seem'd to appear in it, and therefore pitch'd upon a Method that as well serv'd her Ends. Doubtless her Remorse would not have been great should the Criminal have suffer'd, could there have been any Security of his persisting to the last in Secrecy and Silence: But the Gallows is a general and dangerous Confessional; and had he come to that, what might he not have discover'd? How exclaim'd against the Ingratitude and Treachery of those who set him to work? It is to be imagin'd he had not engag'd himself without an Assurance either of Pardon or an Equivalent to it. All the World knows how miraculously he escap'd out of Prison. I say, miraculously! for nothing but the Force of Gold could have prevail'd over his inflexible Irons. His Arrival in the Low-Countries, and continu'd Expences; his Appearance like a Man of Quality and Estate, tho' 'twas known that he had not the Value of a Groat of his own, and liv'd before that fatal Duel, upon the Favours his good Fortune procur'd him from the Ladies. I find she can either keep her Word with him, or he has been wise enough to secure a Sum sufficient to arm him against Ingratitude. With me 'tis not so well; Affairs have chang'd Faces; the King is dead, she no longer fears him; and concerning not herself with the discretionary Part, leaves me at Liberty to say what I please, after the thousand Protections she has a thousand Times made me, she would never else dare to abandon me as she has done.

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Thus, Madam, in as succinct a Manner as the
 story would permit, have I told your Ladyship
 that the good old Gentlewoman was three Hours
 relating. I subscribe implicitly to your Opinion,
 to the Truth of it, and Desire in the next that
 you will favour me with the Knowledge of it. 'Tis
 certain Mr. W——'s Supply was wonderful;
 and if this was not the real, 'tis at least a probable
 story.

*I am, Madam, your Ladyship's most dutiful,
 most faithful, and sincere Servant.*



LETTER II.



AT Length, my dear Sister, (all transpor-
 ted with a fond Bridegroom's Joy) I may
 with Assurance tell you, that I'm upon
 the Point of being entirely bless'd, my
 charming Mistress has this Night con-
 sented, her Father has consented, to my unutterable
 Happiness; to Morrow makes me Master of my
 Desires; the Thought hurries me beyond my self:
 I could see my very Enemies with Joy; therefore
 I expect any Thing but Rapture, to expect plain
 Sense from me at this Time, is thinking below the
 Dignity of my Passion: Nor wants it any Height-
 ning, by looking back upon the dreadful Precipice
 I've past, the Difficulties I have struggl'd with, the
 almost Impossibilities that I have vanquish'd, the
 Rack of Mind, the Obstacles of a rich and power-
 ful Rival, and consequently the Reserve of Parents.
 Love alone was for me; my charming Mistress was
 all kind and constant; she help'd me to support my
 ardent

ardent Longings; for what can be more exquisite than delay'd Enjoyment, when two Hearts mutually burning, mutually languishing, for what Love and Nature boldly dictates, finds so many Bars to cross their Happiness.

Do not you (my dear Sister) join with the sordid World, in blaming me for perfering Merit to Riches; I look'd beyond it for my Happiness. The Hinge of Interest, upon which at Present the whole Nation turns in their Marriages, makes so many of them unfortunate. 'Tis true, I could have had a Wife with an ample Fortune; but perhaps to me scanty in Charms, in that Harmony of Mind from which only Happiness arises. She whom I shall present you for a Sister, has a Tenderness for me beyond all other Value. To please her, you must begin by me; should I frown, or be out of Temper, her whole Frame would be in Disorder: Then she has a Voice and Words that can cure Despair, can charm displeasing Melancholy. Oh! 'tis impossible to hear her speak, and know a Pain. How true, how noble is her Soul! How eminent her Wit! Her Sense, how solid! How soft, how sweet her Love! I figure my self returning Home fatigu'd with Business; where I meet, with open Arms, this dear, this faithful Wife, who knows how to charm my Cares, how to time her Kindness, and even to wait for mine, and without Impatience to stay 'till those Sallies of ill Temper be blown over, which Disappointment hath perhaps occasion'd. No Hours can ever be tedious in her Company. This I speak not like a Lover, the whole World that knew her, will Eccho this eternal Truth. When you've search'd the round of Conversation abroad, to be justly pleas'd, you must return to her; for in this Point, all agree, is united whatever can be pleasing or instructive. None ever yet went from her pall'd or undelighted: I speak of those who have Sense to make a true Judgment of Things; and dwell longer

LETTERS of LOVE, &c. 83

her Mind, into which I have conducted you, that you may know and value it. 'Tis upon that my solid Happiness is fix'd, that unalterable Beauty, which is known to flourish in its highest Perfection, at an Age when but the Memory remains, or scarce that, of outward Charms. I prepare you then, my dear Sister, to be ravish'd with the Beauty of hers, and believe so well of your Brother's Understanding, that he knows how to choose for Happiness; Cards, publick Conversation, Musick, the Play-House, Visits, and the Business of Visits, Detractions and Ill-nature, are none of her Diversions; I shall be sure to find her always employ'd, always at Home, careful of her Family, entertaining me when present, either with Reading, or her own more pleasing Conversation, or wishing for me when absent. Her Temper is like her Nature, perfectly good, free from vain Expences, my Interest her only Pursuit, and all her Desires regulated by that; nay, she so perfectly loves me, that I may answer for her Soul; she would choose common Conveniencies with me, rather than Place, Distinction, Title and Obscurity with another. Is there on Earth a Type of our hereafter Happiness or Misery? 'Tis surely in the marry'd State. What must he expect that chooses only for Interest, a Woman haughty of the Advantages she brought you, seeking to be pleas'd rather than please? And where you take no other Consideration along with you, 'tis impossible to make one's Duty one's Delight. Must I submit my Hours to the uneasy Jangling of an impertinent, proud, senseless Woman, full of Noise and Vanity? Must I clasp her to my Bosom, and pay the Rights of Love with or without Inclination, or run the Hazard of blowing up her weak suspicious Mind with Jealousy that her Duties are bestow'd upon another? Must I, when I want one Companion, take a Legion? For so many will be her Gossips; Tea-Tables and Chat, Detraction and Folly, which if but with
a Piece

a Piece of Face I should seem to dislike; 'twere running the Gantlet through all the Round of Tongues where she visits, and of whom she is visited; to set the whole Herd upon me, and at me. With such a Wife a sensible Man will be sure not to dispute; his best Way will be to suffer in Silence, and as a Proof of his Wisdom, admit her Impertinence to govern. Then if you strike at Forms, or pretend to retrench any of those vain Expences, of which, she finds sufficient Precedents amongst her Friends, as to Dress, Entertainment, stately Child-birth, and her whole Artillery of Follies, 'twill make her hate and wish you dead; for the first Thing such a Woman thinks of after she is married, is, how to become a Widow. Oh, 'twere endless to reckon you up all the Inconveniencies arising from Marriage made only upon the Score of Interest. And what are their Advantages? What Enjoyments have you of 'em? Do you eat, or drink, or sleep more for being richer? Are you not as happy with plain clean Cloaths, as if you were every Night dress'd for the Drawing-Room? Ay, but some fancy a Pleasure in hoarding Money. To a Man so weak, Reason will be lost, and therefore I shall not pretend to argue with him. And as to our Care of Posterity; I have seen hundreds more considerable, with just enough to teach 'em how to live, than others whose Fathers have left 'em great Estates. Human Nature loves Action; and generally speaking, those who have not Business to employ themselves with, throw away their Time in Folly, To those whose Natures are idle and extravagant, Abundance does but heighten their Misfortune, and make 'em the more eminently vicious. But how have I wander'd whence I first set out? But 'tis, my dear Sister, with Design to make you approve my Choice; tho' 'twere but shewing you my Wife, to make you entirely of my Opinion; the Sight of her would have sav'd me this Labour, her

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her Conversation has charm'd even you (all lovely as you are) to an Envy of my Happiness; next to enjoying her myself, I'm impatient to present her to your Arms. I please myself with thinking what Harmony of Mind will arise between you; for in giving you her Character, she has but sat for yours; and were you not my Sister, next my Mistress, I would of all Woman-kind be only charm'd with you: shew me in Nature two so fit for Esteem, so fit for Happiness. That Word recalls to Morrow to me: I conjure you, Sister, by our Friendship, in your imagination, to time my Joys, when all transported, I shall naked clasp her fair, soft, sweet, enchanting Body to my Bosom: Where, O where then must the Rapture carry me, when the bare Thought can give such Extasy to thy eternal loving and happy Brother! *Adieu.*

LETTER III.

SIR



Have been so fatigu'd with the impertinent Addresses of the Men, that I could not find Time to answer yours before. I thank you for your Advice. 'Tis true, I would marry, but not yet; 'tis Time enough when I come to be a stale Maid here, to retire into the Country, and there take up with some grave Country Justice, where I may rule the Family and the Peace too. I fancy, in five or six Years Time I shall grow weary of the Town; but as yet, the Gaieties and Gallantries of Love are very taking. You counsel me, Sir, against the Danger of losing my

my Reputation by these Freedoms ; but, Sir, you are mistaken ; for the only Way to lose that, is to be too solicitous about it. Scandals in the Country, are Pieces of innocent Diversions here ; and one may as well pretend to live without *fine Cloaths*, as without an *Intrigue*. I have half a score upon my Hands at this Time, and keep 'em all in Suspence ; give one a favourable Look, another a Smile, a third my Hand to kiss : But then, to keep them at their due Distance, the next Time I see 'em, frown on the first, rail at the second, wonder at the Sauciness of the third, if he attempt the same Freedom again. Oh, Sir, you know not how pleasant a Sight 'tis to see this Beau cringe and screw his Body into an hundred Shapes, in hopes to make himself appear amiable to me ; that Spark fighting with a languishing dying Air, in hopes to make me sigh by Sympathy ; that Wit racking his Brains to write taking *Billet-Deaux* ; but Wits are the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep, they are commonly vain-glorious, and brag of more than they can obtain. That which vexes me most, is, my Allowance is but small ; I have new Cloaths but twice a Year ; so that I am forc'd to turn and twine 'em, that I may not be known by them ; *fine Cloaths* have wonderful Charms with the Men ; and one had as good be ugly as ill dress'd. But, Sir, if you please, I will give you a Catalogue of my Lovers. I have a young Doctor of Physick that makes honourable Addresses to me ; but I think not that an equal Match, unless I could poison him as easily as he can me : I have a young Counsellor of the *Temple*, furnish'd with more Law than Sense : A young Merchant, finer than a *Covent-Garden Beau*, and more demure than my Chamber-Maid ; he courts me, not by *Billet-Deaux*, but by Bills of Exchange, and Stock-Jobbing ; but I have no Mind to venture myself on his dangerous Bottom. So much for my matrimonial Pretenders. I have another

Sort,

rt, who are for nothing but Love, and abominate
 e Pagan Confinement of Wedlock, as a Device
 Interest in the Priest, to stifle the free-born Joys
 Love: Among these, is a young Lord just arri-
 ed to his Estate and Honour, and wants only the
 ualification of keeping a Mistress with greater
 randeur than ever he will his Wife. I receive
 is Lordship with the Air of Quality, blush at
 is Addressees, and seem pleas'd at his no Jest;
 ut never give Encouragement to so scandalous a
 Motion. He's very handsome, dresses and dances
 ell. I should like his Company at a Ball, the Box
 a Play-House, in the Mall, or Hyde-Park, if it
 ere not for Fear of being taken for his Miss; but
 e's not at all fit for an Intrigue. Next, I have a
 eau from Tom's Coffee-house, a Man of War, he
 wears much, fights little, and prays less, is an ir-
 conciliable Enemy to Sense and Matrimony: I
 ever admit him but when I am idle, or have no o-
 her Company, for he is a very nauseous Fop. Then
 have a finical Courtier monstrously in Love, who
 wears, if 'twere not for the Scandal of it, he has Passi-
 on enough to marry me: He's damn'd a thousand Fa-
 hom, if there be any of the Maids of Honour com-
 parable to me. But amongst the rest, there's an in-
 genious younger Brother to a certain Baronet of our
 Acquaintance, who dresses neat and free from Fop-
 pery, a genteel and unaffected Air, a Tongue able
 to seduce a Vestal Virgin, tho' sure to die for yield-
 ing. This Man, I confess, Sir, has such an ascen-
 dant over me, that I wish he were not wild; I fear
 I have heard him say too much for my Quiet; but
 by my own natural Gaiety, I endeavour to forget
 these serious Follies, and by the Abundance of Noise
 and Fools I'm daily conversant with, I am now, Sir,
 perfectly tir'd with this Subject, and shall here only
 farther add the constant Esteem and Respect where-
 with I am,

Your oblig'd humble Servant.

LET-



LETTER IV.

A Renunciation of Chymistry.

T IS to me, since my late Reflections and self Discourses, a plain Illusion of some evil Spirit, that any Body of Sense believes in Chymistry; nor can I otherwise imagine how your Scrub, should be yet venerable. I am heartily glad I am cur'd of all those Hopes, and prefer Jealousie of my Mistress to the Torment of a Philosophick Doubt, and think that a less fantastick Affliction than this. How can you let Scrub still mislead you? How can the Devil delude in his own Shape? If I come to Town Time enough, and may be admitted of your Politick Council, we will contrive a Part in a Play for *Roxana*; where she's drawn affecting, and unfit for those very *Airs*, she would be thought in Reality to have, it would, methinks, be very miraculously surprizing, to turn all her natural Faults to stupid Deformities, and make the awkward Woman a skilful Actress. I long to see Dr. *Garth's* *Nine Days Wonder*; of that Date, I think you say, was the Edition. You tell me, you long to see what I have done; when you do, you'll find it like all other strong Desires, end in Disappointment; for there is neither Love, Gallantry, or Poetry in it; but what to me, surpasses at present, the Charms of 'em all, downright Religion, which all you Wits laugh at, but indeed laugh at for Want of Reflection; for if you'd allow it your
 Conside-

consideration, you'd all be Votaries, it has so much of your only good Pleasure: I assure you I am going to my Prayers, which Profusion of Delight is imbitter'd only by the Thought, that you, and all my Friends, will not share in it.



LETTER V.

A Letter of Friendship.

 HE first Visit I should have made in Town, had been to you, but that I have some Vexations to remove before I can be at Rest and Liberty: Besides, Mrs. P——s (now my greatest Terror) has prevented my venturing to you. Be pleas'd send me a Billet, wherein I may know I am in your Favour, and that you'll assist me with your usual, seasonable, and habile Friendship on this occasion, and you will extreamly oblige,

Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

R—— St——le.

LET.



LETTER VI.

Consisting of various Heads.

Dear Madam,



Ours of *Saturday Night* I just now received, and am oblig'd to you for your Condolence of my lost Mistress, but you make up the Misfortune on the Account of your Recovery, tho' you tell me my other is also vanish'd. 'Tis very generous of the Princess to forgive me so far, as to send me her Service as much *Roxana* as she is on the Stage, she is *Stastira* elsewhere: I would, methinks, write Panegyrics on so great an Heroine, as a Woman that can forgive an Injury, an Injury done to her Beauty; be pleas'd, Madam, to preserve yours with your Health, and stay as long as you can before you are immortal, which your Genius has ensur'd you. I heartily pray for you; and have, while I invoke your Happiness, a Reason for Devotion, out of which you cannot rally me. I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient and

most humble Servant,

R—— St——le.

P. S.

P. S. I shall be reliev'd here, I think to Morrow,
and be commanded to *Greenwich*.



LETTER VII.

*Congratulation on the Encrease of
the Lady's Riches.*

TIS an Hour, I would say an Age, since
my last to you; and I find that Joy has
something in it, as troublesome as Grief
can bring. Your Accession of Wealth,
you'll be apt to think the Occasion of my
repeated Impertinence: 'Tis, methinks, an Injury
to me that you are so rich, since your Fortune may
lessen the Sincerity of my professing an Admira-
tion for you: But, Madam, a Truth in the Search of
Nature could be found only by your Industry, who
make your self the best Pattern of what she can do:
all I can say to you is, may you ever live in the ('till
now imagin'd) Riches of Chymistry, and adorn'd
with all the Panegyrick of Poetry, if any thing
the latter, can add to the Author of so excellent
pieces as your own: Nothing but the News in
ours, could inspire me to so much Calmness of
Mind, as to be able to tell you, I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

R ——— Sr ——— le
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LETTER VIII.

*An Answer to a Lady that had a Desire
to make him a Visit in the Country.*



A T E would have exerted its utmost Severity, had it loaded me with your Unkindness, after a Misfortune which nothing but that can equal; I mean the Death of an Uncle, who was to me instead of a Father: I have been with him during Part of his Illness, and staid to see him interr'd, which was the Occasion of my having but just now found your Letter, in which I can never sufficiently admire the Generosity of your Temper; who, tho' you had seemingly a real Cause to be angry, could yet bestow new Favours, when the Ballance was already so much on your Side. I could with Transport accept the Offer you make, were it not for some Relations we have with us, and some other Reasons I could tell you, which make it at present, not so convenient, but will, I hope shortly be otherwise. Tho' my Absence prevented me from hearing of you, it should not however, have made me thus forgetful of writing, had my Thoughts not been disturb'd with so sad an Object, as render'd them unfit for Love and you, who producing only the most pleasing Ideas, should *Halcyon*-like, brood upon a Calm. Pray think of me as one who has the greatest Esteem in the World for you, and who assures you of it without Art, but with a great deal of Sincerity I am,

Henry Blount.
LET.

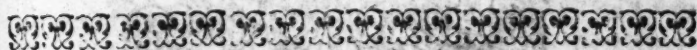


LETTER IX.

*Two Letters of Love, by the late
D—— of D——shire.*



RAvish'd with reflecting on past Delights, and more with Expectation of those to come; for some Time after I left you, I found no Room for any Thoughts but Joy: At last, your going out of Town, like a black fullen Storm, dash'd all my pleasing Hopes, and struck me worse than Thunder. If this cruel Journey cannot be put off, let me at least live in Hopes of seeing you in the Country, and that it may be suddenly, else I shall wish I had never tasted of Joys, which serve only to make me the more unhappy, by losing them as soon as I know how much they are to be valu'd.



LETTER X.



THE News your Letter brought me, and which I did not receive 'till Midnight, made me fall into a Distemper as much worse than the former, as the Pains of the Mind exceed those of the Body, since we are come to that cruel Point of Time, that separates me from the only Pleasure I wou'd live to taste. Give me your Permission, and, as I told you in my last, I will find a means to come down in some Disguise.

I here

94 LETTERS of LOVE, &c.

I here send you my Picture; there was another
 doing, which wou'd have been better. Now I will
 burn it, and at the same Time curse my hard Fate
 for depriving me of so many happy Moments
 which (my Dear) nothing but your Return can
 restore.



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Mrs. S——.

LETTER XL

I Used to be pretty lucky in discovering Secrets, and I have now, Madam, found one worthy your Ladyship's Curiosity. A young Woman, with whom I diverted myself, did me the Favour to go with me into the Country for a Week, during the Heat of the season: There ought to be a Cessation of Pleasure, as well as Business, to make us the more eagerly to return to our Bent. One Morning I left my fair Lady in Bed; and rising at Five of the Clock, took my Book in my Pocket, and resolv'd to divert myself with walking farther than I could have done with my soft Companion. The Place we were at, was —, twelve Miles from London. I cross'd over the Lanes and Fields, pleas'd with the irregularity

gularity of my Walk, for my Design was only exercise and the Air. I found my self, by Seven the Clock, wander'd far from the Place where I set out, and some Distance from any Road, near a neat little Brick House built at the Entry of a Field. I made up to it, with a Design to rest my self upon a Bench that was placed at the Garden-Gate, which had a Trilobed Prospect of the Country. 'Twas open, and I found the Satisfaction of viewing a very pleasant Place, wonderfully neat, and adorn'd with Flowers and Greens sufficient to give me an Opinion of the Genius of the Person who was the Owner. I shut the Gate, because I was not willing to be seen by any from the House, who would perhaps have reckon'd me an Intruder, tho' I exceeded the Liberty of the Bench: Where resting myself, I was going to continue my Diversion of Reading, but I had not been there twenty Minutes, when I saw from the other End of the Field, a Lady advancing towards the House. She had on a white Silver Stuff Night-Gown, hanging loose, or hanging about her, lin'd with a full Rose colour'd Satin, a Waistcoat that, at the Bosom, shew'd a Quantity of fine *Flanders*'s Lace, with a Shift and Cuffs of the same; her Night-Linnen clean and fine as possible, ty'd with Cherry and Silver Ribbons, and on her head that a fine *Dutch* Straw-Hat, lin'd with Green, mounted with a Carnation Feather, and cock'd behind. Upon her Arm she had a little Basket, which she held a Book, her Netting, and some few Oranges, Limon, Jassemin and Myrtle Sprigs, which she (as I suppose) gather'd before she went into the Field. Her Hat being pull'd over her Eyes, to screen the Sun, she saw me not, which I took my Advantage of; and before she gain'd the Bench, I slip'd to the turning of the Garden-Wall, which was not ten Paces from the Place where I had been. She took the Seat I had quitted, and it being shut,

I'd of that disobliging Hat, which had hinder'd
from seeing the lovely Face. After she had
ted a little while, she took the Greens out of the
asket, and made a Nosegay, which she fix'd in
Bosom; and then searching to the Bottom of
Basket, pull'd out a Paper, which I quickly
ceiv'd, (by looking over her Shoulder) to be a
set of Notes, which promis'd some Musick
in my lovely Charmer; and indeed I was not
ceiv'd, for in an enchanting Strain, she sung *Rosie*,
wers. I was so bewitch'd with her Air and Voice,
I durst hardly breath for fear of interrupting
; tho' I dy'd with Impatience to have a full
ew of her Face, which as yet I had not seen.
I trembled, lest my Appearance might cause her
ely Vision to vanish. The Song was of a Length
cient to give me Time to make many Reflecti-
; however chain'd my Senses were to the Mu-
of her Voice. I saw with Wonder, a Lady of
Air and Dress, in so remote a Place, for I
ld not imagine (the Garden excepted) that she
use promis'd any thing but bare Conveniencies;
not suitable to the Dress of her who seem'd to
the shining Mistress of it. The Song ended, she
k out her Netting-Work; at which Diversion she
tinu'd but a small Time, when throwing it back
her Basket, as who shou'd say, you are not for
Purpose at this Time, I heard her sigh more than
e, and in no little Romantick Tone, repeat these
ses from *Oroonoko*, (for I remember to have read
there.)

*This Place, this Spot of Earth is more to me
han the extended Plains of my great Father's King-
dom.
ere shall we reign in Joys, to Power unknown;
our Love my Empire, and your Heart my Throne.*

II.

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Then,

Then, as if inspir'd by what she had said, (the Thought that had occasion'd those Words) she rose up all of a sudden, and turn'd so short upon me, that I had not Time to abscond far enough to find my Wall; she gave a great Skreek at the Surprise of seeing an unknown Person there, and shew'd so much Danger of swooning, that it gave even my Modesty a just Excuse to run and catch that lovely Body in my Arms, to prevent its falling upon the Grass. I may boldly confess to your Ladyship, that in that Moment, I felt more Delight than I imagin'd was in the Power of the whole Sex to give me. I could not forbear pressing hastily to my Bosom, her Body yielding to my Touches, being only guarded with a loose Gown and a Holland Waist-Coat, (just as if risen from Bed) with only one Petticoat on, that all the lovely Limbs and Shape were to be discern'd, and the rest imagin'd. But long I could not enjoy the sweet Pleasure, for reassuring herself, she gain'd the Bench, and then in an obliging fashionable Manner ask'd my Pardon for her Surprise. But being a little us'd to Company, especially Persons of my Appearance, and at that early Hour, it might (if any thing could) be an Excuse for the Disorder she had been in. Then continuing her Discourse, she ask'd me with a charming Address, if I pleas'd to sit and repose myself, and tell her if I had any Commands there, or Business with Mr. King, which she imagin'd, because that was no Place for chance Passengers, like me, her little Cottage being directly out of any Road; and tho' it was her Husband's Misfortune to be then at London, she would faithfully discharge any Commission to him. Whilst she was thus delivering herself, my whole Soul and Faculties were charm'd by her; but Wonder gave Place to Memory; methought, this lovely Unknown was no longer so to me: Good Heav'ns! (cry'd I out) Is it possible the charming Mrs. S. ——— who has been

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ad to all the World for almost these three Years, for-
 gful of her Youth, her Family, her Charms and Fortune,
 n bury herself in a Place so unworthy of her! ———
 ore I could not say, but was forced to run to the
 Assistance of the afflicted Beauty. She did now in
 eality, what before she was only like to do, and
 l back on the Arm of the Bench in a confirm'd
 oon. I curs'd my indiscreet Discovery, rav'd,
 g'd, intreated her to return to Life, wept upon
 r lovely Face, press'd mine close to her, did all,
 t in vain, that was necessary to recal her Senses.
 t length, finding it no Work of mine, I had Re-
 urse to the Garden-Gate, and knock'd so loud, that
 at alone might have recall'd her. At length, a
 arden came to me, whose Assistance I desir'd
 help me convey his Mistress in, who was then
 a fainting Fit; we brought her between us into
 e House, and carrying her into a Room upon the
 ound-Floor, we laid her upon a Day-Bed. Pre-
 atly a Gentlewoman, and two under Servants,
 me to her Assistance, one with a Bottle of Harri-
 n, and another with fair Water; we threw some
 her Face, which, with the Help of Spirits, re-
 ver'd her; but her Memory did not so immedi-
 ly return. At length, casting her lovely black
 es upon me, they immediately fill'd with Tears,
 d in so fast a Quantity, that they seem'd like Fire
 Water, contending which should have the Ma-
 y; silently upbraiding me for what I had
 cover'd. I must confess, I was so thoroughly en-
 g'd against myself, that had not her People been
 out us, I believe I should have fallen upon my
 ord before her, to have atton'd that Way for my
 discretion. That Scene of Silence cou'd not but
 e Cause of Reflection to all that were present.
 ef and Surprize were painted to the Life upon
 Face; Remorse and Despair upon mine; Won-
 and Respect upon the Servants, who seeing their
 dy pretty well recover'd of her Illness, left the

Room to us, that knew not how to improve the Opportunity, or where to begin the Discourse; Shame and Confusion had seiz'd us both. At length I thought it my Duty to endeavour the reassuring of her Mind; so that putting one Knee to the Ground by her Bed-side, Can you forgive me, Madam, an innocent and unintended Crime? Fortune has had a Mischance to oblige me, by giving me an Opportunity to show the charming Mrs. S — how true a Respect and Admiration I have for her; and how well I can keep her Secret. What has happen'd this Morning shall pass me untold, or like a Dream, that endeavouring to remember we but the more forget. I am neither of Birth or Character for doing base or little Things; my Name, Madam, is —, which, I hope, will in some Sort recompense you to that irrevocable Misfortune that has so lately happen'd. I give you my Word and Honour never to disclose it, so long as you shall think fit to have any Confidence in my Secrecy; a farther Distrust will be as disabling as the Opportunity of being acquainted with a Lady of your Beauty and Merit was charming. — I had thought, (said that languishing fair One) myself so little known to the World, that I might without Danger have almost ventur'd any where. — You forgive me, Madam, interrupted I her hastily, that Persons of your Form make not only swift, but deep Impressions. I could not staid at the Bath a whole Season, and yet have to be unknown; Then your vanishing from the Eyes of your noble Relations and Acquaintance, was a Theme as wonderful as melancholy. — What do they say of me in the World? interrupted she, I am contented to hear it. — Their Opinions were different, Madam, I answer'd: For what could they imagine of a Lady of your Beauty and Fortune, leaving the last untouch'd, and a Noble Brother, who was passionately fond of a Sister so deserving? Leaving, I say, my Love without Knowledge or Consolation for your Departure. It was found that you were come to London, to his Step-mother's House, but vanishing from thence, they could not

no farther. That faithful Servant has discharged his Duty to you as he ought; for my Lord could never bring him to confess, that he had any Knowledge of the Place where you were, or what Course you had taken. There were not wanting those who gave him the Glory of such a Conquest, and his being a married Man, might oblige you to Concealment: But others, better acquainted with your Soul, said, you could never make a Choice so unworthy of your self, in which they were confirm'd by Time, when no Demands of Money were made, either by Letter, or otherwise, from or in your Name. Others concluded you suddenly dead in some Place where you were unknown, or that you had been murder'd. But all this was Nonsense; for without some powerful Motive, what could have oblig'd you to be unknown, tho' but for a Day, and that Motive might be still in Force; therefore the most intelligible Part of the World did not fail to guess the happy young married Man of Fortune had had the Glory of pleasing you at the Bath, and that with him (surpassing all other Delights) you were withdrawn to taste interruptedly the Sweets of mutual Love. ——— There she turn'd her Face upon the Pillow, from me, and fetching a great Sigh, we continu'd silent for near a Quarter of an Hour, I very well saw I was a Guest that was no way welcome, and was (as Wisdom I thought) going several Times to take my leave, and retire: but chain'd by inevitable Inclination, methought it was doing myself a Violence could by no means consent to. If ever any Person could be truly said to be suddenly wounded, it was me. I lov'd to a Height of Uneasiness, Envy, and Jealousy, and was resolv'd to find and know this happy Mr. King, (as she call'd him) and dispute his Title to her. How often could I have thrown myself down on the Bed by her, and smother'd her with a thousand Kisses and Embraces! At Respect and Awe, the sure Attendants of Love had seiz'd upon my Soul, and methought it was more easie for me to die, than to displease her.

Therefore, that at length prevailing, I rose up to take my Leave, and conjur'd her to believe, that her Secret was safe with me; nay, so safe, that if she once distrusted my Power of keeping it, I would sacrifice myself before her Face, to secure her Fear. She could not chuse but receive this Assurance (which I was not oblig'd to make) with a gracious Air; and after she had return'd me Thanks for it, ask'd me from what Place I came that Morning. I told her, from ———. How, cry'd she, that eight Miles wide of this House: How could you wander thus? How do you propose to return? The Sun is of a great Height; 'twill be impossible for you to walk without killing your self with Heat. I see, *pursu'd she with a charming Smile*, that you are intail'd upon me for some Hours; I can without being inhospitable, thrust you out of my House 'till the Evening, then I have a Chaise for your Service, which sometimes serves me to take the Air. In the mean Time, I believe you will find some Refreshment necessary after your early rising, and your great Walk. Then reaching me her delicious Hand to help her from off the Bed, she call'd her Woman, and order'd her to bring in Chocolate, and the Fruit she bid the Gardener gather in the Cool of the Morning. Guess you, Madam, how I was ravish'd with her Proposal: I needed not a second Entreaty. During our Breakfast, she desired me to entertain her with the News of the Town, not only with what I call'd new, but what had pass'd for these last three Years; for to her that had been buried (in that little Solitude) all things were so. I did not fail to flourish as far as my weak Capacity permitted, upon what I thought would divert her. Good Manners carried her above any farther Show of Discontent of the Morning's Adventure. She seem'd pleas'd at my Discourse, and ask'd me, if I would give her Leave to go into her Dressing-Room, to put herself in a Posture to

capable

AMOURS of Mrs. S. 103

capable of frightening me? And how would I dispose of myself in the mean time? She carried me into the next Room, and shew'd me a noble Library in Glass-Cases; if I thought fit to divert myself there, or endeavour to recover my Fatigue of walking, by a little Sleep upon the Bed she had allotted? I chose the latter, that I might throw my Body upon the Place her lovely Body had press'd. She took her Leave, and left me to my Reflections, which were numerous and disorder'd. I began violently to love without Hopes of a Return: I kiss'd a thousand Times the Pillows on which her Head had rested; and where I imagin'd it wet with her Tears, I could almost have mingled my own with them. I was passionate, I was despairing, I was raving, I was amorous! In short, all that the feign'd Heroines of Romances are said to feel, I in Reality was sensible of. Who was Mr. King, that happy Mr. King? I wanted much to know. The Furniture of that little Box was like a Cabinet, so fine, so clean, so well suited, so fitted for Love and Solitude. In short, not able to obtain the Interruption of a Moment's Sleep, I rose and pass'd into the beautiful Garden. I was weary of myself, and long'd to see charming Mrs. King again. I found a Gardener at work, and ask'd him, when he expected his Master Home? The Fellow answer'd me, he had been gone but that Morning, and he believ'd, would not return 'till the next. Respect to my beautiful Angel hinder'd me from enquiring farther. I return'd to the House, surveying all the Windows, in hopes that she would see that I was not asleep. 'Tis true, I had a Book in my Hand, but with Thoughts wandring as mine were, that was of little Use. I walk'd back to the Bench where first my Pain began. There I found the pretty Hat, and was such a Fool to kiss it over and over, and talk to it of my Pain. In a Word, I resolv'd, if I could handsomely, to steal it, as a Relick of my Saint; there-

fore brought it back and hid it in the Room under the Bed where I had lain. Two Hours (that is to say two Ages) had pass'd since her Absence. How often did I curse the Invention of Dressing, nor did I imagine that she could put on any thing more charming than what I had seen her in. Restless everywhere, I return'd again to my Garden, my Eyes never off the Windows, whence I believ'd my Satisfaction must come. The Saffies were all up but the Curtains down; at length I saw a lovely Maid (which by the Diamond on the Finger I knew to be hers) raise one of 'em, and she herself appear'd dazzling beyond Imagination. I immediately cry'd out War, and told her, she had maliciously been alarming her Eyes and Form, to revenge upon me my Presumption for treating that forbidden Ground. She smil'd at what she only believ'd a Piece of Gallantry, and ask'd me obligingly, if I would come up, and she would send her Woman to shew me the Way. I flew after my Conductress, but became immovable at the sight of that noble Admire which charming Mrs. A. appear'd; so graceful her Height, so just, so commanding, her lovely Neck in all its due Proportion, her Shape so perfect, her Hair so fine; in short, who says that a *Disshab'd* can charm, when it conceals so much more Beauty than the Dress reveals? Doubtless she fix'd the Impression she had made upon my Mind, and to help me out of my apparent Confusion, desir'd I to know if she should entertain me at Pique, till Dinner was, you may be sure all Obedience, I watch'd her Eyes a thousand Times more than the Cards. She laugh'd at my Play, and told me I minded not the Game, and that she should gain no Honour by conquering. But what should I say? Alas! I was no longer myself, all I did I savour'd of Distraction, and I was a thousand Times wilder thinking how mean an Opinion I must have given her of my Wit, in giving her so many Proofs of my

Love.

ve. Dinner staid for us below, I had the Pleasure of leading her into a pretty Hall floor'd with Marble, the Sides hung with large *Indian Pictures*, and so high as the Chairs, lin'd with *Dutch Tiles*, a Fountain in a Corner of the Room joining the Buffet, wash'd and cool'd our Glasses; nothing could be in better order'd than her Table. The first Service was in Plate, the second Gilt, the last China. Here a Man, and two Girls of about twelve Years old, one of them a Black, habited after the Manner of the Dancers at the Play-House) were all the Attendants we had; other Servants, as I guess'd, wait'd without, to bring and receive the Dishes. Oh! what was all that Feast to me? My Eyes and Noses were only fix'd upon charming Mrs. King, who obligingly carv'd for me, when she saw I would not help myself; all she could get me to eat, was a slice of a Melon cool'd with Ice, and some Sallad, which she told me was of her own raising. Nor is your Ladyship to wonder at my naming Ice; there were Refrigeratories, and in short, all the Convenience of a Palace in this little House. Our Wine was delicate, her Conversation charming; and had but Liberty of improving my Happiness without Constraint, and the kind, yielding and pleas'd, the whole Creation could not have furnish'd out such another Scene of Delight.

This little Country Entertainment put me in mind of *Erasmus's* Spiritual Feast; for Variety, I recite Part of it to your Ladyship by Way of Dialogue. She ask'd me (when we rose from Table) how we should pass the Remainder of the Day? Cards she did not see me fond of; Do you love Fishing, Sir? We have a large Brook runs at the bottom of a Meadow, where we catch excellent Trout; the Bank is shady after Twelve a Clock; and I believe I can't offer you a Diversion that seems better to suit your Temper; you may be as thoughtful and contemplative as you please, I shall be sure not

not to interrupt you, because that Employment never fails to have those Effects upon me. The Girls shall bring down our Fishing-Tackle, and wait at a Distance fitted for Service, but not Interruption. Bring hither the Umbrella's, tho' we have no farther Use of 'em, than crossing the Meadow, and shall find it shady and cool upon the Banks. One of you run before with Cushions, and all Things necessary for our Diversion. Have I not told you true, Sir? Could you imagine any thing pleasanter for the Season? There's your Rod, cast in your Line, and let us wager who shall catch the first or most Fish.

He. All you shew me, and all I have seen and heard to Day, Madam, are so wonderful, that I am doubting whether I am awake, or if awake, whether not enchanted, and in some of those delightful Castles of Old, where every thing exceeds Imagination. Whilst we with our Lines and Baits are seeking to delude the poor harmless Fish, methinks it were not improper to begin a Discourse of that Passion you can so well inspire. I can make you no greater Complement, than putting you upon a Subject which I am sure you are the entire Mistress of. Is it possible, Madam, to find Sweetness in Love, capable of recompensing the Loss of all other Delights? And do you think Friends, Relations, Cards, Plays, Balls, and in short, every Diversion proper for your Youth and Fortune, much understood by this Choice that you have made? I do not reflect upon happy Mr. King's Charms; I know him not; but pardon me if I do not think any mortal Merit can deserve so great a Sacrifice, after the generous and hospitable Entertainment you have made me, and in good Manners, I ought to wait any Discourse upon this Subject. But, Madam, I have a nearer Concern for you than what relates to Custom and Ceremony. I wou'd argue you out of this wrong Way you are in, restore you to your Family

family and Fortune; such a Beauty as yours was design'd to adorn a Court, not gild a Cottage. I judge what you are able to do upon others, by what I feel you have done upon me. Therefore it is that I would have you shine where Fortune and your Birth seems to call you, and to leave this inferior Solitude, where the best that can be said of your Pleasures, are, that they be not Pains, those excepted which you taste when your happy Lover is with you.

She. The Privilege you have taken in choosing such a Subject as this (however ungrateful it be to me) shall at this Time be forgiven, because I believe you attempt the Argument out of Friendship; or I know you so true a Judge of what is fit, that upon any other Account you would not have been guilty of it; but whence is it, that you mistake so far, to think I do not enjoy more Happiness than if I were in a Court? Those Diversions you have nam'd, are but Noise and Hurry, and may indeed please the Senses, but never the Mind, in that lies all our Enjoyment, 'tis there that we place all our most affecting Delights, our most ravishing Sweets; 'tis that only that can endear our Possessions to us; for thou'd the Mind be fix'd upon another Object, a Monarch with his Crown wou'd be but impertinent Ambition, and a Glory no more pleasing than Vanity can be truly call'd Merit, or extream old Age a Blessing.

He. And yet, Madam, was I not this happy Morning a Witness how many Ways you sought to delude those Hours that apparently hung upon your Hands? Solitude is doubtless sometimes good to those who have Souls capable of tasting it: 'Tis the Excess of it is only blameable. We naturally desire Conversation, and Variety in Conversation; for being always confin'd to one, is but a Degree beyond conversing with our selves. Mistake me not, I do not argue against that enchanting Pleasure only

only to be tasted between happy Lovers; but would learn from your Experience, if Continuance and Length of Time, does not take off the Delight the transporting Ardours which are heighten'd by Difficulties, as much as it seems to me they shou'd be pall'd by too constant Use, or too easy an Accession of 'em.

Mrs. I shou'd belie the Truth, Sir, or personate the Virtues of the Storks, did I pretend never to have found some Hours of Solitude burthenfome. But now am I sure I shou'd not have receiv'd as much or more Delight from Conversation and the Business of the World, as any things more feign'd than your Friendships; more false than you Lovers; more impertinent than Comps; more censurous than Relations; more dull than many that are call'd Wits; or so inspid or tasteless as Conversation, when Love, Scandal, and Business are away. Then, as for what you call Diversions, from Balls, Cards, and Plays; the latter can as well, with a little Help of the Imagination, entertain me in my Closet or Garden, as if I were at either of the Houses. Balls are much disus'd, and were ever made upon some particular Delight, and not always with too much Innocency. Cards are so dangerous a Diversion, that I should never have done, did I not count Half the Ruin and Disorder they have occasion'd; even in my Solitude. I have heard of a young Lady of a good Family in the Country, and married to a Gentleman who will have a handsome Estate when his Father's dead, came up to London, and fell into so ill Hands, and so great a Lover's Play, that she quickly lost all her ready Money, and made a way her Dressing Plate, Jewels, &c. for a Supply; that gone too, her last Stake was a Pair of Diamond Ear-Rings of my Lady — her Mother's, which she gave her to have new set; she und pawn'd 'em for a great deal less than they

were

re-worth; fifty Pound was the Sum she got upon
 em, with which she hop'd to retrieve the rest, and
 in the Run of her ill Fortune; but she quickly
 at that too; if she had had a Million, in the ill
 ands she was in, 'twould have all flown the same
 ay. What should she do? Her Husband was in
 the Country; her Mother severe and covetous, with
 two Daughters upon her Hands; their Father dy-
 ing without a Will, they had Hopes of no other
 fortune but what my Lady cou'd save them out of
 her Joynture; therefore in all Probability, she wou'd
 be extremly angry at this Extravagancy in her mar-
 ried Daughter. A mortal Melancholy succeeded:
 she complain'd to one that had been her Mother's
 woman, a fatal Counsellor; who bid her be of good
 comfort, 'twould be a strange Thing to a young La-
 dy, handsome and innocent, to want Money in a
 world like this. Then taking Pen and Paper, she
 thought her of offering her to my Lord of S — —,
 the Price of the Ear-Rings. The young Lady
 had seen him at a Race in his own Country, and
 consented at the Expence of her Vertue, to be made
 a Sacrifice by that detestable Creature. But his
 race (who loves Money too well) refus'd the of-
 fer, unless he could first see the young Lady; nor
 could promise then to like her, because he was al-
 ready engag'd; tho' 'tis thought the fifty Pieces
 were his Mistress. See then if any Thing can be
 more pernicious than Gaming. I could name you
 several Instances diverting enough to those who
 have no Friendship or Relation to the Unfortunate.
 I think the King of France had done well, if in for-
 bidding *Basset*, he had also forbid all Ladies under
 thirty, to play for above such a Sum of Money;
 and that other Governments wou'd do the same
 thing: I am not so bold as to say it is an Evil, but
 I almost argue me Madam, out of my ill
 opinion of Solitudes, not but if Conversation be an
 Evil, I dare boldly maintain 'tis an Evil we can-
 not

THE AMOURS of Mrs. S.

not be without, and where the Good (notwithstanding all your Ladyship has said) surmounts the Bad; but this is but half of my Request, you have not answer'd me to that Part; whether it be easy, and unintermitting an Enjoyment, does it pall the Ardour, and lessen the Delight?

She. You are very curious, methinks, and will let me catch no Fish; if we don't succeed, I can tell what you will do for Supper; you have, yet, eat nothing, and 'twill be barbarous to see you hence half starv'd; at this Rate you would have but little Reason to boast of your Adventure. Ah! See, I have caught the first, 'tis a lovely Trout: Oh poor Creature, how it struggles against now 'tis out of its Element.

Here *Myna*, take care of this poor Wretch where's the Net to put it in? Oh don't hurt it. So, tie it close that it may not get out; bait the Hook again, and go to your Companion.

He. How happy are you, Madam, that can thus amuse'd, that is, so cheaply pleas'd? Ah, 'tis impossible that any great Passion can possess a Soul so serenely calm. I, who pretended all my Life to that happy Indifference, and who but Yesterday cou'd have been as easily diverted, feel it otherwise now. I watch your lovely Eye instead of the Fishing Line, and am caught my self, instead of catching others.

She. This Gallantry makes you Men so impatient. Pray tell me, do you think we expect this Sort of Courtships? It must certainly be so, else upon all Occasions, and to all Persons, you would never thus promiscuously use 'em.

He. I cou'd easily convince you, Madam, that you are treated by me in a particular Manner to what other Ladies are; but it wou'd be too great a Presumption for a Stranger, till by my Services I may have merited the Liberty of Speaking. I wou'd begin by restoring you to the World, to your Family

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Fame, which I must sincerely tell you, suffers all things by your unaccountable Absence. I shall appear rather a Divine than a Gallant in what I am going to say; your Friend I surely am, and would know what others perhaps may but speak. Answer Madam, to what I not long since ask'd you: Is it possible that the Ardour of your first Flames feels Decay? Upon that I ground my Proposition, if you please to be sincere, I shall be proud to think myself not impertinent; otherwise upon this Subject I must be for ever dumb before you.

She. You put me strangely to it; for if I assert my Constancy, you will be apt to call it Dissimulation; if I admit any Abatement, or what you call Decay, my Principles will be tax'd: But certain it is, were it to do again, I should prefer my Fame and Family before all Things. But how can I return? What Account shall I give of my Absence? Who will believe that I have been Innocent whilst absent? Relieve me from this Difficulty, and I will admit you to be the Friend you profess.

He. The Matter, Madam, is not so hard as you imagine; if you'll depend upon my Method, I'll engage to find you one that shall succeed. Pretend a Change of Religion, retire your self into some Catholic Country, Pension your self in a Monastery, write your Friends from thence, that you have seen your Error, and are willing to return to your Mother Church; Money can do all Things, and that you need never want, without touching your own Fortune. We may easily make it be believ'd that you have been out of England these three Years, and that your Jewels have more than answer'd your religious Expences; but not finding that Satisfaction in your Change which you propos'd, you design a Return contrary to your Resolve when you went out of England; that the Grief you knew your Conversion would cause to my Lord ——— and the rest of your Relations, was the only Reason that

that made you conceal not only that, but the Place of your Abode.

She. Is it lawful, think you, for our private Ends to trifle with Religion, and make the greatest God a Cover for Ill?

He. Not if Religion suffer'd by our Pretences; but, Madam, when all Things are sacred to us, they should be so, we ought not to scruple at small Things: The good People of the Monastery, as we may order it, will certify that you have been there such a Time, if they are but well paid for it; that I do not think there will be any Occasion for the Question, your Affair having pass'd already with that Secrecy. Besides, 'twill be the Interest of your Family, not themselves to look too near, but to aid those Designs that shall endeavour to restore you clear to the Opinion of the World.

She. But my charming Solitude, my dearer, quiet, delightful Moments, how can I part with ye for ever?

He. Consider, Madam, you do but leave that which will inevitably forsake you: The Time repeats that you have been here, (or long before) and all these Pleasures will flie before you, even now (as I deceive my Judgment) they appear but as the Ghosts of what they have been, when Desire was new, your Joys in their first Bloom, and Fame and Honour, abundantly less esteem'd.

She. Hold, do not wound me in that tender Part; there, I confess, I lie too open to your Assault: I would retrieve my Glory at the Price of my Life; but Love is still beyond 'em both.

He. God forbid, Mad m; that so elevated a Soul should be capable of so criminal a Weakness, especially after three Years Possession. Consider by your longer stay you will lose the Opportunity of returning to your Fame and Family: Whilst Youth and Beauty are of our Side, all Things will be the more easily believ'd. Let me conjure you to enter into your self, and examine but your own Breast:

Canst: Cannot those heroick Companions to noble
 sh, overcome a Frailty, which Custom and O-
 lon has render'd the Scandal and Weakness of
 r Sex, and the Contempt of ours? Figure to
 r self there may come a Time (all charming as
 are) when this happy Lover, this unknown
 King, may himself be weary of those Joys
 ch he possesses with too great a Calm: For-
 him, Madam, forestal the natural Inconstancy
 ur Sex, and shew that you dare boldly strike
 Glory, tho' by it all your Delights are levell'd
 h common-Pleasures.
 he, I will consider deeply on what you offer,
 in the mean Time return you a thousand Thanks
 what you have said: You must have friendly
 e of me, or you would not have taken this Pains
 my Conversion; but at present let us waive
 Argument, and only think how we shall pass
 rest of the Day in Pleasures less severe than
 Conversation.
 thought, Madam, to have gain'd a mighty Point
 aggering her Inclination to Solitude, and that
 d I but once draw her into the World, I should
 many Opportunities (as being necessary to the
 vice) to insinuate my Passion, which every Moment
 iv'd Addition by her lovely Person; her gracefull
 tions, her all-commanding Glances, and ten thou-
 d inimitable unscrutable Graces. The rest of the
 ening we spent in Gallantry; I told her all that I
 ld to divert and give her an Opinion of my Conver-
 on: Methought she seem'd to taste it with some
 asure, and that however she profess'd her self a Lo-
 of Solitude, she was no real Enemy to Company.
 he would keep me to Supper; the Moon shone
 the Chaise she said, would quickly carry me
 t Miles. I was transported at her Civility,
 almost began to think that Solitude being
 end to Love, those few Opportunities she had
 conversing, gave her a higher Relish, and that

it would be no hard Matter by a Repetition of Visits, to gain her Favour. I ask'd her not Permission, because those are Things which by Lover ought to be taken; and he is worthy to deny'd who attempts to beg what he should boldly seize. When the Moment of Separation came, was as if my Soul and Body parted; I kiss'd her Hand with a profound Sigh, telling her I carry along with me her charming Image, which will continually play before my Sight, and suffer me have no other Pleasure but Reflection, till I repeat my Happiness by seeing her again.

All the Time I was in the Chaise, I may well say, I knew not who I was, nor where I was going; but bury'd in a profound Contemplation my whole Thoughts ran upon charming Mrs. S. and we were come to the End of the Town before I consider'd of it. There was no Footman with me, so that the Chaise stopping, the Coachman alighted, and coming up with much Civility, told me, he hop'd I would not take it ill, for his Commission ended here, having no Orders to go into the Town. This surpris'd me from my Pensiveness. I in a Moment found the fair Lady had been cunning for me, that she had only kept me in the Night, on purpose that I should not know the Road I was carry'd, nor any of those Villages we were through: And I may safely protest, that all possible as if it had been a Dream to me. However, I did not fail to obey her seeming Orders, and in quitting the Chaise, return'd my Thanks and Duty to the Lady; I guess'd 'twas in Vain to ask Questions of the Coachman. However, I could not chuse but curse my own Folly. Had any one ask'd me of my Adventures, all the Account I could give was, that I had been in a pretty House, one Mr. King's, set off far from any common Road; but where or how the Place was call'd, or any near it, I could not tell, nor was it the least Part of the Address of my lovely Charm

farmer, by which I found my Vanity mortify'd, and my self deceiv'd. I imagin'd she tasted no Pleasure in my Conversation, since by this last Action she apparently shew'd, that she did not desire the continuance of it. Home I walk'd to my fair Maid, whom I had left behind. She imagin'd me lost (as indeed I was to my self) or that some Misfortune had befallen me. Her Questions and Kindness were both insipid and impertinent. I went to Bed on Pretence of Weariness, to avoid her; where my last Adventure came fresh into my Mind, and during a short interval of Sleep, I possess'd my lovely Charmer in my Thoughts, all melting, full of Rapture and Delight. The Transport awak'd me, and soon made me sensible, not only of my mistake, but of the cruel Separation we had so lately suffer'd.

The next Day I went to London, to endeavour, if possible, to divert in Company this new Uncasiness of Heart. But in vain, I could not hinder the current of my Mind from returning to the Object that had charm'd it, nor my Person from being hurried by my Inclinations, back to ———. I left my former Companion in London, so that uninterruptedly I could Taste the Height of Melancholy and Contemplation. Early the next Morning, I rose, and feeling with a more than ordinary Care, I put myself upon repeating my former Adventure. I attempted to find the Way to Mr. King's House, pass'd over Lanes and Fields, but in Vain, I believ'd, instead of eight, I went thirty Miles, here and there, wandering without a Guide, describing the House, and asking of all I met with for it, by its Name, but no Tidings could I get. So that oppress'd and weary, I was forc'd to take into an Inn to refresh myself. There I eat what the Place could afford, and laid me down on a Bed to sleep; but that was a vain Endeavour, to rest me, when, whilst the Heat of the Day lasted. That over,

ver, I began my fruitless Search; and by
 Time it was dark, found my self at a Village eigh-
 teen Miles from London, and fourteen from the
 Place I had set out from. You may guess, Madam,
 that next Morning I was forc'd to search for some
 better Conveniency for Travelling, than I had had
 the Day before. I procur'd a Coach for London
 where I was no sooner arriv'd, than I order'd my
 Horses with two Servants to be brought. I mov'd
 and return'd back to ———. From whence
 I again set out upon my Search, obstinate to do
 what seem'd so difficult. We took different Roads
 and not to tire your Patience, sought almost over
 the whole Country before my Curiosity was grati-
 fy'd. At length it was my own good Fortune
 to recover the House. I knock'd, but there was no
 body to open, the Shutters were close, and not the
 least Sign of any living Creature; I compass'd the
 House, and coming to the Garden-Gate, found the
 Windows of the Trillo close; I knock'd, but with
 no better Success. I try'd all the Lanes near the
 House; one led me to a small Village about
 quarter of a Mile Distance; where my Curiosity
 refer'd to a little Ale-House on the right Hand
 near where Mr. King had liv'd. I was not long
 finding it; I alighted and went to examine the
 Landlady; but alas, from her I gain'd but the Con-
 firmation of that Misfortune, which I before
 justly fear'd. She told me they were gone away
 (the Day of their Removal I found to be the next
 but one of my Adventure) but where she could not
 tell; the whole Furniture of the House being car-
 ry'd thence, it was not likely that they propos'd to
 return. I ask'd her, if she had ever seen Mr. King.
 She told me often, and drew a Person I could not
 Ways guess at. Then her Husband was call'd to
 help out his Wife's ill Painting; their Descrip-
 tions were not the same in any one Feature; next
 the Son and Daughter came under Examination-

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not any of 'em agreed so much as in the Co-
of Mr. King's Perriwig; unless it were in this
Article, that neither he nor his Lady, in all
Time they liv'd there, were ever known to go
Church; that they were very proud Folk, for
y would not be acquainted with any of their
ghbours, and carry'd their Heads very high, for
he was but a Mr. Tho' belike a Servant in a
ery calling to drink one Day at their House,
seeing Mr. King pass by in a Chaise, said he
a Lord! My Lord, my Lord, of the Lord
ws what; for they had forgot. How could I
e curst their happy Stupidity; what would I
have given to have had them recal that one lit-
Act of Memory, that bare Word, that Conse-
ence of my Lord—— the Lord knows what,
Lord, the Lord knows who; for thus in their
per Dialect did they think fit to seize me. I
n'd from them that Mr. King had purchas'd that
le House, and now they were departed, 'twas
k'd up without any Intention of its being let.
ere's a rare Garden (cries the female Brute)
choice Fruit; I would Roger would let our
n try to get over the Garden-Wall and gather
fter some. I clos'd in with the good Woman,
d got leave for our John, tho' my Business was
have him open the back Gate; I wanted me
ought to wander in those Walks alone, where I
d been once blest with my cruel Fugitive. I
uld have out-rav'd *Oroondates*, out-talk'd all the
eroes of Antiquity, in complaining on my more
durate *Statira*. To be short, our John succeeded
yond Imagination, for whether thro' Chance or
orgetfulness, the Key was left on the Inside the
oor. When I saw it open to me, I thought my-
as happy as if I were entering Paradise. But
as! That Joy was but of small Duration; I found
ere no Footsteps of my lovely Charmer, nor a
likelihood of her Return; for all the fine Pots and
Greens

Greens were gone, the Garden in great Disorder and an apparent Neglect of every Thing. I ascended the Terras, leaving John to the Fruit, and went to sit me down on a Seat rais'd with Turf and cover'd with Camomile, at the Extremity of the Walk, in that very Place where once I had rested with my Charmer. I threw myself like a fond amorous Fool, at my Length upon the Seat: I kiss'd, I talk'd to those happy insensible Vegetables, as if they could have given me an Account of my Loss; at length growing a little cooler, I gave my Thoughts and Eyes leave to consider upon a Piece of Camomile, of about a Foot square, cut and cemented again. I took my Pen-Knife from my Pocket, and parting the Earth follow'd the Impression that had been made before, and quickly found it but a Cover to a Hole that had been digg'd there. I continu'd to remove the Earth, till I discover'd, and with a little Labour, took up a small Indian Trunk; by the Lightness I guess'd there could be nothing of Value in it; I weigh'd long with myself whether I should open it; I could not easily, (being so self-interested) determine whether it was a base Action or not. At length, all transported with Curiosity, I found a Means, by the help of some of my Tools, to force the Lock; there was nothing in it but Papers; but what, think you were those Papers? Why indeed happy Mr. King's Love-Letters, and her Answers; there was neither Name nor Address to any of them; they seem'd as if they had all come inclos'd, so that my Curiosity was as much at a Loss as before. However, I resolv'd upon that Piece of Revenge to bear them away with me; I soon empty'd the Trunk, and return'd that to its Repository, cover'd it with Earth as before, and fix'd upon the Camomile Piece of Earth as I first found it. Away

ay I carry'd my Treasure Throug. Discharg-
 our John and his Mother, I took two or
 Peaches and Nestorins, mounted my Horse,
 got me into the Road for London; but my
 Hosty gave me no Intermision till I had struck
 a shady Place, where alighting, I took out my
 Cargo, and fell to reading those mortifying,
 sporting Papers. How did I envy the happy
 tune of that bless'd unknown Mr. King! Oh,
 tender unimaginable Softness was there in
 Letters! The very Soul of Love, as if the God
 took up his Residence in her Heart, and from
 thence inspir'd those inimitable Lines. I shall
 in the least speak maliciously, when I tell
 that my Rival's were much inferior; me-
 thought there was a Poorness of Stile, a Mean-
 ness of Expression, a study'd Passion in his; whilst
 hers were full of luxuriant Nature, rich in Love
 Beauty. I read so long, till I almost lost
 the small Remainder of my Senses, which had ne-
 ver been very perfect, since I had first seen Mrs.
 King. What shall I say? Thus have I remain'd,
 and am likely to do, till I retrieve that adorable
 tenderer. There is nothing, no Means unessay'd
 to me to recover her; I have Emisaries in every
 part of London and near it, to bring me the De-
 scription of all that are reputed Strangers: I
 would lavish with Joy my whole Estate upon the
 search, had I but a Certainty at last of succeed-
 — Oh! forgive me for thus long burthen-
 ing you with my Misfortunes: I write for Ease
 and Consolation; there's not another Friend upon
 Earth who should share this Secret with me;
 that I conceive my self bound by any Pro-
 mise of mine to Mrs. King, since she so ingrate-
 fully refus'd to confide in me; but Love and
 Respect makes me wish her Fault may for ever
 be a Secret to the World, Wrong not the Con-
 fidence

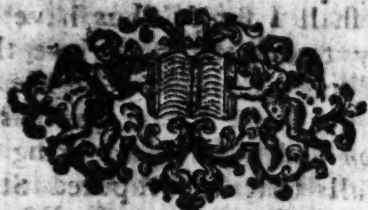
fidence (I conjure you) that I have in your
 true and Silence; keep it inviolable, preserve
 as you would the Heart of your happiest Lover;
 may you never know the Anguish of a Disappoi-
 nment, never feel the Pangs with which char-
 Mrs. King's unalterable Adorer exerts himself,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

most humble, and most

devoted Servant



Olinda

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Olinda.

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Olinda

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Olinda's Adventures:

OR THE

AMOURS

Of a Young LADY.

By Mrs. TROTTER.

LETTER I.

Dear Cleander,



Hope I need not tell you how uneasy this tedious Absence makes me; for I must confess, as troublesome as I find it, and as much as I value you, I can't but wish you may be able to guess at it by what you suffer your

A strange Effect of the highest Degree of Friendship; for if I had less for you, I shou'd so earnestly desire to hear you are in Pain; such Contradictions are no Mysteries to you,

OL. II.

G

who

who understand so well the little Niceties of Friendship. That you may see I study nothing more in this Solitude than to oblige you; I've resolv'd to employ most Part of my Time in complying with that Request you've often made me, giving you a particular Account of all that has happen'd to me in my Life; tho' I fear I shall lose Part of that Esteem which you have hitherto preserv'd for me, by acquainting you with some Passages of it, which yet, I hope, have nothing in 'em so ill, that the Kindness of a Friend may find out something in the Circumstances of the Story to Excuse: For tho' perhaps I have not always been so nicely cautious as a Woman in Strictness ought, I have never gone beyond the Bounds of solid Virtue. To put all to the Hazard then, I will give you a faithful Account of all my Weaknesses. My Father dying, left me when I was very young, to the Tuition of a Mother, who, as you know, is qualified for such a Charge equal to any of her Sex; and she indeed perform'd her Part as well as her small Fortune would permit her, which was scarce sufficient to maintain her in that Rank her Birth had plac'd her. However, she gave me all the Education that was necessary; but I believe you'll excuse me if I pass over all that occurs 'till I was Thirteen, for about that Time I began to fancy myself a Woman; and the more to persuade me to it, I happen'd to be acquainted with a Gentleman whose Name was *Licydon*, who the first or second Time I saw him, seem'd to have much Confidence in me, that he told me a long Story of his Love, and ever after shew'd me all the Letters he either writ to, or receiv'd from his Mistress: This you must think did not at all please me, and I thought myself as wise as the gravest Politician, when he ask'd my Advice in any of his Affairs, especially when I heard him commended by many for a Man of great Part.

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 123

Dr, The Day that we were by our selves, we fell into Discourse of Women's making Love; he argu'd, that 'twas very unjust to deprive 'em of the Satisfaction of discovering a Passion, which they were as much subject to as Men: I said as much against it as I cou'd, but he had more dexterity to manage his Argument than I; so that I was easily brought to agree with him; but said 'twas well that Custom was observ'd, since the Complaisance which was paid by their Sex to ours, would sometimes oblige 'em to comply contrary to their Inclination; for I cou'd not imagine how they cou'd easily refuse a Lady's Intreaties. He told me if I would write a Declaration of Love to him, he wou'd shew me how it might be answer'd with a great deal of Respect, without any Love. I consented to do it, and accordingly did the next Day, and he return'd me an Answer which satisfied me: This, tho' it may seem a trivial Thing, you will find by the Sequel, had lik'd to have produc'd but small Effects. Some time after this, he brought a Friend of his to visit us, who was of a good Family, but according to the *English* Custom of breeding the younger Sons to Trades, he was a Goldsmith, but a great *Beau*, and one who seem'd to have a Soul above his Calling: He ask'd *Licydon*, if he had any Pretensions to me, which when he assur'd he had not, he told him, he was very glad he had not a Rival in a Friend; for he was hugely oblig'd to him, and shou'd need his Assistance in his Design; he had observ'd such an Intimacy between us, as he him Reason to think he had great Influence over me; and he was sure he wou'd not deny him, if he was not my Lover. *Licydon* assur'd him he had only a Friendship for me, and that he wou'd use all his Credit with me to persuade me to receive all his Advices favourably; which he did as soon as he had Opportunity. He said all of him that he could

124 *Olinda's ADVENTURES: Or,*

Imagine most engaging, and especially of the Violence of his Passion. I was well enough pleas'd with the Love, tho' not with the Lover; for 'twas natural at that unthinking Age, to cover a Crowd of Admirers, tho' we despise them. But I believe I need not confine that Vanity to Youth, many of our Sex are troubled with it, when one would think they were old enough to be sensible of the Folly and Inconvenience of being continually courted and haunted by Men, they have an Indifference, or perhaps an Aversion for. For my Part, I think there is no greater Torment; but I was of another Opinion then, and therefore rally'd at the Love, and seem'd not to believe it; which I warrant you gave great Encouragement to my new Lover, when he heard of it; for 'tis a great Sign one wou'd be convinc'd. So I'd best prepare myself for an Attack, which I did not expect long: It was begun by a *Billet Deaux*, which came first to my Mother's Hands; and when she gave it me, she ask'd what Answer I wou'd return? I told her, I was wholly to be govern'd by her; but if I was to follow my own Inclination, I wou'd not answer at all: My Mother reply'd, she thought it fit I shou'd answer it; for she believ'd I cou'd have an Aversion to him, and she did not think it an ill Match, considering my Circumstances. Then I deliver'd her to indite a Letter for me, for I saw well enough I should not please her. She gave me a Copy of one, that without saying any thing that was kind, gave him little Cause to despair; but I cou'd not dissemble my Looks and Actions, which he observ'd so much Coldness, that tho' several Letters pass'd between us, that wou'd have given Hopes to a Man the least apt to presume; I was often half an Hour with me alone, without speaking one Word to me. At last, he complain'd to *Licydon* of the strange Contradictions in what I did, and what I writ; for whenever he began

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 125

ask to me of his Love, I check'd him with such
were Looks, and turn'd the Discourse in such a
anner, that he durst proceed no further, tho' my
etters seem'd much to his Advantage. *Licydon*
rswaded him (as perhaps he thought himself)
at 'twas only my Modesty, and that perhaps I
ould be more emboldned, if he cou'd get my Mo-
er's Consent to his Proposals. *Berontus*, for that
as his Name, was as well satisfied with this, as if
ad told him so myself; and away goes he imme-
ately to my Mother, and tells her, he's stark sta-
g mad in Love with her Daughter: The next
ng they talk of, is Jovnture, and Settlements, &c.
ll in fine they agree: So I am call'd for, and com-
nded to look upon this Spark as one that must
rtly be my Husband; to give us the more Free-
n, my Mother leaves us together. 'Well Ma-
am, (says he) I have no Opposites to struggle
with, your Mother has given me her Consent,
nd you have given me Hopes that you will not
efuse me yours.' What shou'd I do in this Per-
ixity? I had a firm Resolution never to marry;
n; but I found my Mother so much set upon it,
t I durst not let it be known; besides, I had en-
d myself so far in Obedience to her, that I did
know how to come off; but for the present
ould be whimsical, and take Time to consider
t I should do hereafter. So I put on a per, and
t, *Berontus*, I don't know what Advantage you
nk you have more than before; but I'm sure
over wou'd have found another Way of court-
his Mistress, than by her Mother; and it may
you'll find yourself never the nearer my Heart
having gain'd her: I hate a Man that will de-
d upon any other for my Favour than myself.
rue! Creature, says he, what Pleasure do you
ke in tormenting me? you know that I love
on with the greatest Respect imaginable, and
at I can't be happy but by you alone. I never
had

126 *Olinda's ADVENTURES: Or,*

' had Recourse to your Mother 'till you had
 ' courag'd me, and gave me Leave to say it ; y
 ' Usage of me is very unjust ' I knew well enou
 he was in the Right : but I wou'd not know
 So that we parted both much dissatisfied. H
 his Thoughts were employ'd I can't pretend
 tell you ; but I was continually contriving how
 get out of this troublesome Affair. I could f
 no Way but to tell him sincerely, that all tha
 had writ in his Favour was by Constraint ; tha
 was too young to think of Love, or Marriage, a
 so trust to his Generosity ; and prevail with hi
 if possible, to let it fall of his Side. The first Ti
 I had an Opportunity of putting my Design in E
 cution, I thought the poor Lover wou'd ne
 have liv'd to see me beyond those Years wh
 serv'd for a Pretence for my Refusal ; but he
 wise enough to baulk me, ' If, says he (after
 was come out of his Dumps ; for he was a Qu
 ter of an Hour without saying any thing ; y
 see he was much given to Silence) ' If I did
 ' imagine it your Hate that only study'd an Exc
 ' I should wait with a great Deal of Satisfac
 ' 'till you were pleas'd to make me happy : Bu
 ' it is, I shall die a thousand Times with Fear,
 ' some other more happy in your Inclinations
 ' I, will rob me of you for ever.' He said in
 Abundance of fine Things, to perswade me to
 gage myself to him ; but I would not consent
 it ; and all I could say to him, was as little pre
 lent to make him desist his Suit. He wou'd
 the Patriarch's Prenticeship rather than lose
 Angel : Would it not be a sad Business if he sho
 lose her after all ? But I am afraid he's like,
 her Thoughts cannot be brought so low ; they
 a little above his Shop, perhaps too high for
 Fortune ; but she's something too young to c
 der that, or to prefer her Interest to her Hum
 But to go on with my Story ; my Mother

The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 127

l enough satisfied to have the Match delay'd ;
 that I thought I had nothing to do for a Year
 two, but to wish some Accident might inter-
 ne to hinder it. But it was not long before a
 want we had in the House found me other Em-
 yment ; I had complain'd of some Negligences
 had been guilty of, when my Mother was out
 Town, which were occasion'd by a Fondness she
 for one that waited upon *Licydon* : Upon
 which she had been like to be turn'd away ; and
 ing of a revengeful Spirit, she cou'd never for-
 e it. She had observ'd, that *Licydon* often gave me,
 I him, Letters in private ; for when he had no
 er Opportunity, he us'd to give me those he sent,
 receiv'd from his Mistress, as we were taking
 ave, when I conducted him to the Door ; which
 often did, whilst my Mother was entertaining
 er Company ; and I return'd 'em when I saw
 n again. This malicious Wench hoping to find
 ething in 'em that might prejudice me, said to
 ydon's Man (over whom it seems she had a great
 fluence) that she heard his Master was a great
 et, and that she had a great Mind to see some
 his Works, if he could contrive to let her in-
 his Closet when he was abroad : The Servant
 o suspected nothing, promis'd her he wou'd let
 know the first Time his Master left his Key,
 which he very seldom did. He kept his Word
 h her, and after she had look'd over all his Pa-
 s at last she found that Letter which I spoke
 at the Beginning. She knew my Hand well e-
 ough, and no Doubt, with Joy put it into her
 ket, without being perceiv'd by the Fellow ;
 to lose no Time, went presently to *Berontus* ; to-
 om she said, that she was extreamly concern'd
 see him deceiv'd by two that he rely'd so much
 on, as her young Mistress and *Licydon* : And
 refore she could not forbear telling him, that
 had discover'd an Intrigue between 'em, and

that they were so familiar, that if they were married already, she was sure they would be very suddenly; with Abundance of Circumstances of her own Invention, to make the Story more plausible: He did not believe her at first; but when she show'd him the Letter, it put him beyond Doubt; so that after he had given her his Word, whatever Measures he took, not to discover her, she went away very well pleas'd, though she had depriv'd me of a Husband, and received a good Reward for it. *Berontus* did not give his Rage and Grief Leave to abate; but in the Height of both, writ a Letter to *Licydon*, and another to me. You can't imagine how much I was surpris'd when I read it, and found it was a Challenge (for in that Confusion he had mistaken the Direction) to one whom he accus'd of betraying him in what was dearer to him than his Life: I could not guess who it was design'd for, 'till *Licydon* came in, and show'd me a Letter he had just received which he believ'd was for me; and desir'd me to tell him, who that happy Man was *Berontus* complain'd so much of. I saw plainly then he was jealous of *Licydon*; but was not able to divine the Cause: He gave me the Letter which contain'd these Words:

Wou'd to Heaven you had told me Truth, when you said you were too young to think of Love; you have thought of it too much, Olinda, for my Quiet; but you were born to torment me. It is my Fate, why do you complain of you? Pity me if I fall by my happy Rival's Hand; and if you can, forgive me if I survive him. This is the last Time I design to trouble you: I will be more faithful to you than he has been to me. Adieu, Madam, Pity the unfortunate Berontus.

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 129

The Letter seem'd so full of Distraction, that I
did not chuse but pity him; for I really thought
him mad: But I did not think fit to shew *Licydon*
which was design'd for him. When he was gone
sent for *Berontus*, but he refus'd to come, and
was with much ado, after three or four Times
telling he was prevail'd with. I told him by what
means I had seen both his Letters; but that they
contain'd so great mysteries to me, that I sent for
him to explain 'em. 'Twas long before he wou'd let
me know the Cause of his Suspensions; but I was
importunate, that at last he shew'd me the Letter
after I had writ to *Licydon*: Can I have a greater
Proof than this says he? I confess, reply'd I,
I have Reason to think as you do; but you are
much deceiv'd; and then I told him upon what
occasion it was writ: I saw very well he did not
believe me, and I knew not how to convince him;
unless I could find *Licydon's* Answer, which at least
wou'd clear him. I found it by good Fortune,
and brought it to *Berontus*. Read this, said I, and
you'll see whether it be true, that I writ to *Licy-*
don in Earnest: You have nothing to accuse him
of. After he had read it, he cry'd out in a vio-
lent Manner, I have wrong'd the innocent *Olinda*,
I deserve to be hated by her for ever. Be not
transported, I return'd coldly enough, I may
as well be so indifferent: The Post-
script fully clears you, reply'd *Berontus*, and makes
me not dare to ask you to forgive me: Upon
which I took it, and read these Words, which I
quite forgot. *I did not think one could write so*
stupidly of Love, and be so insensible of it: How hap-
py wou'd that Man be, that shou'd receive such a one
dictated by your Heart, as well as Hand. I am sure
he could return such an Answer to Olinda. This
Complement did me so much Kindness, that one
could think I shou'd be a better Friend to 'em
than you know I am. *Berontus* left me almost as

angry at himself, as he was before at us; and not come near me for some Time after. When told *Licydon* what had pass'd between us, he was amaz'd: He examin'd his Man, who had been the Chamber, who confess'd the Truth; and a Servant, when she was tax'd with it, hardly deny'd it; and thus the whole Matter was discover'd; which had it not been for a happy Mistake, had probably cost one, or both of them their Lives, and me my Honour. Two Days after, *Licydon* was married, and so our Acquaintance broke off for tho' his Wife came to see me, and often press'd me to keep a Correspondence with her; I never did, for I knew she had been very jealous of me before she marry'd, and I would not hazard the reviving it. *Berontus* easily obtain'd his Part of me (for you know I am very good-natur'd) and so he continu'd to visit me, taking all the Pains he could to please me, without any remarkable happening, 'till three Months after his elder Brother, who had been at his Travels, and was reported to be dead, return'd; so that he was no longer able to keep the Conditions he made with my Mother; for he had nothing to do upon but his Trade; which I afterwards heard he neglected very much, and took to that usual remedy of Cares, Drinking: He said it was to cure his Grief for the Loss of his Mistress, and that that is to be lamented, when the Loss of a great Estate is the Cause of it. However, he is contented for both now, and married to a Woman with great Fortune. I was very glad to be rid of my Lover, tho' I was sorry 'twas by his Misfortune.

Thus *Gleander*, you have an Account of the Adventures of my Life; which made me know some uneasy Hours: By the next Post I acquaint you with a Catalogue of Lovers (that they were my *En passant*, in taking their Round

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 131

and serv'd better to divert me than the most romantic Constancy, without giving themselves, or any Trouble) but it's indeed Time to make an end: Adieu my Friend; think of me always, and write as often as you can to *Olinda*.



LETTER II.

 O proceed in Order to my Relation, I must begin with one, who in Respect of his Years, as well as the Time in which I new him, demands the Pre-eminence. He was a *Dutch* Colonel about Threescore; don't you think one of his Country and Years, will make a pretty Lover? But old as he was, he had a Mistress in the House with him. I was younger than she, and I believe I may say, without Vanity, had some other Advantages over her, so that the old Spark had a Month's Mind to me; and partly to plague her, and partly to divert myself, receiv'd all his Addresses with a great deal of Complaisance. I cou'd perceive her fret with herself, tho' she durst not shew it. She was in great Fear of losing him; for the Man's Money had such Charms as atton'd for his want of them, tho' he has Ugliness in Perfection; (if that isn't Nonsense) and 'twas the best Jest in the World to me, to see him squint an amorous Glance upon me with one Eye, whilst the other was watching whether she took Notice of him; for we ledg'd in one House together; so that I cou'd

not

not avoid often being with them both, nor indeed did I endeavour it; for I took a malicious Pleasure in laughing at their Follies: Since there's nothing so ridiculous as an antiquated Lover, who has the Vanity to believe he is belov'd, and a jealous Woman, who has not Discretion enough to hide it. That I might be sufficiently entertain'd with both, one Day I began a Discourse of young and old Lovers, preferring the last as more constant, more fond, and more solid than the First: He smil'd, and took me by the Hand, and gave me a thousand Commendations for the Wisdom of my Choice; Nay, and so far forgot himself, that he apply'd it to himself, and said such passionate Things as would have been extravagant from a young Fellow. She with a great deal of Humour contradicted all I had said, and told all the Impertinences and Inconveniencies one finds in an old Man (whom she experimentally knew better than I) without considering how far it touch'd him, she was so earnest against me. This made him so angry, and her so out of Countenance, when she had reflected so upon what he had said, that I was never better diverted: So she did not know what Excuse to make for herself, and in fine, the Dispute grew so high, that at last they parted. Upon this the Colonel was hotter upon me than ever; he pester'd me continually with his Visits, and the Brute so little understood my Raillery, that he pretended an Interest in me, and wou'd check me when he saw any Body younger than himself with me; but I gave him such Answers that he did not know what to make of me. When he had Orders for *Flanders*, he told me, I must prepare my self to go with him, and I should live as great and happy as a Queen; I said I wou'd go with all my Heart, upon Condition my Son should be always with us: The old Man started

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 133

Or, started, my Son, Child, what would you do with
Pleasur; I think he is fitter Company for me than you,
nothin; I, and so I left him, so asham'd, that he shunn'd
has t; being me ever after. He e'en went to *Flanders*
lous W; without me, and vow'd, young as he was, he wou'd
hide; ever have any thing to do with Woman more.
'd wi; thus I was rid of my old Impertinent, whose
oung; place was soon supply'd by one of those gay Youths
confus; who never wait for the slow Gifts of Pity, but ra-
first: sh little Favours from us, as if they were their
gave me; due; who make it impossible for us to think it a
m of m; crime to give what they ask with so much Bold-
that; ess; and who are always endeavouring to divert.
passion; er they design to please. He courted me with
t from; d's, Musick, and Entertainments, and in the
of H; midst of 'em wou'd now and then whisper some
the l; pretty Love Maggots. I was first acquainted with
ds in; m at a Relation's of mine at *Greenwich*: He was
new be; a Officer in the Army, and was then in the Camp
it tou; on *Black-Heath*; and being very well known in
This ma; e House where I was, he came often there. He
untenan; d heard several Things of me to my Advantage,
had fin; or Fame generally flatters or detracts) as that I
o the d; ng well, was handsome, and so forth: And I was
r herse; ld, that he was very well accomplish'd, and the
h, that; eatest, prettiest, genteelest young Fellow that was
was hott; be seen in the whole Army; so that we had
ually wi; th a great Desire to see one another, and were
rstood m; ry well acquainted the first Time we met: He
n me, and ld me he had a violent Passion for me, and he did
unger th; ot doubt but I had a little Love for him; he
Answer; me to see me every Day whilst I was there; car-
When l; ed me to all the Diversions that were to be had
must pr; out the Country; and when I was going to *London*,
I shou; e told me he would soon follow me: But as soon
I said; you come to Town, Faith *Olinda*, you shall
dition l; rite to me, as you hope to see me again; for I
old Ma; n't live without hearing you arriv'd safe. So I
starte; writ

writ a thousand little mad Things, and he answer'd me at the same Rate, only a great deal airy Love mingled with it. The following Week he came to see me, and from that Day I was never suffer'd to rest from one Frolick or other: All the Time he staid, I liv'd a pleasant Sort of a Life, till he went to fight abroad, and got two or three new Mistresses to divert, for those Sort of Men never remember the Absent; their Love never enters the Heart, nor do they often gain ours; they seldom fail to please indeed, and they force us to think of them sometimes whether we will or not; but they are neither discreet or constant enough to go any further: I suppose he forgot me as soon as he left me, and I was not much behind hand with him. After he was gone, I had scarce a breathing Time before another of his Profession, more serious, and more designing, succeeded him: He had a good Estate, and pass'd in the World for a Man of Honour, and therefore was receiv'd by my Mother favourably enough. I neither lik'd, or dislik'd him; but I treated him with Civility, 'till I found out that his Designs were not very honourable; and then I thought it Time to alter my Behaviour: I forbore him to see me, and when he came to our Lodgings I was deny'd to him, tho' he knew I was at Home. Upon which he left off coming, and when some of his Comrades ask'd him the Reason, he told them he knew me too well, and that he did not think a Creature so young, could be so lewd. Observing my Friend, how unhappy Women are, who are thus expos'd to lose either their Virtue or their Honour: If I had comply'd with him, perhaps none wou'd have been more careful of my Future than he; but how much my Choice is to be preferred, none but those who have experienc'd the expressible Satisfaction it gives, can know. I heard of it with a great deal of Indifference, and did not much as hate the Author of the Scandal. The

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Or, *The AMOURS of a Young LADY.* 135

wating was a *French Beau* : He had a great
stock of Wit, but more Vanity, a mighty Flatterer,
and one who took much Pains to perswade credu-
ous Women that he lov'd them ; and if he succeed-
ed, he always forsook 'em, and sometimes gratify'd
his Vanity to their Cost, who had been indiscreet
enough to give him Occasion. He laid his Baits to
catch me, he vow'd, and swore, and danc'd, and
sing eternally by Turns ; but I was too wary to
be caught, though he made me a hundred Protesta-
tions, I was the only Woman he ever did, or ever
could love ; follow'd me wherever I went, and in
sight of the greatest Rigour I cou'd use, wou'd
not forbear haunting me. I did not know how to
free myself from the Impertinence of this Fop ;
but I thought if I could convince him of one Act
of Inconstancy, he wou'd not have the Confidence
to trouble me any more : I had many Contrivances
in Order to it, but at last I fix'd upon one that was
probable enough to take with one of his Humour.
I writ a Letter (disguising my Hand) as from a
Woman extreamly in Love with him, and desir'd
him to tell me sincerely whether he was engag'd
or not ; for I was too just to rob any Woman of his
Heart, and too nice to be content with a Part of it.
I told him if he was free, I would meet him the
next Day at the Bird-Cage in the Park : He sent a
very obliging Answer to the unknown Lady ; and
said, he was passionately in Love with her Wit ;
that if her Beauty were answerable, he must be un-
done ; however 'twould be such a pleasing Ruin, that
he waited with the highest Impatience for the ap-
pointed Hour, when he might assure her by Word of
Mouth, his Heart was wholly at her Dispose. Just
as I had done reading this Letter he came in, and for
Proof of his Constancy, shew'd me that which I had
sent him, with another, which he said was the An-
swer he design'd to send ; wherein he told her, he
was already so deeply in Love, 'twas impossible for
him.

him to change; with Abundance of fine Things of the Person he lov'd. This was good Sport for me, and I had much ado to keep my Countenance; us'd all my Rhetorick to perswade him to stay with me; a Thing I never desir'd of him before, and now 'twas in vain. He pretended earnest Business, and went long before the Hour, he was so very impatient. When he was gone, I chang'd my Cloath, took a Lady with me, who was privy to the Affair, and went to the aforesaid Place. We were in Masks, and it being duskish, he did not know us; but after I had banter'd him for some Time, I discover'd myself: I cannot describe to you the different Passions that affected him; sometimes he was in a Rage with me for putting such a Deceit upon him, sometimes he would frame weak Excuses for what he had done, and sometimes he was not able to speak at all for Grief, that he was not only disappointed of a new Mistress, but had lost all Hopes of gaining one he had courted so long, with so much Assiduity. I went Home as well pleas'd with losing one, as I have sometimes been with making a Conquest, in full Hopes I should be plagu'd with him no more, and I was not deceiv'd. You see, *Cleander*, what a Miscellany of Lovers, if you may call 'em so, I have had, all of different Humours, but none that had found out the Secret to please me: They have done enough if they contribute any thing to your Diversion, and made sufficient Recompence for all their former Impertinence to

Your faithful Friend,

Olinda

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My Friend

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LETTER III.

My Friend,

THE Reflections you made upon my two last are so just, so profitable, and so Pleasant, that thro' them I see the Author's great Capacity, that can make so good use of such little Things; and while I read, bless my kind Fate that made you my friend, when the Good and Wise are so scarce; I wonder how so particular a Blessing came to my Lot; which more than doubly satisfies all I suffer'd by *Clarinda's* Falseness. I believe I think it strange I never mention'd her, in any of the Passages of my Life, since it was before you that I have told you of, that I knew and lov'd her: But I could not have nam'd her without some Marks of Kindness, that I either show'd, or receiv'd from her, which I would willingly shew, and could not now speak of her, but when I put your Friendship in Compensation with her gratitude. But since I am fall'n upon this Subject, I will let you know a little better than you know the only Woman that I ever trusted, not with a Secret, for you see I then had none of Consequence; but with my Love, and in that she believ'd me. Her Sister often told me, she was sorry to see so sincere a Friendship bestow'd upon one that knew so little how to value it; that *Clarinda* was the same to all, which she pretended to be only for me: That she was always fondest of her new Acquaintance, and wou'd Sacrifice,

or

or ridicule the old, the better to caress them. But I knew there had been some Quarrels between them, and therefore would not believe it, 'till I found it too true; and then my Partiality for her chang'd into as great an Error on the other Hand for I involv'd the whole Sex in her Faults, as with *Aristotle* (I hope one may condemn ones self with *Aristotle*) repented that I had ever trusted a Woman. I don't know whether I forgot I was one, or whether I had the Vanity to think myself more perfect than the rest; but I resolv'd none of the Sex was capable of Friendship; and continuing in that Opinion 'till I knew *Ambrosia*, who (if one may judge by the Rule of Contraries, convinces one of Injustice) for she is just *Clarinda's* Antipode. *Clarinda* loves new Faces, and professes a particular Kindness at first Sight; *Ambrosia* is a long Time before she goes beyond Civility, and never does but to those whom she has well observ'd, and found them worthy: *Clarinda* will rail at one Friend, and engage another: *Ambrosia* can't hear an innocent Person, tho' her Enemy, accus'd without defending them: *Clarinda* will be one Day fond to extravagance, and the next as indifferent for the same Person: *Ambrosia* is always the same, and where once she loves, she never changes: *Clarinda* is easily angry, *Ambrosia* is perhaps too mild: *Clarinda* has Wit and deed, but 'tis not temper'd by Judgment; so that she makes her often do and say a hundred Things that call her Discretion in Question: *Ambrosia* has a solid and piercing Judgment, one would think all she says was the Result of Premeditation; she speaks such wise and such surprizing Things, and yet her Answers are so ready, that one would swear she did not think at all; her Actions are always most regular; I believe she never could accuse her self of an imprudent one. This is a true and unprejudic'd Character of both; and if you wonder how I could love a Woman with such gross Faults,

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The AMOURS of Young LADY. 139

I tell you, some of them I did not know then ;
 I excus'd, for I did not expect Perfection, and
 my partial Kindness made me cover with the
 of some Neighbouring Virtue. You know,
Clarinda has as great Advantages of *Clarinda* in Body
 in Mind : I have often heard you praise her out-
 ward Beauty, and now I have shew'd you the Beau-
 ty of her Soul, tho' they are far greater than I can
 express, give me leave to wish her yours. Forgive me
 to mingle a little self-Interest in my Wishes for you,
 I can't resist a Thought of Joy for the Hopes of finding
 so noble Friends in one, by such a happy Union :
 I think of it *Cleander* ; you only deserve one another. I
 now you will bid me take your Advice, and shew
 the Way ; but I shall tell you Things that will con-
 vince you, my Refusal is reasonable. I was just fifteen
 years old when a particular Friend of my Mother's
 dy'd her Husband ; whose Grief was so great, that
 her Mother durst hardly leave her ; she staid with her
 Night and Day, and manag'd all her Affairs for
 her. She went to *Cloridon's*, who had had a Friend-
 ship for the Deceas'd ; (for they were forc'd to
 make use of that, and his Authority, in a Business
 wherein the Widow had lik'd to be wrong'd) but
 men of his Quality are not always at Leisure, and
 must be waited on ; so that tho' my Mother went
 two or three Times, she did not see him, and having
 her Affairs of her own, and her Friend's in Hand,
 besides being oblig'd to be much with her, she
 could not watch his Hours : However 'twas a
 thing of too great Consequence to be neglected : So
 I writ a Letter to him, and order'd me to carry
 it and to deliver it into his own Hand. I went
 then to his Lodgings before I could speak with
 him, and carry'd *Clarinda* with me : At last I was
 appointed an Hour when I should certainly meet
 with him, and she happen'd to be so engag'd, she
 could not possibly go with me. I knew no Body
 who I could use so much Freedom with, and was
 forc'd

forc'd to go alone. I did not wait long before I was admitted, and he approach'd me with that awful Majesty which is peculiar to him; and that commands Respect from all that see him. Whilst he held the Letter I gave him, I look'd at him sometimes; but still I met his Eyes, so that I could not view him well, tho' I saw enough to think him the charming'st Man in the World: He ask'd my Name, and whose Daughter I was? Which when he told him, he said he knew my Father very well, that he was a worthy Man, and that for his Satisfaction he would do any Thing for me that lay within his Power. I thank'd him, tho' I took it for a Courtier's Complement, and desir'd an Answer to the Business I came about. *I will go myself instantly,* says he, *to see what can be done in it, and give you an Account of it in the Afternoon; but there's so much Company at my Lodgings, that 'tis not a convenient Place for you: Can you come some where else? Yes my Lord,* says I, *very innocently, where you please: If you will be in a Hackney Coach then, at Five a-Clock by Covent-Garden Church, I will come to you, and let you know what I can do for your Friend.* I told him I would, and went away very well satisfy'd with him, for I had no Apprehensions of any Design, from a Man of his Character. You know all the World thinks him the fondest Husband upon Earth, and that he never had a Thought of any Woman but his Wife, since he marry'd her: This made me secure, and I did not fail to go at the appointed Hour. My Mother knew nothing of it till afterwards; for I did not tell her that Day. When he came to me, he told me what he had done; inform'd himself of some Things that were necessary for him to know, that related to the Business, and assur'd me he would do the Widow Justice. Then he renew'd his Promise to me with Protestations, that I should command him as far as his Authority or Interest could go; and beg'd me to make use of him either for my Relations

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The AMOOURS of a Young LADY. 141

my self, when ever I had Occasion. After he made me some Speeches of my Wit and Beauty we parted, and as soon as I saw my Mother, I told her all that pass'd between us. She was extremely pleas'd to have so great a Man her Friend; especially, one that she had no Reason to suspect of ill Design, since he had taken no Advantage of so favourable an Opportunity as I had given him to cover himself, if he had any; nor had not so much as desir'd to continue the Correspondence. The next Day the Business was concluded more to her Satisfaction than was expected. Sometime after, a Gentleman of my Mother's Acquaintance told her, he had a Mind for a Commission in the Army, and that he would give a considerable Sum of Money to any Body that would procure it. My Mother said she'd try her Interest, and made him write to *Cloridon* about it. He sent me an obliging Answer, and desir'd to see me at the same place where we met before, that I might give him an exact Account of the Person I recommended, and answer some Questions about him more particularly than I could do by writing. I did so in the first Part of our Conversation; and then he began to talk of the many Ills that attend Greatness, of which the said Flattery was the chief; for 'twas the greatest Unhappiness to be sooth'd in his Faults: But *Olinda*, continu'd he, *in you I see that Sincerity and Ingenuity that is requisite for a Friend, and I should think my self very happy, if you would let me see you sometimes; if you would tell me of my Faults, and what the World says of me.* You honour me too much my Lord, says I, but you have taken such care to make all Virtues your own, that there's no Room left for Flattery, or Correction. He was so short, after a great many Complements of his Nature he told me, 'twould be an Act of so great Goodness, that he was sure I could not deny him. But what will the World think, says I, of such

such private Meetings? If neither you, nor I, tell it won't be known, says he, as it should if I came to tell you: So that I may have the same innocent Pleasure seeing you, which you would not deny me in Publick, without making any Noise: And since I assure you I have no other Friendship for you, it can't shock your Virtue. I neither granted, nor deny'd him his Request; for I did not know whether I should do the first, and could not resolve to do the last; both because it might be a Hindrance to our Business, and because I was very well pleas'd with his Conversation. Nothing could be more agreeable; he is a Man of as much Sense and as great Address, as any I ever knew: But what is more to be commended and wondred at in a Statesman, he never promis'd any Thing that he did not perform. He gave me his Word for the Commission I desir'd; appointed me a Day when I should meet him to receive it; and kept it punctually. These were such great Obligations, that I could not but have some Acknowledgments for them. There was nothing talk'd of in our House, but of Floridon's Generosity; and about that Time, all the Town rung of some great Actions he had then perform'd: So that all Things contributed to increase my Esteem of him. I writ him a Letter of Thanks, and he told me in his Answer, that he desir'd no other Recompence for all he could do for me, but to see me sometimes. I consider'd, that there was no Danger in seeing a Man, that was so great a Lover of his Lady; and that profess'd only a Friendship for me: That if ever he should change, I could easily forbear it, and that whatever he might open'd, my Virtue was a sufficient Guard. So I consented to it, without letting my Mother know any Thing of it. But I must delay telling you what these secret Meetings produc'd; for Time and Paper fails me, and will scarce give me leave to assure you that I am, *Your tenderest Friend,*

Olinda
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LETTER IV.

YOU would pity rather than chide me, *Cleander*, if you knew the Cause of my not Writing to you all this while. I have not been one Moment alone for this Fortnight past, but condemn'd to certain a mix'd Company, all of different Humours, different Ways of Living, and of Conversation; so that 'twas almost impossible to please one without contradicting another's Humour. You may imagine how uneasy this was to me; for I've often said to you, I had rather be all my Life alone, than live in a Company that is not chosen: That I sometimes prefer Solitude even to the best, and that I now retir'd to avoid the World: But I find one never enjoys any Thing without Disturbance that places one's Happiness in; and I was to blame to expect a singular Fate should be cut out for me. Whatever Accident deprives me of any Thing I love, I can never be unfortunate, if *Cleander* continues to be my Friend. You may remember I wrote off my last, where I had resolv'd to see *Clorinda*, as he desir'd. We met as often as we could, and ran freely to both our Satisfaction: He told me all his little Uneasinesses, and had so great a Confidence in me, that he discover'd some Intreagues of State to me, that are yet unknown to some that think they are not Strangers to the most secret Transactions of the Court; and he never undertook any of his own Affairs of greatest Moment, without asking my Advice. Thus we liv'd for two Months, and this time past that gave me Reason to repent an Action

Action, that was not ill in it self; but might be by the Consequences of it, 'till one Day, when I had been telling me several Things which concern'd him nearly: *But there's one Secret*, says he, *Olinda that I have never told you yet, tho' it takes up all my Heart: But 'tis that I believe you know it too well already.* I said, I could not so much as guess at it. *What, Olinda, interrupted he, is it possible you should be ignorant, that I am the most in Love of any Man in the World? How could you imagine, I that knew you so well, could have only a cold Respect or Friendship for you?* *No, Olinda, I love you; I love you ardently; I cannot live unless you give me leave to tell you so, and to hope that you will one Day return it.* I was so amaz'd at this Discourse, I did not know what to Answer: He vex'd me to be oblig'd to alter my Way of Living with him; but I did not find my self so angry at his Love as I ought. However, I disguis'd my Thoughts, and put on all the Severity that is necessary in such Cases. I have more Reason to be pleas'd with such a Declaration from you, my Lord, said I, than any other: You that say you knew me so well; what have you seen in me to encourage it? Have I ever given you Occasion to suspect my Virtue? Or is it that you are tired with my Conversation, and therefore take this most effectual Means to be freed from it? *Inhumane Fellow*, said he, *Must you hate me because I love you? Can I resolve not to let me see you, only because you know I love you? I love you more than before?* In short, he said the most passionate Things that a Lover can imagine; and tho' I found he mov'd my Heart too much, I did seembl'd well enough to hide it from him. Nothing he said, could prevail with me to see him, and I hop'd Absence would help me to forget him. He writ many melancholy Letters to me, telling me all the Court took notice of his Grief; that he would shortly be his Death, if I would not see him; and beg'd me to live with him as I had done

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OL. H.

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and he would never speak to me of his Love. But all I refus'd, tho' unwillingly. I was angry at myself for thinking of him, and for being pleas'd, when some told in Company where I was, that he had been so out of Humour for some Time, that nobody durst speak to him of Business. I lov'd to think it was for me, and ask'd a hundred Questions about him. But now the Publick Affairs oblig'd him to go to *Flanders*, where he perform'd Actions worthy of himself. His Valour, Generosity, and Liberality, were talk'd of every where, which still more and more engag'd me. I cou'd not but have some Inclination for so fine a Man, when I consider'd that he lov'd me too: However, I believ'd I had only that Esteem for him which I thought due to his Merit, and that Gratitude which the Obligations I had to him requir'd. But I grew insensibly more melancholy than usual. One Evening at my Mother and I were taking a serious Walk in the Canal in *St. James's Park*, a Gentleman of our Country, and Acquaintance, seeing us at a Distance, came to bear us Company: The Air being pretty cool, we wore our Masks, and after we had made two or three Turns, he saw a Friend of his, of the same Nation, coming towards us. *That*, says he, *Antonio, Son to my Lord — He is a very well accomplish'd Gentleman, and has a good Estate, I wish he were married to Olinda. I know the Family, and have hear'd of him, Reply'd my Mother, I shou'd not like the Match.* By this Time he was come up to us, and after having begg'd Pardon for intruding, he leave to walk with us, he turn'd of my Side. I had not seen my Face, for it was duskish, and I had made a Fashion of lifting my Mask upon our Complements; but yet he said Abundance of Things of my Beauty and Charms. After an Hour's Conversation, we were going Home, when they would needs wait upon us, but one of his Servants met him, and told him, he had been call'd.

OL. IV. 15 looking

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looking for him a long Time; some Friends of his that were going out of *England* the next Day, sent for him in the *Mall*, and must speak with him immediately. So he left us to the other's Care, and went back. The first Time *Antonio* met with his Friend, with whom he had seen us; he told him he was so charm'd with the Lady's Conversation that he could not rest till he saw her again. He answer'd, that he wou'd not like her if he had seen her, but he wou'd carry him to visit one, whose Beauty wou'd soon make him forget her. *Antonio* said, that Wit and good Humour had far greater Charms for him, than the finest Face in the World. But that you mayn't think me obstinate, I will tell her, upon Condition, that if her Eyes have not the Influence which you expect, you will make me acquainted with that Lady whose Wit has engaged me more perhaps than you imagine. He promised he wou'd, and so left him, and came to our Lodging: He gave us an Account of this Conversation and desir'd us to continue the Humour, and not let him know we had seen him before; for he fancied a great deal of Pleasure in seeing me rival myself. We agreed to it, and when they came, I entertained him with the greatest Simplicity imaginable: I let you must know I had an Aversion for him, which I cou'd give no Reason for (that Passion is as unaccountable as Love) and therefore I was pleas'd shou'd think me a Fool, that he might not come to see me again. I was glad to perceive he was at ease in my Company, and to make him the more so, I talk'd very much, and very little to the purpose. When he was gone, he said to his Friend, *That if Olinda had the other Lady's Soul, she wou'd be a dangerous Person; but that as she was, he cou'd not love her than a fair Picture: That her Folly had made him the more eager to see the Unknown, and therefore he claim'd his Promise.* He answer'd that he did not know what a second Sight of *Olinda* might

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but however, not to be worse than his Word, he would endeavour to contrive a Meeting, but he would not promise he should see her Face, for she was very shy of that, as she had some Reason. I was extremely averse to seeing him again, but this Gentleman was so earnest with me, and my Mother did so much for it, for she was desirous to have us acquainted, that I was almost forc'd to go; but I resolv'd not to shew my Face. He carry'd Antonio to the Park, at an appointed Hour, when he said, he heard the Lady say she would be there; and we met 'em, as if by Chance. We had a Conversation that would have been diverting enough, if my Hatred for him, had not made me think all he did or said, disagreeable: He told me I had been continually in his Thoughts since he saw me, and that I had made such an Impression in his Heart, as would never be alter'd. I said, he must have a strange Opinion of my Credulity, if he thought I would believe he was in Love with a Woman he never saw. *Ah! Madam,* says he, *how much more charming are you well'd as you are, than a beautiful Fool that can only please one's Eyes: Such a one as my Friend here made me visit the other Day; and then gave me a long Description of Olinda, and related her Discourse; which indeed was very insipid. We made some satyrical Remarks upon the poor Lady, and then we parted, tho' Antonio would fain have come Home with us; but we would not permit him: He was very importunate with his Friend for this, to make him acquainted with the Unknown; but he said, he durst not carry him to see her, without her Leave; but he would try to gain him, if he continu'd to desire it, after seeing Olinda two or three Times. He reply'd, he would endure so much Mortification, in Hopes of so great a Blessing he promis'd him, but it must be speedy, for a Lover was impatient; and he should be better satisfy'd with seeing the ugliest Face he could imagine, than*

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with that Doubt he was in. In short, he brought him to our Lodgings several Times, and still I acted the foolish Part; but yet he confess'd to his Friend that I had mov'd him a little; and he refus'd to see me again, for fear he said, that he should love a Woman that he could not esteem. But one Moment's Interview with his other Charmer, would deprive *Olinda* of that little Part she had gain'd of his Heart. A little after, some young Ladies that I knew, were going to the Play, and begg'd me to go with them. I was so chagrin, I cou'd not think of any Diversion; but that made them the more pressing, saying it wou'd cure my Melancholy. So I went with them, and the first Sight I saw was *Antonio* and his Friend. The last seeing a Lady that was not handsome with me; it came into his Thoughts to see that was she that *Antonio* was in Love with. He gaz'd upon her with the greatest Eagerness imaginable, for a long Time; then turning to another that was with them, which of these two, says he, (pointing to her and me) do you like best? You answer me with that Question, return'd he, for I think there is too great a Disparity between them, to leave no Doubt that it must be *Olinda*: (for he knew her Name) You wou'd alter your Opinion, says *Antonio*, if you knew them both as well as I; *Olinda's* Beauty is more than doubly valu'd by another's Wit and solid Judgment. But *Olinda* and I both, reply'd the Gentleman; which I believe I can't but know if you have ever talk'd with her. I heard of her: For every Body gives her that Character. They wrong her extremely, says *Antonio*, for she is really foolish to deserve Pity; I never convers'd with a Woman whose Company was so tiresome; she talks eternally, and not one Word of common Sense. 'Tis impossible; your Friend here who is a very good Judge, has often said to me, that I must think you mistook the Woman. I have been too often with her

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at, says Antonio, you may rather believe my friend jeer'd her. Then they question'd him about it; but he laugh'd, and said, he never saw a pretty Woman, but he thought she had Wit enough; that they did not know what to make of him; but Antonio, who would not have been sorry to find much Wit in *Olinda*, as he imagin'd in one, whose Outside did not please him so well; took some Pleasure in fancying himself deceiv'd; tho' when he consider'd it seriously, he could not believe it. However he enquir'd diligently of all that cou'd inform him any thing of me, which did more confound him. For they agreed, that I was far from being a Fool; and he cou'd nor imagine what End I shou'd pretend it. But was resolv'd to find it out. He came often to see us, and still call'd me the same Fool, 'till one Day when we had a great deal of Company, I was extremly put to it; for I did not care for making myself ridiculous to so many; and 'twas not good Manners to be silent; however, I chose rather to be rude, than deceive him. I often made as if I did not hear when I was spoke to; but I was oblig'd to answer, when one said to me, What's the Matter with you *Olinda*, that you are dumb of a sudden? I am sure, you ought not; for if it were pardonable in any man to talk always, 'twould be in you, that do so well. I was so confus'd at this Complement, it came so male a propps; that I believe I did not answer it over wisely; but as my ill Fate would have it, a Lady in the Company took a Paper out of her Pocket, saying, 'I am resolv'd to make *Olinda* speak whether she will or not; and I will leave you to judge whether she does not do it well in this Song. She read one that I had writ at her Desire; for she sing very well. I would fain have deny'd it, but I saw it was in vain, for Wit will out one Way or other. Antonio seem'd overjoy'd at this Discovery, and I was as much griev'd: For no Woman had

ever a greater Desire to be thought wise, than he thought otherwise. He came to see me every Day from that Time; and when his Friend told him, that he hop'd he would not dispute *Olinda's* Power any longer, since she made him so absolutely forget her, whom he had once preferr'd so much to her; he said, that it was not the same *Olinda*, whom he lov'd, for she had chang'd her Soul: Nor had he forgot the other, for it was that Wit, that sweet Turn of Thought, and agreeable Conversation which he admir'd in her, that he ador'd in *Olinda*. He do not know whether he ever knew, that they were both one Person, but he did not desire to see the other. When he discover'd his Love to me, he entertain'd it so coldly, that he could have little Hopes, but that is the last Thing that quite forsakes a Lover: And it did not hinder him from persisting. He watch'd his Opportunity, when he saw any thing had pleas'd me, but still he was repulsed with greater Scorn. I took Delight when he was with me, to repeat often those Words in *Sophonisba*: *The Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege, there's one for you too might enter'd in; The Haughtiest, Bravest, Foremost Man on Earth.* He importun'd me extremely to know who this happy Man was; and vow'd, if I would tell him, he'd never mention his Passion to me again; but I told him, if there was such a Man, it was the same Reason he should trouble me no more, as if he knew who he was; since that could make no Alteration in my Heart. And perhaps it was a Secret; However, that I would hear no more of his Love. He begg'd, and sigh'd, and whin'd an Hour or two, to make me reverse my Doom; but in vain; and I was pleas'd that he believ'd me in Love, tho' I did not think it myself. He continu'd to visit me without saying any thing particular to me; and without suspecting the Object of my Love; till my Mother and some Company were talking of the great

Actions

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Cloridon had done; just as they nam'd
him, he look'd at me, (by Chance it may be) but
being a little guilty, thought it was design'd,
ush'd, look'd down, and was confus'd; which
made me blush the more; and that was enough
to fix a Jealousy that had long possess'd him, and
that watch'd for the least Shadow of Reason to place
upon any particular Person. I was so asham'd
myself, that I was not able to stay in the Room,
and when I was gone, Antonio kept up the Dis-
course of Cloridon; began to praise his Person, and
told my Mother what she thought of him. She
said, 'twas so long since she had seen him, that she
almost forgot him; but that her Daughter had
seen him lately, (and so told upon what Occasion);
and that she extoll'd him for the finest Man she
ever saw. This confirm'd his Jealousy; and the
first Opportunity he had with me, he told me some-
things of Cloridon; and then ask'd me if I had
ever seen him, and how I lik'd him. I knew no-
thing of what my Mother had said; and not being
willing he shou'd believe what I found he suspected,
answer'd; that I had seen him two or three
times in Walks at a Distance: That I thought he
was well enough, but not so handsome as Fame
had made him. There needed no more to remove
all Doubt that he was his Rival; but how to know
the particular Terms we were in, was the Difficul-
ty, he knew his Character, and thought me vir-
tuous, and therefore could not fear any thing cri-
minal betwixt us; but he resolv'd to try if my
affections were strongly engag'd; and to that End
shew'd me a Letter from Flanders, wherein it
was told him, that Cloridon (to the great Wonder
of all there) had a young Lady disguis'd in Men's
cloaths with him all the Campaign, and that it
was discover'd by an Accident, which he gave a
large Account of. I found myself seiz'd with an
unusual I know not what, and did all my Endeavours

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yours to conceal it, but I chang'd Colour two or three Times, and he having his Eyes continually upon me, 'twas impossible but he must observe my Concern: However, he said nothing of it to me, and I forc'd myself to talk of Things indifferent. As soon as I was alone, I examin'd myself upon the Matter. Why should this trouble me (said I within myself) who would not entertain his Love when it was offer'd me, and I have often resolv'd never to see him, even when I thought him constant? How comes it then, that I am so griev'd and angry that he loves another? And that I wish with such Impatience for his Return? In fine, I discover'd, that what I had call'd Esteem and Gratitude, was Love; and I was as much ashamed of the Discovery, as if it had been known to all the World. I fancy'd every one that saw me, read in my Eyes; and I hated myself, when Jealousy would give me Leave to reason for my extravagant Thoughts and Wishes: Mean while *Antonio* would not be idle, he thought this was the Time for him; When my Anger was rais'd against *Cloridon*; that That, and my Obedience to my Mother, (if he could get her on his Side, which he did not much doubt) would induce me to marry him; and then he did not fear, but Reason and Duty would overcome my Love. Accordingly he had my Mother's Consent, and entreated her to intercede for him; but all this was so far from having that Effect which he expected, that I hated him the more. I was so unjust as to look upon him as the Cause of my Affliction, and I was so angry to see him take such Measures, as I foresaw must make me very uneasy, that I treated him ill, even to Rudeness. But I will leave him and *Olinda* equally unhappy, 'till the next Post, and then give you an Account of some Alteration in their Affairs, which if it gave her Ease, I believe I little enovras'd his Pains. In the mean Time believe, that I remain,

Your Friend, Olinda.



LETTER V.


ITS not possible for you to imagine, much less for me to express what I endur'd, by my own Jealousy, and *Antonio's* Persecution: Either of 'em wou'd have been grievous enough, but together, they were intolerable; and I cou'd expect no Remedy, for I knew not what I wou'd have. I did not continue one moment in the same Mind; I long'd for *Cloridon's* return, and yet I resolv'd not to see him, though when I thought that perhaps he would not desire to see me, I almost dy'd with the Fear. But that was all over; for a Week after *Antonio* had shew'd me the Letter I mention'd in my last, he came to town, and sent me a Letter the first Night, fill'd with the tenderest Expressions of Love and Vows, that all his Fortune and Conquests abroad could give him the least Joy, whilst I remain'd inexorable; and a hundred Entreaties to see him, and he shou'd die contented. This was some satisfaction to me; but 'twas but imperfect: Sometimes I believ'd all he said, and presently after call'd him false and perjur'd: One while I resolv'd not to answer him, and the next Minute chang'd my Mind; but I was long before I cou'd come upon what to say. At last I writ with a great deal of affected Coldness, only I gave him some dark Hints of the Lady I had heard was with him, which in his Answer he said, he did not understand. He writ several Times to me by private direction, which I had given him when I believ'd

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liev'd he was only my Friend; but a little after, he sent to our Lodgings to tell me that he had a Place at his Disposal, which if I had any Friend that wou'd accept of it, was at my Service. My Mother made me return him Thanks, and tell him, that I had a Relation who was very fit for the Employment, who shou'd wait upon him, but he was not now in Town. *Cloridon*, who desir'd no better Occasion, sent me Word, that if I wou'd let him see me, he wou'd tell me what was to be done in it, for it was not a Thing to be neglected, because there was a great many pretended to it, who might get it by some other Means, since it did not wholly depend on him. I did not know what Pretence to make to hinder my going, for I durst not tell my Mother of our Meeting without her Knowledge: And perhaps I was glad of the Necessity of seeing him, since it took away the Fault, and serv'd for an Excuse both to myself and him; though I was sorry to be forc'd to receive new Obligations from him. I never saw a Man in such an Extasy of Joy as he appear'd to be in at this Interview: He was speechless and motionless for a long Time, and when he spoke, 'twas with so passionate and charming Words and Air, that I was not able to say those severe Things I design'd. I check'd him for obliging me to see him, after I had refus'd him so often, that he might know 'twas contrary to my Inclinations; but (as he told me since) he saw something in my Eyes which made him think, I was not very angry with him: And when I explain'd that Part of my Letter which hinted of the Lady, I did in such a Manner, that he believ'd me jealous. At first he seem'd amaz'd at what I told him; but afterwards he deny'd it so coldly, and took so many Pains to perswade me 'twas false, that I was enrag'd; which still discover'd my Weakness more. He found one Pretence or other for delay

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ing the Business, and for seeing me two or three
times, and took Pleasure in heightning my Jealousy;
till he thought, if he triss'd with me any longer,
he might lose me for ever: And then he began
to protest seriously, there was no such Thing;
that it must be the Invention of some particular
Enemy of his, for if I would give myself the
trouble to enquire, I should find it was no general
Report, and 'twere impossible it shou'd not be
known by every Body, if what I had heard was
true. We easily believe what we wish; and when
I consider'd from whom I had the Story, I much
doubted the Truth of it: And whilst I saw him,
and heard him swear, he had never had the least
inclination for any other Woman since he saw me,
I was firmly perswaded of his Fidelity; but my
suspicious return'd a little, as soon as I left him.
He told me, he cou'd willingly forgive the In-
vention, since it had occasion'd the Discovery of my
sentiments, which were to his Advantage; but I re-
ply'd, that he need not much boast of what my
Weakness had reveal'd: For tho' I cou'd not now
deny that my Heart took too great a Part in what
concern'd him; yet since he knew it, nothing shou'd
prevail with me to see him again; and so I left
him: But I cou'd not forbear saying at parting,
that he had made me very unhappy, and I wish'd
I had never seen him, though I condemn'd my-
self an hundred Times for it afterwards. I ask'd of
all I knew that had been in *Flanders*, or had any
Correspondence there, if they heard of *Cloridon's*
having a Lady disguis'd with him; but they as-
sur'd me, there was not so much as the least Re-
port of it, which pretty well satisfy'd me as to
that: For every Action of a Man of his Quality,
and in his Post, is so narrowly observ'd, that a Thing
so extraordinary cou'd not have been a Secrer; but
yet I was very desirous to know upon what Ground
that Letter was writ to *Antonio*. However, I wou'd
not

not examine him about it, because I saw he suspected my Love already, tho' he had never told me, but still continu'd my most assiduous humble Servant and Tormentor: And I think I was not much in his Debt, for I really treated the poor Man barbarously. My Mother gave him all the Opportunities she could; and one Day, that she had some Business that would keep her out 'till Night, she left me at Home, and gave Orders that no Body should be admitted to see me but *Antonio*. I was so vex'd at this Command, that I resolv'd to revenge myself upon him, and when I heard the Noise of one coming up Stairs, I prepar'd to give him the rudest Reception I could: I sat reading with my Back towards the Door, and did not rise when he came in, 'till I saw a Man kneeling by my Side; and then without looking towards him, I got up and walk'd to the other End of the Room. *What, Madam, says he, is my Offence so great? Or do you hate me so much, that you will not hear me ask for Pardon?* I found something in the Voice soft, and moving, which struck me like one I was accusom'd to be pleas'd with; and turning about, I was amaz'd. Good God, cry'd I, is it possible? Are you *Clorinda* or do I dream? How could you come here?—*How could I forbear coming so long?* interrupted he, *Or how can I live a Moment from you? I must see you* *Olinda*, whatever I hazard, and since you refus'd to let me a securer Way, how could I neglect so favourable an Opportunity? Then I desir'd to know by what Means he knew that I was alone; and he told me, that since the last Time he saw me, and that I had been so good as to own myself sensible of his Love, he had had an hundred Plots and Contrivances to see me, but found none so feasible as that which he had put in Execution. He sent a Servant whom he confided much in, and order'd him to try all Means possible to know my Motions, when I went out, and when I was at Home alone; and he had found this

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Way to gain the Favour of a Servant that belong'd to the Landlord of the House, (no doubt he see'd her well) and she had engag'd to be secret, and to send him Word when I was alone; but she did not know for whom she did this Service; only she had told her, that it was a Man of Quality that was in Love with me, and desir'd to see me privately, to know how I was affected towards him, before he declar'd himself publickly. He came to her that Morning, and she told him, my Mother was gone out, and that she heard her say, he should not come Home 'till Night; so that if he would come with the Person that was to see me, she would be at the Door to conduct him to me: When they came, she told them, that a Gentleman that courted me had been there just now, but she deny'd that I was at Home on purpose to oblige him. I was angry that he should take so little Care of my Reputation; but he said, that it was not at all in Danger, for no Body knew of it but that Servant, who would not tell it for her own Sake; or if she did, she saw that 'twas all without my Knowledge. That if I would not give my Consent to see him abroad, he should do something more extravagant that might expose both me and him: But if I would, he'd promise even to speak of his Love to me. In fine, by Threatnings and Intreaties, and my own Inclination, I was prevail'd with, after I had made him swear not to mention his pretended Passion. Forgive my Frailty, dear *Cleander*, it was not possible for me to refuse the Man; I lov'd any Thing that would admit of Excuse, and I found or made Arguments enough to sooth my Inclination, and persuaded me it was no Fault only to see him. I confin'd him away for fear he should be seen with me, but he lingred on for two or three Hours, and just as he was going I heard *Antonio's* Voice knocking for me, so that he could not go out without meeting

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meeting him: I was extremely vex'd, but this was no Time to fret or chide. I desir'd him to step into a Closet, which I had in the Room; where I kept my Books, and told him I would contrive a Way to be rid of the other quickly. When I had lock'd him in, I took my Hoods and seem'd to be putting them on, in Order to go abroad, so that Antonio could not in good Manners stay; but he desir'd, since he was so unhappy as to be depriv'd of that Satisfaction he expected in my Company, that I would lend him some Book to divert his Melancholy. I told him, that he would have found so little in my Company, that he need ed not much mourn for the Loss of it: But as my ill Fate would have it, he was so pressing to borrow a Book, that I knew not how to refuse it. I turn'd the Discourse and sat down, and said, I had alter'd my Resolution, and would stay at Home. Antonio wonder'd at this mighty Favour he was so unus'd to receive any from me, that he was transport'd at it: He thank'd me for it a hundred Times, and I believe presaged no little good Fortune for him from such a Change, though my Way of entertaining him, gave him no great Encouragement. If I should give you a particular Account of our Conversation, it would be as impertinent to you, as it was troublesome to me; I will only tell you, I never pass'd an Hour with half so much Pain as that, having for Addition to the usual Uneasiness his Company made me endure that of the Unseasonableness of the Time. While I was fretting at this unhappy Accident, and fearing he would not go away till my Mother came Home, our Landlord's Maid came to tell me, there was one below would speak with me: I went down and saw it was that Servant of Cloridon's, which he had spoke of to me; he told me, that the King had sent twice for his Lord, and desir'd me to tell him that he must of Necessity go presently, for the

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self was of Importance. This was a new Vexation; and I staid some Time to deliberate what I could do, and at last, resolv'd to say I was sent by a Lady that was sick, that so Antonio might oblig'd to leave me. But how was I surpriz'd, when I return'd and found Cloridon in the Room! I needed not dissemble an Astonishment, for I was much amaz'd to see him there, as if I had not known he was in the House. He advanc'd towards me, with a ceremonious Bow, saying, *You owe Reason, Madam, to wonder, and to be angry at me? when you know, that it is the general Frailty of Mankind that brought me hither, your Goodness sure will pardon me: I mean Love, Madam, Love, which makes the wisest Men guilty of the greatest Irregularities.* I staid at what he said, not apprehending his Design, and told him his being there, and his Discourse were both so mysterious to me, that I did not know what to answer him. He said, he thought himself oblig'd to tell the Truth, since my Reputation would be in Danger by concealing it: But first he must beg me to pardon the Servant of the House, and not to let her Master know of it; for he having taken a Fancy to her, had wheedled her into a Consent, to let him come and see her, tho' the Wench was very honest: That our Family being all abroad, she had brought him into that Room, and hearing me return'd, she had put him into the Closet, believing I would go out again: But finding I staid long, he had entertain'd himself with my Books, and in removing some had thrown down others, the Noise of which had made Antonio open the Door; and since it was his Fortune to be discover'd in a foolish Thing, he hop'd the Gentleman and I, would let it go no farther. He gave him our Word for it; and when he was gone, we both sat silent for a long Time, each expecting what t'other would say: At last he begun. Cloridon was hard put to it, to be forc'd to discover such

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such a Secret; he that has acquir'd the Reputation of Chast, found out to be so little nice, as to take such Pains, for one of so mean Quality, and one that has not many Things to recommend her. You have the Luck, said I, to find out *Cloridon's* Intrigues, when no Body else knows any Thing of them: And he may thank his good Stars his Secret falls into such Hands, if you are as careful of this as you have been of that in *Flanders*, which no Body but you has ever heard of. I shall certainly conceal it, Madam, reply'd he, for your Fame Sake; for the malicious World would be apt to fancy his Thoughts were something higher than a dirty Wench, when he was put into your Closet: But I am to believe what you please, and if you tell me you never saw him before, he is Walks at a Distance, I won't doubt of it. I am not much concern'd what you, or any thinks of me, says I, my Satisfaction does not depend upon Opinion: And I shall be always happy, as long as I am innocent; whether you believe me so or not. However I owe so much to Truth, to assure you that whatever Designs *Cloridon* had, I knew no more of his coming here than you did, and that I am very angry at him for it. If you had not told me so, Madam, I should, it may be, have thought you would rather have lent me a Book, than endur'd my Company so long (which you always us'd to avoid) but that you fear'd I should see him, if you open'd the Closet; but I am very glad, you will have me interpret your staying with me more to my Advantage. I was vex'd he should think it was to oblige him; and since I found he was Master against my Will, of the greatest Part of my Secret, I thought it best to make him a Confidant of it, which would prevent his Addresses to me, and engage him to the greater Fidelity. I told him then, all that was betwixt us; and he gave me some good Counsels, not to cherish a Love, or entertain a Correspondence that might in the End prove dangerous, considering his Circumstances.

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I was too far gone to take them, and besides, coming from a Rival, I did not make much Reception upon them. Advices by an interested Person, tho' never so reasonable, are not minded, at least are much suspected, especially when they contradict the Inclination of the Advised. I did not tell him, I had consented to see *Cloridon*, because I resolv'd not to tell him any Thing, but that I could not conceal. I did not see *Antonio* a Month after, but he sent often to ask how I did, and said, *he was very ill himself*. He wrote to me, to tell me he was endeavouring to overcome a Passion, which he found was displeasing to me, and which therefore must make him very unhappy; and to beg me, if he could effect it, to accept him as a Friend, and not continue that hatred for him then, which I had for my Lover. A while, the too charming *Cloridon* and I met together often: At first we entertain'd one another with all the News, and little Intrigues of the Town; he put so entire a Confidence in me, was pleas'd to see me, and so obliging to me, and so Relations upon all Occasions, that I then thought my self happy, to a Degree that left no room for Wish; for he gave me the greatest Evidences of his Love, without speaking of it to me, which was all I could desire from a Man, whose Love I preferr'd to every Thing but Virtue; and so I could not hear talk of it without a Crime: How easily are we drawn in by such Steps as these, to Things we had made the strongest Resolutions against. In some Time he made Complaints to me, and spoke of his Passion in a third Person, so that I might understand him, but I could not be angry with him; and I knew not how insensibly, by Degrees I accusom'd my self to hear of his Love; at first defending my self against it, and blaming him for breaking his Word; but his Excuses seem'd to me stronger Reason than my Accusations;

culations; and at last I suffer'd it with Pleasure and without Reluctancy. Thus my unwary Heart entangl'd it self more and more, pleasing it self with its own Folly, without looking backward or forward; happy for the present on all Sides, for now I was no longer troubl'd with *Antonio*. He after a Month's Absence came to see me, and told me, he desir'd nothing of me now but my Friendship, and to convince me, he was not my Lover, he would tell me a Secret in Favour of *Cloridon*. I would promise to forgive him. I told him I would, and then he gave me that Account which I have given you, of his first suspecting my Love, and how to try it, he had feign'd that Letter which he shew'd me; that he had resolv'd to undeceive me, as soon as he had discover'd what Sentiments I had for him; but when he saw how it affected me, Jealousy would not give him leave, and love prompted him to make use of it to his own Advantage. He added, that tho' Love had made him guilty of Treachery so much contrary to his Nature, yet I should always find him the most sincere and the most faithful of his Friends. Tho' I believ'd before that Story to be an Invention, you cannot imagine how much I was pleas'd, to be sure of it, now I easily pardon'd him, since I had promis'd it, and since I thought he deserv'd it, having told it voluntarily. From that Time I receiv'd him more favourably than I us'd to do, and took some Pleasure in his Conversation, because he was the only Man that knew of my Love, and that I could talk with freely of *Cloridon*. But now my Mother perceiv'd I had some more Complaisance than before for *Antonio*; she wonder'd he talk'd nothing of Marriage to her, and told me her Thoughts, which put me upon new Contrivances, how I might shew her Anger, and yet *Antonio* come off with Honour. I found him raise Scruples against all the Methods I could invent, and often he ask'd me, if I design'd

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The AMOUR of a Young LADY. 163

to marry, and what Reasons I could always
for not doing it; which made me apprehend
was not alter'd so much as he seem'd; and for fear
ould have some Trouble in this Affair, he had
d me, that when he was very young, his Fa-
er had contracted him to a Kinswoman of his,
liv'd in the House with them, who had a
it Fortune, and he heard was handsome, and
ty; but he went to his Travels before it could
known, whether she was either so; that he had
ever had any Love for her. I had a great Mind
let my Mother know this, for I knew she was
apulous in such Things, and would not consent
marry me to a Man, that had any Engagement
another; but I was loth to do it, without his
ave, since he was so sincere as to tell it me, and
cause I was afraid to exasperate him. I took a
eat deal of Pains to flatter him into a Compli-
ce; I told him my Mother could not have the
se Opinion of him for it; since it was a Thing
e when he was so young, and that he could
ve no other Reason to hinder him; now that he
no Design upon me, which if he had, I should
d other Ways to disappoint them, tho' perhaps
y might make me more uneasy. At last, with
ch Difficulty he agreed to it; and when I told it
my Mother, I found her affected as I wish'd;
ich when Antonio knew, he fetch'd a great Sigh
only said, *Have I lost all my Hope then, Madam?*
d so went away extremely compos'd. A
ile after he came to take Leave of us, and said
Father had sent for him in Haste, to go to his
Country; but he told me in Private, that he
uld stay no longer in a Place, where he grew
ery Day more and more unhappy; and that now
had resolv'd to leave it: He could not forbear
ing me, that he had only conceal'd his Love all
e while, to get into my Favour, and in Hopes
inding something which might give him Hopes.

But

But since I had now depriv'd him of all, he would not increase his Misery, by seeing every Day the Objects of his Love, and of his Hate; his cruel Mistress, and his happy Rival. I am told his Father presses him extremely to marry, being his only Son, but he waves it. I should think I had given you a Description of a Miracle of Contancy in spite of Rigours and Absence; but that in this Age, Kindness is a more effectual Way to conquer Love; an unlucky Thing, since no Body will attempt it, that has that Design; but I, (or Fortune for me) found you see, a less dangerous Way to free my self, with more Ease than I could hope, and I think it is Time to deliver you now, and give you a little Respite 'till next Post, when you may expect the Continuance of the History of

OLINDA



LETTER VI.

IF I did not know to the contrary by my own Experience; you would make me believe, that Friendship and Love can't be contain'd in one Breat. Is it possible you can be so much taken up with *Ambrisia*, that you have not Time enough to tell me of it; and that in this Solitude, I should hear of *Cleander's* Affairs from two or three, before I knew any Thing of them from himself: They tell me you are every day with your new Mistress, and that you are well receiv'd there. I should be pleas'd with it, I did not fear, instead of finding two Friends, to lose that one, whose Friendship I prefer to all other Things. But you'll make me almost jealous, if you don't write quickly; for this is my Birth since I've heard from you. Tell me *Cleander*, you that search into the Nature of Things, that know the Passions of Men; how they are mov'd in the Soul, and by what Means, and what degrees they rise; tell me how I may give that we, that Fear, or that Respect which I hear of in talk'd of, that makes Men not dare to tell a Woman that they love her. Is it the Grave, the Fair, the Proud, or Modest Looks? Or is there such Thing, but in Songs and Romances? For my Part, I could never meet with it; and tho' perhaps there is some Pleasure in being belov'd, I cannot endure to be told of it, unless by the Language of the Eyes, or so; for that we need not understand: But there's nothing so dull, or so troublesome to me, as a declar'd Lover: This Reflection

fection was occasion'd by an Adventure which hap-
pen'd to me two Days ago; a Stripling of eighteen
whose Father and Mother had been Servants in
the Family where I am, said to one in the House
(who told me) that he was in love with me, and
after, had the Insolence to tell me himself, that
he was in love; *But you little think with whom, Madam*,
added he; and just as he was going to finish
his Declaration, by good Fortune he was call'd
away: Can any Thing be more provoking? Tell
me where to place my Anger, on the Man, or
on my self. *Antonio* was bashful to a Fault in
other Things, and yet he did not fear to say all he
thought, and it may be more to me. *Clorinda*
who treated me with the highest Respect impos-
sible, discover'd his Love to me, as soon as he
knew it himself; and many have pretended
that never felt any, at least for me. The last
indeed had Encouragement enough, not to repent
of what he had done, and Reason not to desist
of any Thing he could ask; so that after be-
ing two Years contented with my Love, he resolv'd
to put it to the Trial, and begun to pretend
Favours, with all the Arguments he could invent
or find, to persuade me of the Innocence and In-
fidelity of what he ask'd: You may find what In-
fluence they had upon me by the following Letter
which he sent me in a Letter next Day.

Dear Madam,
I have been thinking of you much lately, and
wondering how you would like to see me
in the City. I am now in the City, and
I am now in the City. I am now in the City.
I am now in the City.

NOT one kind Word, not one relenting Look?
The harsh, the cruel Doom to mitigate?
Your Native Sweetness, ev'n your Eyes for sake,
They shun, but in the fiercest Form of Hate.

But what can I do? I am now in the City, and I am now in the City. I am now in the City. I am now in the City.

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II.

Honour does these rigid Laws impose ;
 That will no Sign of Gentleness allow ;
 That tells you 'tis a Crime to pity Foes,
 And bids you all the utmost Rigour show ?

III.

I praise the Judge, unwilling to condemn,
 Where Clemency with Justice long Debates :
 But he who rigorously insults, we blame,
 And think the Man more than his Sin, he hates.

IV.

Are I my Judge accuse of Cruelty ?
 When at her Feet she saw her Slave implore,
 With hasty Joy she gave the sad Decree :
 I hate you, and will never see you more.

V.

'Tis too plain, the false Olinda's pleas'd,
 To see the Captive's Death her Eyes had made :
 What she wish'd, she the Occasion seiz'd ;
 No Sigh a kind Reluctancy betray'd.

VI.

you intend to try your Power or Skill,
 A nobler Way, pursue the great Design :
 The meanest Wretch on Earth knows how to kill ;
 But to preserve from Death's an Art Divine.

VII. LA

VII.

*Like Heav'n, you with a Breath can recreate
Your Creature, that without you does not live:
Say that you Love, and you revoke my Fate;
And I'm immortal if you can forgive.*

VIII.

*My fiercest Wishes you shall then restrain,
And Love that tramples o'er my Heart subdue:
What Doubt can of your mighty Pow'r remain,
When ever that submits and yields to you?*

I believe I spoke from my Heart, when I told him I hated him; I'm sure I thought so then, when I saw him whom I believ'd to have an Esteem and respect for me, act as if he had neither. I said the most violent Things I could imagine against him, and left him without the least assistance: But my Rage, or Hate, was soon converted to a quiet stupid Grief, that overwhelmed my Soul, and left me not the Power of easing the common Way, in Tears or Complaints. I thought that I must resolve never to see him again, whatever it made me endure: And in fine, I saw that could make me unhappy, without any Hope of a Remedy; for tho' he writ to me often to beg my Pardon, and vow'd a thousand Times he would not be guilty of the same Fault again, tho' we were sure to be successful; yet I prevail'd with my self absolutely to refuse to see him, with more Resolution than I thought my self capable of: for I consider'd it was dangerous to trust him notwithstanding his Protestations, since he had broke his Word before: And I don't know if I had not some Reason to distrust my self, after

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 169

ng gone so far, as not only to suffer him to talk
me of his Love, but to own mine to him. When
saw this would not do, he had Recourse to his
Way of writing upon Business; but the Let-
came first to my Hands, and so I stifled it, and
d nothing of it to my Mother. A Week after,
Porter came to me, and said, he was sent by the
tunts of ——— who desir'd me to go imme-
tely to her Lodgings, for she had something of
eat Consequence to tell me; and that he left her
a Place where she had din'd, but she was just
ng Home. Away I went, and when they told
she was not at Home, I thought she would not
of being there presently, and went up Stairs
ay for her: When I came into the Room, I
Cloridon there, and wou'd have retir'd; but he
illy hinder'd me, and told me, he was waiting
his Cousin, (for this Lady was nearly related
him) whom he expected to come in very soon;
'twas a great Happiness I came before; and
e than he could have hop'd for from Fortune;
at first he pretended it was Chance brought us
ther there; but he knew I must find it out,
so to prevent my discovering it to the Lady,
old me, that coming to visit her, and not find-
her at Home; it came into his Thoughts to
for me in her Name; for he knew that she
to visit me, and often desir'd me to go abroad
her, or to bear her Company at Home; so
he hop'd he might succeed without being sus-
ed. I was in great Confusion, and very an-
at the Trick he had put upon me; and yet
ld not but be a little pleas'd at it too. I lov'd
ee him, and was glad of an Opportunity to
him his Pardon, which I did, but made a
never to consent to meet him in private, tho'
egg'd it upon his Knees above an Hour, and
he would not rise 'till I had granted it: I sup-
he was not so good as his Word; but I left
OL. II. I him

him in that Posture, and before I went away charg'd him not to write to me any more. The Interview serv'd but to increase my Melancholy. I indulg'd it a long Time, and thought upon nothing but what sooth'd and added to it: But at length, considering the Occasion of my Misfortune, it represented itself to me, not only as my Folly but my Crime; and then I concluded it must be a Crime to grieve for the Loss of that, which 'twas a Crime to love; and so fix'd a Resolution of overcoming my Passion, which I endeavour'd to do by Reason, and by Diversions. Had I had your Friend to assist me with your Counsels, I had found it much less difficult; but now I had the strongest Part of myself to combat without Aid: I often gave Ground, and sometimes suffer'd myself to be vanquish'd by the bewitching Reflections of what unequal'd Satisfaction I had found in his Company, and how many happy Hours I enjoy'd with him; but some good Thought would rouse my Soul to strive again, and then Victory was mine. I find by Experience 'tis bravely, heartily, and thoroughly resolving upon a Thing, and 'tis half done: There's no Passion no Temptation so strong but Resolution can overcome: All is, to be able to resolve; there's the Point, for one must lose a little of the first Ardour before one can do that; and many of our Sex have ruin'd themselves for want of Time to think. 'Tis not a constant settled Purpose of Virtue we need do; there must be particular Resolutions for every particular Attack: 'Tis easy enough to say, No Man shall prevail with me to do an ill Thing; but the Difficulty is, such a Man shall not; he that I love; he, that 'tis Death for me to deny anything to: There I got the better of myself, and at last attain'd to a calm Serenity of Mind, which I have enjoy'd ever since, as much as can be expected in such a World as this; and which nothing

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disturb, if you continue to have that Friendship
me which you have profess'd, and which your
ence makes me almost doubt of; but there's
dly any thing I could not more easily believe,
n that *Cleander* is false or inconstant. Write
ckly, for I am impatient to know the Cause of
s Unkindness to

Your constant Friend,

OLINDA.

LETTER VII.

A *Mbrisia's* cruel, coy, disdainful, and you
believe she hates you; and yet *Ambrisia*
took Occasion at Play to impose upon
you as a Penance, not to write for a
Month to one she believ'd you lov'd. If
had been another's Case, you wou'd have dis-
ver'd that *Ambrisia's* jealous. Trust me, she loves
and only puts on the usual Disguises of Wo-
n, as sincere as she is; and give me Leave to
sify her, and the rest of our Sex in that Case:
you have learn'd so well to feign Love when you
are none, that 'tis very hard to discern Art from
nature; and 'tis but reasonable we should be al-
w'd the less guilty Part of concealing ours, 'till
can know whether you are sincere: Besides, we
now those Things are most valu'd, that are obtain-
with most Difficulty; and your natural Incon-
cency gives us Reason to use all Means to make
prize us as much as we can. Your selves too,
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encourage us in it, for you despise a Woman that easily gain'd, tho' you rail at the Dissembler; we can't begin to love just when you would hate us; so that both for our own Sake and yours, sometimes necessary to deceive you: And I have I may add, that there is a natural Modesty in some Women, that makes 'em ashamed to own their Love. Mr. Dryden, in his *State of Innocence* gives our Mother *Eve* a little of that; tho' some are of Opinion, it had its Birth from your Faintness; and that if you had not been false, had never been shy. If it be so, don't you think we have Reason to be cautious in a Thing of such Weight; but I need not take such Pains to defend this Cause, for mine was a Fault on the other Hand, a too easy Discovery of my Love: And to speak the Truth, whatever we are accus'd of, I believe that's the more general one. 'Tis only those that are as wise as your Mistress, that can have so much Command over themselves, as to be guilty of nothing; though if she knew you as well as I, she wou'd find that she has no Need to make use of any Arts to try you, or to preserve you: However, don't despair, the Mask will soon fall. You have Reason to wonder at my breaking with *Orontes*, since by what I have told you, *Orontes* cou'd be no Occasion of it: But suspend your Amazement a little, tho' my Misfortunes ended Seventeen, my Adventures did not, and several Things have happen'd to me in the Year I have pass'd since, which you are yet a Stranger to. You neither know how my Acquaintance began with *Orontes*, nor why it ended. In the Beginning of last Summer, when I was endeavouring to divert my Love and Grief, I went with a Lady to see a Play: She was not in Humour to dress, and would needs have me go *Incognito*; and as we were coming out of the Play-House, we were seiz'd upon by two Sparks, who swore they would

part with them. know how I saw, if I m from our Marriage en we v a Quarter tho' we stay'd a while'd him to be a just a some such, after The he ther; and Gentle fully, a tunity of had been with us old inter- ntry with e Friend thted with me that gentleman repair it, ve Three natur'd, her; but times, he to visit him to f the Affron me, and asion to sig'd to te

The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 173

part with us; but that either we should sup-
ply them, or they would go with us. We did
know how to be rid of these Impertinents, but
saw, if we took Coach, we could not hinder
them from going into it; so we resolv'd to walk
our Mantua-Maker, who liv'd hard by; and
when we went in, they left us, as we thought:
A Quarter of an Hour after, they came up Stairs,
tho' we were very angry at their Rudeness, yet
they staid a pretty while; and he that had at first
address'd himself to the other Lady, was very pres-
sumptuous to be acquainted with her; but my Spark sat
just opposite to me, without saying a Word,
yet sometimes desir'd his Friend to go away;
which, after he had plagu'd us Half an Hour, they
left. The next Week I went to Tunbridge with my
Friend; and the first Sight I saw at the Wells, was
a Gentleman: He came towards us very re-
spectfully, and said, he was very glad of this Op-
portunity of begging my Pardon for the Insolence
he had been guilty of; he hop'd, the Lady who
was with us, whom he had the Honour to know,
would intercede for him. She that was in the
Coach with us, and who, you know, is an inti-
mate Friend of ours, happen'd to be very well ac-
quainted with him; and when we came Home, she
told me that his Name was *Orontes*; that he was
a Gentleman, who had but a small Fortune; but
to repair it, he was marry'd to a rich widow, a-
bove Three score and ten; that tho' she was very
stern natur'd, he was the best Husband in the World
for her; but he would take his Pleasure abroad
sometimes, and she was extremely jealous. He
came to visit this Lady, and entreated her to car-
ry him to see me; for he said, he was sensible
of the Affront he had given me the first Time he
saw me, and that he was very desirous of some
Excuse to serve me; and he thought himself
oblig'd to tell me so, and to seek all Opportuni-
ties

ties of doing it. She consented to it; and he came often to see us, and was very obliging to us, will let you know my Thoughts of him, because you can tell me if they are just; for he said he was not the same Man with me as with any Body else: He seem'd to me to have Wit enough, but 'twas rough and unpolish'd; nothing of that politeness which renders a Man agreeable in Conversation. After the common Theams of the Weather, and News were discuss'd, playing at Cards or taking the Air, were certainly propos'd: But I have heard that in other Places, he was very entertaining, and had a hundred pleasant Stories to divert the Company. What can be the Reason of this? I am sure he stood in no Awe of me, as his future Actions shew'd; and he always told me his Thoughts freely, but plain and blunt, without giving 'em the Turn of Gallantry, which is necessary to take; and yet he could not want Breeding, for he always convers'd with People of the first Quality. The Manner is often more look'd upon than the Thing; and tho' I am as little pleas'd with Form as any Woman, yet in some Things 'tis the essential Part; there are few Men, whose Esteem or Respect I covet; but I would have all Men keep a Distance with me, as if I gave 'em Awe; but I could never obtain it of 'em; tho' none ever gave me so much Occasion to lament it as *Orontes*. One time when he was at our Lodging, my Mother was talking of a Journey she design'd the next Day about ten Miles off, where she was to stay the Night: He ask'd me, If I went with her? I said No; and desir'd my Mother to return as soon as she could; because I should be alone 'till the Night. It seems (as he told me since) he had made an Appointment with a particular Friend of his about some Business of Importance; but having long promis'd to see me alone, he would not neglect the Occasion.

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Words:

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 175

occasion, and sent him an Epistolary Excuse in these words:

My Wife thinks I am with you; but Olinda told me she shall be alone to Day, and I don't know when I shall meet with so favourable an Opportunity; so that you must excuse me; but I'll certainly see you to Morrow.

His Wife being always suspicious of Letters she did not read, went to the Post-House after this: they made no Scruple to give it her; because they knew 'twas one of their Servants had brought; and when she had read it, she went Home in all Haste, and had her Husband dog'd to my lodgings. When he came there, he told me, that the first Time he saw me, he lik'd my Shape and Mein, and was extreamly taken with my Face, that he durst not so much as ask me Pardon whilst he saw me so angry; and that since he was acquainted with me, my Humour had charm'd him, that he could be content to leave all the world for me: And then laughing, ask'd me, If I could live with him, and he would keep me a coach, and let me want nothing I could desire. I rally'd with him, 'till he began to talk more seriously, and then I check'd him for his Insolence; but it had no Effect upon him: And when he saw that neither Promises, nor Intreaties could move him, and that Opportunity favour'd him, he resolv'd to try what Violence would do; he had sent our Servant a Mile off, to fetch some Fruit, which, he said was the best about the Country; and we were in a back Room, near no Body in the house, so that I was in great Fear; however, I made all the Noise and Resistance I could, and was happily deliver'd by his old Lady's coming in: She might easily perceive we were both in Confusion, so she hardly guess'd the true Cause; and I was good-natur'd as not to tell it her. When she rail'd, she bore it with a great deal of Patience, and

176 *Olinda's ADVENTURES: Or,*

indeed I wonder'd at his Moderation: I really thought he would have let her beat me to revenge his Cause; but he was not so much a Brute, he kinder'd her, and very civilly led her away. The next Day, I saw him at the Wells, and whilst my Company was raffling, he took the Opportunity to talk with me, though I avoided him with all the Diligence I could. *Don't frown upon me, Olinda, says he, you ought to forgive me; Repentance is all that Heaven requires, and I never in my Life did a Passion that troubl'd me so much; but if you have a good Nature enough to pardon me upon that, I must say something to excuse myself: If I believ'd you virtuous before, it must be by an implicit Faith; but the Way to be sure was to try it; and now I shall always admire that Virtue I could not subdue: Why then should you be angry with me any longer than my Fault remains.* Though I had a little Prejudice against him, thought he spoke with more Eloquence, and a better Grace, than ever I heard him before; it may be his Concern inspir'd him; but 'twas to little Purpose, for I was inexorable. I told him, I did not think him worth my Anger, and should easily forgive him, upon Condition he would never see me any more. No, Madam, said he, I'd rather see you angry than not see you at all: But in Spight of me, he visited us often, but I always entertain'd him with a Coldness that did not much please him, though no Body else perceiv'd it. We came to Town in the Beginning of September, and he was once at our House, and found me alone: He began to talk of a violent Passion he had for me; but I stopp'd him, and said, *That was not a Discourse fit for me to hear from him.* I commanded him to leave me; and told him, if he ever came there again, I would be deny'd to him. He obey'd me, and I did not see him again, 'till November. He came in Mourning, and told us, he had had the Misfortune to bury his Wife. He writ to my Mother, to desire her Leave

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 177

make his Addresses to me; which she gave him, and then he appear'd a declar'd Lover. I was so oblig'd to receive him with Anger and Disdain, that though I had not the same Reason now, I did not change my Behaviour to him; and for four Months my Mother let me take my own Way, without speaking one Word of *Orontes* to me: Either she sign'd to observe what I would do of myself, or she did not think fit to talk of my marrying him so soon after his Wife's Death; but when she saw I slighted him so long, she said to me one Day, What do you mean, Child, to receive with equal Indifference all the Proposals that are made to you? Do you resolve to lead a single life; I should approve of the Choice in one of a better Fortune; but you must conform your self to yours and consider that I am not able to maintain you; if you don't hate *Orontes*, I will have you marry him, he has given so great Proof of his being a good Husband, that you can't fear he will be otherwise to you; he is handsome enough, and very rich; I believe he loves you, and in fine, I think you may be as happy with him as with any Man; therefore don't be obstinately bent against your own Good. He came in the same Time, and seconded this Command from my Mother's with Intreaties and Complaints. I had no Aversion for him, and since my Circumstances would oblige me to marry, and that I knew I could never love any Man; I thought it might as well be he, as any other; so in some time after I yielded, and the Wedding-Day was appointed to be the Sixteenth of May last. How do you think 'tis possible to avoid it now; but many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip. You are to know that *Orontes's* Estate lay near a fine seat of *Cloridon's*, which he often retir'd to; so that they were acquainted and much together; and that *Orontes* went to his Country House to

make some Preparations a Week before the design'd Marriage. *Cloridon* told him, he was extremely pleas'd to see him there; for they had made Match for Hunting five or six Days after, with some Friends of his, that were wishing for him. I must beg your Pardon, my Lord, *says he*, that I cannot stay so long; for I have Business that will call me to London sooner. If it be not of great Importance, *return'd he*, pray let me prevail with you to stay. 'Tis not to be deferr'd, my Lord, I am to be marry'd. Marry'd, cry'd my Lord, pray thee, What Madness possesses thee, so lately free to bind thy self again, without any Necessity for it? What Bait next, not another old rich crabbed Widow, I hope? I have made a better Choice now, *answer'd Orontes*: She has Youth and Goodness I'm sure; and I have Money enough for both. You are in the Right, *reply'd Cloridon*; but may I know her Name. You knew her Father, my Lord, *says he*; and then Sir *Martin Marr-all* told me whose Daughter I was. And are you engag'd to her? *Cloridon* ask'd? She has promis'd to marry me the 16th of this Month, *said Orontes*, and therefore my Lord, I hope you won't take it ill, if I leave you upon so weighty an Affair. *Cloridon* was not in Humour of making many Complements; but ask'd Abundance of Questions of the Beginning and Progress of his Love, and how I had told him all the Time; but he could not much boast of my Favour, which pleas'd *Cloridon*, and engag'd him to endeavour to break off the Match. *Orontes* told *Cloridon*, he should be oblig'd to go to London that Day, but he would come back again before he went away; so he left him, and immediately on his Journey; and as soon as he arriv'd, came to his Lodgings, where he found my Mother and I together. Judge of my Surprize at this Sight; my first Thoughts were of *Orontes*; I sigh'd when I compar'd 'em with one another, and had a thousand

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 179

and different Thoughts which I know not what to make of. *Cloridon* addressing himself to my Mother, said, Madam, I am come to beg a Favour of you, which I should hardly have the Confidence to ask, if the whole Satisfaction of my Life did not depend upon it. My Mother told him, that she could not refuse any thing to one whom she ow'd so much to; and that she should think herself happy if she could serve him in a Thing which he said concern'd him so nearly. He return'd some Complements, and then desir'd her to hear him out with Patience, which she promis'd, and he began: I have a long Time had a great Love and Respect for your Daughter, and would have given all the World to have seen her sometimes; but she refus'd it me; and I bore her Rigour without murmuring, in Hopes the Time would come when I could tell her I lov'd her, without offending her Virtue: But I can't live when I have lost that Hope, and therefore am come to beg you not to marry *Olinda*, as I am told you design; and I will make her Fortune greater than what she can expect from *Orontes*. How, my Lord, interrupted my Mother, what strange Proposition is this you make me? Be not angry with me, or fear me, continu'd he, for the Moment you grant what I entreat of you, I will leave you, and never desire to see *Olinda* again, as long as I continue in the Condition I am in; but 'twill be a great Happiness for me to think, that she may one Day be mine; and to be assur'd, she will never be any other's; and if she be not chang'd, or that I am not much mistaken in her, she will not be averse to it. He was in the Right, for though I was never an Enemy to Marriage, yet I always preferr'd a single Life to it; and I found enough of my still'd Flame revive to make my Wishes comply with his. When my Mother saw me much inclin'd to it, and knowing I had only consented to marry *Orontes* in Compliance

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pliance to her, she began to think of it as a Thing might be done, but that she had given her Word to *Orontes*, and could not go back from it. But *Cloridon* told her, she need not be in any Fault in that, if she would but make Use of the Occasion, would be given her to break off with *Orontes*, without examining further. She made some other Objections, but he answer'd them all, and upon his Knees swore, that if I marry'd *Orontes*, neither he, nor my Husband would survive it: So partly out of Fear of what might happen, and partly out of Inclination to oblige him, and Willingness to please me, my Mother consented. *Cloridon* begged Leave to talk with me, before he took his last Leave, which he did; and made me some little tender Reproaches, for having resolv'd to marry; which I answer'd with a more reserv'd Kindness than I had sometimes done; and that was the Subject of many Letters he sent me since; for he often wrote to me. Two Days before we were to be marry'd, *Orontes* was to come to Town, which *Cloridon* knew, and had provided half a Dozen Soldiers to seize upon him in the King's Name, (for he was suspected for an Enemy to the Government.) They did so, and told him, they were commanded to keep him a close Prisoner in a House hard by, 'till farther Order. He would fain have writ, but they would not let him, for they said they had Orders to the contrary. There they kept him a Week, and we wonder'd we heard nothing of him, not knowing what Methods were us'd to hinder us; and to avoid seeing our Friends, who would enquire the Reason, we thought it best to retire hither, this being a private Place. When *Cloridon* knew I was out of Town, he went himself to free him, and told him, Things had been misrepresented, and he had been wrong'd; but in Requital, he would procure him any Employment he would name; but he did not accept it. When

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The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 181

he came to enquire for me, no Body could tell him where I was: But a Friend with whom I had left such Orders, told him, that I had taken it so ill, that he should slight me so far, as neither to come, nor to send to me in so long Time, that whatever he could say for himself, I would never forgive him, nor so much as hear him. He was no doubt troubl'd at it, but he was not a Man to make any Thing much to Heart; and *Cloridon* knowing he had not dealt very fairly by him, was very desirous to oblige him some other Way: And indeed he did him a very considerable Service not long after, for he was really accus'd privately to the King of a Plot, which would have cost him his Life, if *Cloridon* had not taken a great deal of pains to free him, more than he could have expected in such a ticklish Affair as that; and had like to become himself suspected by it: So that I think he has been more his Friend in saving his Life, than he was his Enemy in taking his Mistress from him. This is, *Cleander*, the true Cause of my Retirement, which is very agreeable to me, whilst I hear often from you, and whilst *Cloridon* continues to think of me. I have sent you a Copy of Verses which he writ to me just after I came thither.

*Nor cou'd my Rival, when those Charms
By thee were destin'd to his Arms,
Be half so bless'd as I, to find
The lovely Nun for me confin'd:
Nor when of all that Bliss bereav'd,
He saw his full blown Hopes deceiv'd,
Cou'd be so curs'd as I to see
Myself exil'd from Heav'n in thee.
Strange Contradiction in my Fate,
At once a blest and wretched State:
But who — what Lover wou'd not choose
Thus to gain all, tho' all he lose?*

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*So Merchants strive their Lives to save,
Threaten'd by ev'ry Wind and Wave,
And see with Joy the long'd-for Coast,
Tho' all they ventur'd for is lost.*

Cloridon has just sent me Word that Orontes is dead of the Small-Pox; so that I shall come to Town sooner than I design'd. The Expectation of seeing you pleases me extreamly; for tho' I find great Satisfaction in conversing with you by Letters; yet 'tis not so full and perfect at this Distance as when I am with you. I can't tell you my Thoughts so well, nor know yours; a Question suddenly started, or sometimes a Look, will discover more to me than you know of your self, and I would know you not as you seem to the World, or what you think of your self, but what you are; for though you are more sincere than other Men, yet there is no Man but deceives the World in some Things, and himself in more; and therefore to be a good Man, 'tis absolutely necessary to have a true Friend; and since you have made choice of me, I can only atone for my Want of other Qualifications, by my Fidelity, which you may always rely upon. Will not the World, when they see so tender, so constant an Affection betwixt us, be convinc'd of the receiv'd Error, that there can be no such Intimacy betwixt two of different Sexes without the Passion of Love; in us I'm sure they can't suspect it; when they see you have so much Love for *Ambrisa*, and me so forward to promote its being reciprocal. I wish it may have that Effect that the Women may no longer scruple to bestow their Friendship upon a worthy Man, without fear of Misconstructions; both Sexes will find their Advantages by it. Yours is more capable to instruct and form our Minds, than the wisest of our own; and ours will be more apt to curb the

Lice

The AMOURS of a Young LADY. 183

licentiousness, which Men usually encourage one another in : And what Happiness will it be for us, to see our selves the Instruments of all the Men's becoming good, and all the Women wise ? (A more extraordinary Reformation than *Luther's*.) Let our Friendships then be so Exemplary, that all may emulate, and wish to live like us ; and by endeavouring, find that there's a purer and more solid Satisfaction one Moment with a Friend, than ages thrown away upon the Gallantries, which take up the Hearts, and steal the Hours of our Youth. Adieu *Cleander*, correct the Errors of my life with a gentle Hand of Friendship, and always be as much my Friend as I am yours,

OLINDA.



LET.



LETTER VIII.

Olinda to Cloridon.

In Answer to a Letter which he sent her with the Copy of Verses in the sixth of the foregoing ones.



IS not an Hour ago since I believ'd
 hated you : I thought I could have rail'd
 at you, have call'd you base, seducer
 of my Honour, Traytor, that under a Pro-
 tence of Love, design'd my Ruin ; but
 Ah ! Those tender Excuses which you sent me, soon
 discover'd the Mistake, and show'd me it was only
 angry Love, that so transported me : And now
 'tis turn'd to as violent a Grief, which would find
 ease it self in Complaints : But I am so wretched
 that even that poor Comfort is deny'd me ; for
 who can I complain to, when in lamenting my
 Misfortune I must expose our Crime : For you
 my Lord, has involv'd me in the Guilt ; and by
 those Thoughts and Actions, which were innocent
 before, must be condemn'd as the Causes of such
 ill Effects : For if I had never lov'd you, or
 I had never own'd it, nor consented to see you
 you had not desir'd any Thing of me that could
 shock my Virtue : Now, I can't think of the
 without

The AMOOURS of Young LADY. 18;

without Shame and Anger. That Love which
was before so pure and bright, appears now the
blackest Thing in Nature; and I hate my self for
hating you; for I own (tho' I blush in own-
ing) that I love you still; nay, I believe that I
give you too; but I must never, never see you
more: No, tho' you swear you repent, and that
you would not repeat your Crime, if you were
certain of Success. Would not you believe I should
easily Pardon your Breach of this Vow, as I
did the last, which you made me as solemnly?
Yes, you would, my Lord, and I should be betray'd
in Things I never thought of yet: For all is solid,
convincing Reason that you speak; and I should
believe any Thing you would have me. Curse
that fond Credulity that first deceiv'd me in
a Belief, that 'twas no Sin to love you. Yet
it could not be an unpardonable Fault, to
love one that so infinitely deserves it: To love,
to see, and talk with one whose Conversation is
so charming as yours; and that was all I wish'd.
But that know you do the same; Why then am
I more guilty? Ah! If your Flame had been as
pure as mine, we had both been happy and in-
nocent; so innocent, that she, that happy she, who
desires all your Love as her Due, (even she, I think, if
she had known our Hearts) could not have been of-
fended at it: But who is there, the most uninten-
tioned, that would not now condemn us; nay,
the most Partial could not excuse us; even we
should blame our selves. Why will you then im-
fortune me still to see you; ask me no more,
that I dare never grant; and believe ———
that you know, 'tis not Unkindness makes me re-
fuse you: You know I must be wretched in your
absence; yet think me easy and satisfy'd, if it
will contribute any Thing to your Quiet; or ra-
ther don't think of me at all. Let us make our
lives as happy as we can; I will endeavour to
forget

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forget you ; don't write to me, if you love me well enough to forbear it : And if you can, cease love me, without hating me ; for I don't find I have force enough to bear so great a Misfortune which is the only one can add to the Weight those which have already almost sunk.

The Poor.

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LOVE-LETTERS

BY

Gentlemen *and* Ladies.

By Mr. ——— to Madam ———

LETTER I.



Had a Mind to know, *Madam*, whether you had quarrell'd with me t'other Night, at the ——— or not; and therefore writing to you Yesterday, I find now that you are angry at something; but may I be *discarded* if I know the Reason: If you

OVE

have made a Quarrel on my approving ———, beg your *Pardon*, and shall henceforth do *Violence* to my own *Reason*, and contradict *Mankind* to agree with you; 'tis hard to find any *Sympathy* in *Hearts*, where there's such *Contrariety* in *Opinions*.
I shall

I shall therefore, *Madam*, henceforth square my Sentiments to yours in every Thing; and if you will quarrel without a Cause, I will oblige you, and do so too. Your Uneasiness, *Madam*, wrongs either your own Charms, or my Sincerity; either of which is a sensible Abuse to me. 'Tis a hard Fate, that you can't love and be easy, and I can't desist and live; but I can die to make you happy; an ill-natur'd Line or two does the Business; for I cannot bear the Spleen, the Rheumatism, and your Displeasure at once. So, *Madam*, strike now, and for ever quit your self of an unfortunate Man, who has but one Hand, which he thinks sufficient, since he can thereby ever own himself

Yours

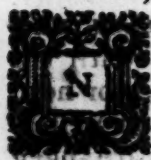
Gentlemen and Ladies

To the Same.

LETTER I.

Madam,

Sunday Morning.



EX T to my Prayers, I must address my Devotions to you; to you whom I have offended, and to whom I must offer a penitential Sacrifice, if an Oblation of a bleeding Heart can make an Attonement for my Sin, I offer it freely. Heaven is merciful, and so should you be; I dare not approach, without your Permission: If you will sign my Pardon, in a Line from your dear Hand, expect me with all the Joy of a repriev'd Malefactor. I am, *Madam*, happy, or miserable, as you please to make me.



To the Same.

WHAT shall I say to the dearest Woman upon Earth! Were my Thoughts common, how easily might they be express'd! But the Expression like the Enjoyment in Love, is lost by a too ardent Desire; my Soul lumes it self in the secret Pride of being belov'd by you; and upon so just a Foundation of valuing my self, who can accuse me of Vanity? I can no more complement what I love, than I can flatter what I hate? And therefore when I tell you, that your charms are more and more engaging, and my Love improving, believe it for a Truth; hear my Wish, and then conclude me happy.

! Cou'd I find (grant Heav'n that once I may)
 Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay;
 whose Love shou'd blaze unsully'd and divine,
 lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine:
 free from all sordid Ends, from Interest free,
 for my own Sake affecting only me.
 That a blest Union both our Souls should join!
 hers alone, as she was only mine;
 best in her Arms, I should immortal grow,
 whilst in Return I made my Celia so.
 sweet generous Favours should our Loves express,
 and write for Love, and she should love for Verse:
 for Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,
 shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare.
 she shou'd transcend all that e'er went before,
 her Praises, like her Beauty, shou'd be more:

My

*My Verse shou'd soar so high, the World shou'd see,
I sung of her, and Celia smil'd on me :
The World shou'd see that from my Love I drew,
At once my Theam and Inspiration too :
Blest in my Wish, my Fair, I'm blest with you.*

I went abroad Yesterday Morning about Seven
and return'd about One this Morning, slept 'till
past Eight, then arose to tell you, that I dream'd
of you all the Time, and that I am your own.



To the Same.



BY Heavens and Earth (my Dearest)
I am ty'd Neck and Heels with Wine and
Company ! All the Spells of Love can
undo the Charm : Besides, my Dear, I am
almost fuddled ; I shall stay here at the
Rose 'till towards Eleven ; it will be a tedious Walk
to go Home to Night, considering that you lie upon
the same Floor with the Door : It is not impos-
sible, methinks, for a Man of so much Love to stay
in *Incognito*. Your ——— is with me, there
will be a double Pleasure in deceiving him, and
being happy in my dear one's Arms ; I shall call
at the Door, and see whether the Coast be clear.
However, this, if it succeeds, will make me the
happiest upon Earth — ; however my Dear, run
no Hazard that may expose you ; but consider
my Dear, the eager Wishes of the faithfulest, and
most loving of Mankind.

To the Same.



IF I did not *Love*, I would not beg,
and if ever you lov'd, you'll grant
my *Pardon*: Your Letter, *Madam*,
has tormented me more than all the
Favours of your whole *Sex* besides
can please me; if I have lost you, I
have lost my self, and shall be lost to all *Womankind*:
My Letter last Night was written in Heat of *Wine*;
Men guilty of *Murder* in their *Drink*, repent it
with their Lives; mine is a greater Crime, for I
have *Stabb'd* my self, pierc'd my own *Heart*, and
now it bleeds with *Anguish* and *Despair*.
I have *Stabb'd* my own *Heart*, and pierc'd your Image;
where the Remembrance of the Happiness I have
enjoy'd, will now prove the greatest *Curse*; the
melting Sighs, the moving Tears, the Joys, the
Captures that mounted me to Heaven, now cast
me down to Hell: I shall now turn Poet in good
earnest;

*And like poor Ovid, banish'd from his Rome,
Curse that destructive Art that caus'd his Doom.*

In short, *Madam*, I am *Mad*, and if I think farther,
I shall let the World see it. Revoke that Word,
eternal Silence, or you make me eternally *Miserable*,
for I am now the most disconsolate of Mankind.



To a Young LADY.

By another Hand.

My dearest Madam,



OR so I must ever think you, I hope you got safe to *London*, and that your Indisposition is abated, which will be the Means to make mine the more tolerable, since I can more easily bear mine own than yours: You expect I should tell you, how I am; and excepting a little Melancholy, the Reason of which you know, I find my self tolerable. My Fever, I think, did not think fit to visit me last Night. I ramble out of one Room into another, now and then I let fall a Tear. I design to come to *London* on *Sunday* next, that my Heart and I, may be in the same Place; till then, believe me most entirely

Your



To the Same.



I Cannot help telling my Dearest, how much I am hers, what Pleasure I have in her Company, what Pain in her Absence; to love her, is but to see her, and to value her, is only to know her. But pray my dear Mrs. —, forget not to drink some Chocolate with me to *Morrow*, that I may

once

By Gentlemen and Ladies. 193

ce say I spent a *Sunday* well ; I am sure I shall
ve some good Thoughts in the Morning, because
shall think of you ; and when I do so, I shall
ink of one that I passionately love, and that I
pe, is not unmindful of

Hers.

To the Same.

 O convince you, I am not given to
change, regard but this Piece of Pa-
per, 'tis torn like my Heart at taking
Leave, and in such a Scribble as I usu-
ally write ; I am harsh in my Style,
ligent of my Ink, and not too exact in fashion-
up my Letter, and cannot have the least E-
m for myself, when I reflect that I have the
mour to be look'd upon as,

Madam,

Your most Humble.

ol. II.

K

To

To the Same.

Dear Madam,



IS to you, I must always address, tell me how I do; 'tis no Matter tho' I should find myself in Health if your Frowns should tell me otherwise; know then, Madam, I languish or revive, as you smile or look out of Humour and though at present, one would guess by my Hand-Writing, that I am just at the Point of Death; yet I doubt not, but I shall live till Morrow Evening, if you wou'd but promise that Time, to come to

Yours.



A Letter

A Letter

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A Letter from a Lady to her Lover,
in the French Army, with a
Tuft of Hair inclosed in it.

By Dr. ———

SIR,

I Have sent you a Pattern of what you formerly us'd to like so much, and cou'd wish the whole Piece with you: I long to see you, and am sorry that your Honour is dearer to you, than your Mistress, and that you prefer a Lodging in a Trench, to her Arms: I begin to complain of the Length of the Campaign; but if it be true that one of these inclos'd in this Letter, can draw more than six Horses, I may have some Hopes they'll pull you hither to me; at least all that's left of you, for I suppose you are too much a Hero, to bring back all your Limbs with you, or to have any thing entire, but your Heart, at your Return to

Yours.

K 2

To

A Letter

To Madam C----ll.

Madam,



IS not without some Pains, Madam, that I have gather'd the following Account which, if it proves not advantageous to me, it is at least very satisfactory, to know why I am refus'd? Because you don't like me. A very *substantial Reason*, I must confess; and the only one I believe, on which the *Virtue* of your Sex is grounded: For, Madam, I am satisfied your *Fortress* is not *impregnable*, and tho' you won't capitulate with me, tho' I offer your own *Terms*, you know the *Man* to whom you would gladly *surrender* upon his. A *Song*, or an *amorous Copy* of *Love Verses*, would gain the Point: 'Tis strange, Madam, that you should be in Love with the *Sons* of the *Muses*; those *poor Rogues*, that can only pay with empty *Breath*, what I, with *substantial Gold*, would purchase; and that us'd to be the most prevailing *Argument* with your Sex. Adfheart, Madam, half a Crown damns a *Poet* at any Time, and for a Shilling, you may buy what he has puzzled his Brains about half a Year to collect; then, pray, where lies the *Curiosity*? Now, I should think, a little *Money*, or a little *Wit*, clean *Linnen*, and a *sweet Breath*, might be every Jot as acceptable. I may reasonably suppose your *Husband* a very good *Husband*; for Women are generally in *Extream* of your *Sickness* of the *Fool* is encreas'd to *Madness* for a *Wit*. Now, Madam, I would advise you, to apply a *Medium* for your Cure, which you may find in your humble Servant: I am neither *Idiot* enough to be call'd a *Driveller*, nor *Wit* enough to set up for a *Poet*: Yet I'll venture a *Wager*, that you

you'll try, I can leave you as substantial as either. Consider, *Madam*, on this Advice, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in Practice : I shall expect your answer, or you may expect the second Part of the same Tune. For in short, *Madam*, I love you, and must, and will possess : I am resolv'd not to be un-
 ly thus, when 'tis in your Power to give me *Ease*.
Madam, or will be, wholly yours, and I hope find one Day, the same Conclusion, in a Letter from your dear self.

Madam.



Madam C-----ll's Answer to -----



You'd I value a Man upon his Fortune, I should condescend to converse with a Fool, tho' by your *Assurance* and *Vanity*, one would take you for a *Wit* : My Conversation with the Sons of the
 is purely for my *Diversion* ; if I thought you had Sense enough to make me Sport, I would
 you in the *Number*. I'm afraid the Product of
 our whole Life won't amount to the Value of
 that you reckon a *Poet's* half Year's Pains, unless
 were to expose your self, which they can do
 better for you : You tell me, you have a *sweet*
breath, but how can that be a sweet Breath, which
 smacks so rankly of *Nonsense* ? You propose a little
money, and a little *Wit* ; but I scorn to be behold-
 en to any Man for the former, and the latter, I
 have it already, without the Arrogance of *Riches*,
 and the ill Manners of *Vanity*. My *Husband* knows
 me so well by my *Company*, and you so well by
 your *Letter*, that he has given me Leave to answer
 ; nay, commanded me, else I had left you a Prey

to your *Conceit* and *Vanity*; which, in a little Time will make you fit for the *Stage*, and so make you good Company for *Women of Sense*.

P.S. Sir, I advise you to make your *Valet* transcribe your Letters for you, for your own Hand spells worse than a Whore.



His Answer to Mrs. C-----ll.



AN Answer, and by the *Husband's* Command too; better still, I hope you have *Wit* enough to make Advantage of the Liberty he gives you: Your Letter, Madam, shews you a Woman of Sense; and the *Scarceness* of that Commodity in your Sex, renders you the more agreeable: And it ought to be taken into Consideration by the *Parliament*, to prevent the Increase of Fools, that no one Man should engross a *Person of Wit* to himself; you are very severe, Madam, but no Matter I had rather be the Subject of your Thought this Way, than not at all; for I may hope at last to convince you of the *Sincerity* of my *Passion*, and *Pity* is essential to your Sex. But what am I doing? This is labouring to be a Fool indeed, and losing your Opinion of my *Vanity*; if you'll let me enter your List, Madam, under what Colours you please I don't question coming off with Credit. And if you don't confess I have made you as good Sport as any of the *Parnassian* Family, I'll give you Leave to cashier me the next Moment. I am glad to find such a Reformation in your Sex; but I doubt, Ma-

am, you'll hardly perswade many of 'em to be
 of your Mind; for I tell you, Madam, *Gold* is
 the *Women's God*; and there's scarce a *Dutchess* in
 this Kingdom, that can't find an Use for a *superflu-*
ous Sum. I deny your having *Wit* without *Vanity*;
 if you mean in your self, good Manners oblige me
 not to contradict you, tho' I have much ado to
 help reminding you of the following Line in the
 letter; 'tis our, Faith, before I was aware, your
 pardon for that: If you mean the Lover, I must
 tell you, Madam, that no *Poet* is without the *Ve-*
lity of ten thousand a Year, and I'll warrant to assert,
 his own *Wit* would venture to *libel* a *Parliament-*
man, for *hissing* his *damn'd dull Plays*, tho' he had
 pick'd his *Pocket of half a Crown*. Look ye, Madam,
 I have no Occasion to expose the *Product* of my
Brain; the *Product* of my *Estate* is sufficient to af-
 ford me *Necessaries*; and that's more than your *poetical*
friends can warrant from their spare *Diet* and hard
study. And to answer the *Postscript*, good *Spelling*
 beneath a *Gentleman*; so much by *Way* of An-
 swer. Now, Madam, I wish I knew of what *Met-*
tle this good Man of yours is made; for I would
 have been acquainted with him, 'tis the best *Way* of
strutting in the World: If he is a *Courtier*, *Flate-*
ry makes him my *Friend*; if he's a *Citizen*, *Custom*
 his *Way of Trade*; if he serves the *King*, a *Bribe*
 may do the *Business*; if a *Man below these*, a *hard*
Word, and a *big Look*, makes you mine; and if I
 have had Possession, you should find I had *Courage*
 enough to defend my own, though with all the Sub-
 mission to you imaginable: For believe me, Madam,
 I am the sincerest of all your humble Servants.

An Answer.



I'm very glad to hear, Sir, that you are a *Member of Parliament*, for by that Means you may prefer a Bill in Favour of my Sex, that may provide against the troublesome *Suit* of those we don't care for. Pray Sir be kind to the D—— of N——

I don't think but an *Act of Resumption* in Ease of a Wife may pass. If an *Act of Parliament* make a *Guckold*, it may be of dangerous Consequence to all the *Husbands* in the *Nation*; for the Subject will be for following the Example of the higher Powers. I imagine you to be of the *Court Party*; you understand a Bribe so well; but I can assure you, my Husband falls not in your Road; he's no *Courtier*, consequently no *Knave*; no *Soldier*, so not in your Power to use ill; no trusting *Cit*, to oblige your *Squireship's Acquaintance*; nor Fool enough to be frightened with the *Bray of an Ass*: Thus much by Way of Answer to your Wish. And now, Sir, I tell you, I want much of your *Vanity* to relish your *Flattery*; I have *Wit* enough to distinguish the *Arrogance* of a *Coach and Six*, from the *Complaisance* of a *Man of Sense*; I despise your *Price*, and nauseate your *Person*; and if you don't desist, I shall expose your Name in Print; and your Years will shew you *Bankrupt* in Love, as your *Letters* do of *Sense* and good *Manners*; and that you are deficient in 'em all, I believe the World will agree with,

Sir,

Your humble Servant.

To

To Mrs. --- --

By another Hand.

Madam,



Must acquaint you in short, that you must either *pull out your Eyes*, or I must *pull out mine*, either you must not be *handsome*, or I must be *blind*. Yet tho' my *Passion* is as *violent* perhaps as any Man's, you must not expect I should either *hang or drown*. I should betray great Want of *Sense*, and little Knowledge of your *Merit*, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal *sincerely* with you, Madam, I *prize* infinitely the *Happiness* of living with you, before the *Glory* of dying for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your *Sense*, to believe you prefer the *living Lover* to the *dead*; the Lips that are *warm*, to those that are *cold*; the Limbs which have *Motion*, to those which have *none*. If I must die, Madam, kill me with your *Kindness*, but not with your *Cruelty*: Let me *expire* rather upon your *bosom*, than at your Feet. If you shall be *tenderly inclin'd* to give me a *Death* of this Kind, I am prepar'd to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms: Appoint but your *Place*, and I shall not fail to meet my fair *Murderer*.



To my Lady -----

By Mr. Smith.

Madam,



Am now at my Lady -----, where we have had a very warm Debate: Among many general Things, we have pend to fall into a Discourse of Queen Elizabeth, and a Question arising what Complexion she was of; one Lady said, she was fair, another maintain'd she was black, a third contend'd she was brown. The Dispute was manag'd with very great Heat, and little Certainty on all Sides. Speed, Baker, Camden, were consulted; but we found the Historians either silent, or as much divided as the Company: At last, after a long Debate it was the unanimous Resolution of both Ladies and Gentlemen, to refer it to your Ladyship's Determination, as a Person of great Antiquity, and consequently of better Authority than our Chronicles. you shall do us the Favour to give us some Satisfaction in this Matter, 'twill be a general Obligation to the whole Company, and a particular Honour done to,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's obedient Servant

To the Same.

A Love-Letter to an Old LADY.

By the same.

Madam,



Aying a Visit Yesterday to Mrs. ———,

I was inform'd of your Ladyship's Displeasure: What shou'd occasion your Indignation, I cannot well apprehend: I do assure you, no Man living has a greater Veneration for your Ladyship, or has been readier upon all Occasions to testify it to the World. To convince you of the Truth of what I say, I will relate to you what happen'd last Saturday, by which it will appear, that I have been so far from ridiculing your Ladyship, which is the Accusation you fasten upon me, that none could have given greater Demonstration of his Respect: For being in Company where Mention was made of your Ladyship, not so honourable indeed, as I could have wish'd, or your Quality and Character might have requir'd: I took Occasion to do Justice to your Merit: Gentlemen, said I, you do my Lady Wrong; for my own Part, I must profess, I think her a very agreeable Woman. You cannot be serious; sure, replies a certain Gentleman, who had more Malice than Wit; in my whole Life, I never saw so hideous a Complexion. Sir, said I, 'tis unjustly done to find Fault with a

Complexion

Complexion, which is none of her own; if her Face displeases you, blame her *Woman* who made it. But I hope, return'd he, you will not deny, but that she is *red-hair'd*: With Submission, Sir, I depend on my certain Knowledge, she has not one Hair on her *Head*. But then, her *Teeth*, all the World must allow, are execrable. I deny it, Sir, for she has but one that is bad. But you must grant me her *Chin* is too long by three Inches. But do you apprehend the Reason? 'Tis because her *Neck* is too short by two. I see, Sir, said he, with some little Heat, you are obstinately bent to oppose the Power of Truth; but I hope, you are not so far prejudic'd as to maintain her *Breath* to be sweet? That Inquiry, Sir, reply'd I, is the Effect of the Foulness of her *Lungs*, and not of her *Mouth*; and if her *Lungs* are rotten, Is it her *Ladyship's* Fault, or *Nature's*? And then, her *Gate*, says he, is the most disagreeable in the World. You have betray'd me once, Sir, said I, both your *Malice* and *Ignorance*; if you had the least Acquaintance with her *Ladyship*, you must have known better: Alas! poor *Lady*! she has not walk'd without *Crutches* these ten Years. But then, her Conduct, I hope you will not undertake to justify that: How does it become *old Eve*, think you, to patch and paint, intrigue, read *Romances*, and *Love-Verses*, talk smuttily, look amorously, dress youthfully; insomuch, that if it were not for her *Looks*, you could not distinguish her from her *Daughter*? Under Favour, Sir, you mistake; 'tis her *Grand-Daughter* you mean. And then to keep a young Fellow of five and twenty to satisfy her brutal Lust. 'Tis false, I have heard Mr. ——— affirm a thousand times she was insatiable.

He would have proceeded in his Defamations; but I desir'd him to omit all farther Discourse on that Subject, for that I could not, with Patience, support, that a Woman of your *Ladyship's* Merit, and Virtue, and a Woman, for whom I had so

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particular an Honour, should be so impudently
vilify'd and blasphem'd to my Face.
I hope by this Time you are made sensible,
Madam, that I am quite another Person than you
apprehend me to be, and that I am so far from
having any *disrespectful* Thoughts of your *Ladyship*,
that no one of your *Grand-Children*, the nearest Re-
lation you have remaining, could have gone farther
in your *Vindication*. But I would not have you at-
tribute my *Defence* of your *Ladyship* altogether to
Respect; give it a *tenderer*, and *truer* Name, and call
it *Love*. I say *Love*, for let me die, *Madam*, if I
have not a violent *Passion* for your *Ladyship*. I
know you may very well suspect the Truth of
what I say; for *Love* in me, you will tell me,
ought to imply *Beauty* in you. But *Love*, you know
very well, creates *Beauty* no less frequently, than
Beauty does *Love*. And if by the Help of *Imagina-*
tion, I can find out *Charms* in you, which no Body
else can discover, I think I have reasonable Foun-
dation enough for my *Passion*; there is something, I
know not where to fix it, 'tis not in your *Face* or
Shape, or *Mien*, or *Air* or any Part of your
Body; much less in your *Mind*; but something
that is so very agreeable; something I know not
what, nor where, so bewitching, that 'tis not
in my Power to defend my *Heart* against you. Per-
haps the malicious *World* will say you are *Old*; but
we know old Wine intoxicates more than new; and
an aged Oak is stronger than a young one. 'Tis with
your *Ladyships* *Beauty*, as with old Buildings when
they fall, they destroy with their Ruins. As I profess
myself an *Admirer* of *Antiquity*, by Consequence
I should have no small *Passion* for your *Ladyship*:
for I must tell you, *Madam*, there are finer *Erag-*
ments of *Antiquity* in your *Face*, than any *Greece*
or *Italy* can boast of; and more *Beauty* lies bury'd
in one *Wrinkle* of yours, than in the *Ruins* of the
most stately *Arches*, or most magnificent *Temples*.
You

You cannot therefore question the Sincerity of my Profession, when I tell you I am, *Madam*, with all Reality,

Your Ladyship's most passionate Adorer,

and most obedient humble Servant

To a Lady that had got an Inflammation in her Eyes.

By Mr. Smith.

Madam,



YOU will hardly believe, perhaps, how much People talk of your Indisposition. The late Eclipse, when the Sun it self was in Labour, occasion'd not half the Discourse, as the present Distress your Eyes are in, throughout the whole Empire of your Beauty, that is, throughout the whole Kingdom. No thing is more generally talk'd of, or more universally lamented. Those beautiful Eyes, which were wont to spread Joy in all Hearts, now diffuse Sorrow in every Breast: At the same Time they raise different Passions; the Women pity what they envy, and the Men lament what they adore. 'Tis true, there are some discontented Persons, that perhaps have formerly felt your Rigour, who let drop bold Expressions; they say your Eyes are deservedly punished for the many Violences and Barbarities they have committed; that 'tis but just they should be afflicted who have made many poor Men suffer; and that

seems a manifest Judgment of Heaven, that the Distemper should attack you in the very Place where you assault Mankind. These are the Murmers of some few Men, Madam, whom we except from the Multitudes who bewail the Calamities of your Eyes.

Sir Thomas —, who you know speaks fine Things, did me the Honour of a Visit Yesterday, and commands me to tell you, that had he as many Eyes as Argus, to give yours one Moment's ease, he would pluck them all out, and throw them, as he would himself, and his Fetters, at your Feet. For my own Part, Madam, who have but two Eyes, one of them is at your Ladyship's Service, the other I am unwilling to lose, because I am unwilling to lose the Sight of you.

Your grave Uncle likewise gives his Service to you; 'twas my Fortune to meet him at my Lady —'s Lodgings, where your Ladyship, and your present Indisposition, being the Subject of our Discourse, the old Gentleman, who moralizes on every Thing under the Sun, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, and laying his Hand upon his sage Breast, Alas! says he, see the Vanity of all Things here below! See Ladies, see Gentlemen, see how frail is Beauty! How uncertain is Possession! The keenest Eyes in the Universe are in Danger of losing their beautiful Lustre! How imperfect are the most perfect Things! Alas, alas, Vanity of Vanity, all is Vanity, says the Preacher.

When the Oracle had ceas'd, Sir, said I (with an affected grave Look) I remember well you were wont frequently to tax your Niece with Pride; don't you think Providence design'd this present Affliction as a Lesson of Humility to her? Does it not seem the very Intention of Heaven by this Indisposition, that those very Eyes which may justly make her proud, should teach her to be humble: that where she is strongest, she should find her self weak;

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weak ; that where she is most *divine*, she should confess her self *mortal*.

Very religiously and solidly reflected, says *Solomon* ; I profess I am surpriz'd, to find so much Maturity in such Youth : Go on in the Ways to Wisdom and prosper.

Thus, *Madam*, like a faithful Historian, as I am I have related to you what is the Discourse of the World upon this Infirmary ; but I am sensible, have made your Ladyship's Patience suffer, by the unfashionable Length of my Letter, which I fear will give your Eyes, in the Weakness they are at present, too much Pain in the Reading. I shall conclude with my Advice and my Wish. My Advice, that you would take care of the finest Eyes in the World. My Wish, that the Flame were remov'd from your Eyes, to your Heart. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient Servant



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*The fairest forms of Nature shows Her Life was like y^e M^o
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Mr.

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Mr. B----- in Covent - Garden.

An Account of a Journey to Exon, &c.

By Mrs. St.-LEVER.

April 8, 1700.

As we have one good Quality in our Sex beyond what yours can boast of, that is, seldom to make a Promise but with a design to keep it; I have therefore been careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any Thing which so great an Obligation as my self hath engag'd me to remember: And as there is nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my Promise to induce me to preserve it, so I hope, on my Part, there will be nothing more requir'd to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a willingness to receive it; I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part scribld over with as much Freedom as 'twas possible, wanting Leisure to put it in any other than my Morning-Dress, not questioning but it may please you as well without the Formalities of Stile, as a pretty Woman without Stays may some of your acquaintance.

In the first Place I shall give you a rough Draught of those discording Mortals our Company was composed of in the Stage-Coach (viz.) A Barrister at Law, an Attorney's Clerk, a Cornish Justice, a Taylor, and a Valet

Valet to a Parliament-Man that would be, but for Dispute arising in the Election, prevents me fixing his Title, that had I been travelling in a Dutch Scout, or a *Gravesend Tilt-Boat*, I could not have been treated with less Manners; or teas'd with more Impertinence.

The *Justice*, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the Reformation of Vice, was as Drunk as a Dutch Captain before he engages, and, for the first Day, talk'd of nothing but Fox-Hounds, March-Bees, Warrants, Whipping-Posts and Vagabonds, hallowing as laudably in every interval of his Nonsense, as if he had been riding three-quarter Speed at the heels of his *Beagles*; larding his other Qualifications now and then with a Scrap of an old Hunting Song, with a *Hey down, ho down, &c.* which gave good Reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood's Ballads* than with *Keeble's Statutes*, understanding the latter, I believe as much as a German *Jugler* does *Necromancy*, or Lord Mayor State-Policy.

The *Limbs* of the Law were much disturb'd by his *Bawling*, for I conceive they love no Body's Noise but their own. They desir'd him to sleep; but he cry'd *Zounds, Sir, I will not sleep; I don't care for your Anger, I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth thirty thousand Pounds, and am the head Man where I live; and by G—, if you come to Langton, I'll give you a Glass of the best March Beer you ever drank in your Life; but I will make a Noise if I please.* I was in Hopes of seeing Law and Justice fall together by the Ears, but at last Justice slept, and the Law got the better by surviving it.

The *Taylor*, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*, for he had Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Cloaths bore the Marks of Poverty; he complain'd very much of *Trusting*: I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruins more Families than the *Royal-Oak Lottery*.

but for me fix'd as a Duke's Quire in England.
 Now, If I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who
 and most Manners of these : The Lawyer slept
 long-Sleep most Part of the Way, I suppose the
 better to ruminate on the Causes he had in Hand.
 The Clerk was as impertinent as a Midwife at a
 slipping, and I was as dull as an old Woman at
 a Funeral. They fail'd not to eat and drink heartily
 upon the Road, nor to make me club to the
 reckoning ; *Justice* and *Law* were both of a Side
 at that particular ; and the *Court of Equity* being
 very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms,
 rather than seek for Remedy.
 After the Fatigue of four Days, which might
 have been for a reasonable Penance for all the Sins I
 committed in my Life, I arriv'd at *Exon*,
 where we met the Judges entering the Town in as
 much Triumph as ever *Caesar* did *Rome* after a Vi-
 ctory ; the High-Sheriff rode in as much State as
 a Colonel of the City Train-Bands, and much in
 the same Order, only the Sheriff march'd in the
 rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The
 next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of
 the Country *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not with-
 out some Reason, for the People look'd as if they
 were gallied) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound
 of a Horse-Trumpet, I imagin'd some Monster
 was to be seen, and looking out of my Window,
 saw several Sorts ; the first were *Mrs. Sheriff* and
 her Husband, (for Women rule in this Climate,
 and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in
 a triumphant Chariot (erected on Purpose for
 that Occasion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crouding to see
 their Worships, as if it had been his *Czarish Ma-*
 jesty ; the Custom it seems, is to conduct them in
 that Manner to the most magnificent Church of
 the

the Place, where we will leave them to their
veral Ejaculations.

I am your obliged Servant,

You know who,



The ANSWER.

Madam,

April 22, 1700



Receiv'd your Letter, and am glad
find by it, that you have got that
making a small Journey to *Exeter*
for which other People are forc'd
cross the *Alps*, and beat the Hoof
Rome, I mean the Remission of your Sins, which
think you have made a reasonable Attoneme
for, by suffering so much from the Impertinence
the *Cornish* Justice, and the two Limbs of the Law.

But, Madam, don't flatter your self, or think
that your Chalk will be so easily wip'd out. You
have been a greater Sinner in your Time, and four
Days Penance in a Stage-Coach will hardly atton
for the Sins you have committed: And, because
we are too apt to be over favourable to our selves
give me leave, Madam, to waken your Conscience
out of this dangerous State of Security, by laying
before you some of the many Sins you are account
able for.

Imprimis, Here are People in Town that charge
you with Murders numberless; and, unless you
heartily repent of them, and promise to commit
more, I find but little Hopes of you. Yes, Madam

you

their are charg'd with *Murder*, with this horrid
 aggravation too on your Side, that whereas other
 Assassins only murder their Enemies, or such as
 they suspect to be so, you make no Scruple to kill
 your Lovers that throw themselves at your Feet,
 and would purchase a single Smile from you at a
 ten Years Service.

In the next Place, you are accus'd of *Theft*. Set
 your Hand to your Heart, Madam, and do but
 consider how many of those valuable Commodi-
 ties you have stolen in your Time, yet never had
 the Conscience to restore them to the right Own-
 er. What makes the Crime worse in you, you
 have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and stole away Peo-
 ple's Hearts at Church, in the Time of divine Ser-
 vice, and in the Sight of *Moses* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*,
 if Men will put their Hearts upon you, how
 can you help it. But, Madam, some People gave
 you, who had no Right to dispose of them, as
 would instance in a thousand marry'd Men that
 had for you; and according to the ancient Proverb,
Receiver is as bad as the Thief, for they stole
 from their Wives to bestow them upon you.

Thirdly and Lastly, Madam, you have not only
 your own Sins, but those of other People to an-
 swer for. How many Women have you made
 guilty of the horrid Sin of Detraction, and tell a
 thousand malicious Stories of you only because
 you were handsomer than they? How many Men
 have you made guilty of Perjury, and tempted
 them to forsake their former Vows, to sacrifice
 to you. Should I undertake to send you a
 Catalogue of them, I should have as fine Time
 as the Commissioners, that are to inspect pub-
 lic Accounts. Therefore never think that your
 latter Journey has compounded for them, I would
 wish you this holy Year of *Jubilee*, to turn your
 face towards Rome; but, alas, you'd spoil the De-
 votion

votion of all the Pilgrims there, that according to our last Advices, are above a hundred thousand strong. In short, Madam, I don't know what Course to advise you to; only don't stay long in the Country, for that would be to trespass against a positive Text, and to put your Candle under a bushel. Come to Town as soon as you can, and begin to make Restitution in the Place where you have done the most Mischief.

You desire, in my Answer, I should transmit you some News: I assure you, Madam, there is not enough stirring about Town, to fill the last Column of the Weekly Papers, without a tedious Repetition of the same fulsome Stuff: That the City News-Hounds sit as huff over their Coffee, as many Englishmen in a Tavern when the Dawer brought the Reckoning: But however, for once I will strain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithstanding the late War in Flanders, and the present Year of Jubilee, have rid the Nation of an Abundance of Fools, yet Knaves are every where thick in Westminster-Hall, and Cuckolds every where as numerous upon Change, as if they had lost without Loss, preserv'd their ancient Number.

Poetaasters are grown as numerous in this Town as Quack-Doctors or Stock-Jobbers, and every one applies himself to the Stage, that the White-Fry-Printers are quite beggared for want of Ballads. Yet Wit I observe, is as scarce as it was in the Time of Jeffry Chaucer, when a Distich of Verses were worth a Page of Prose, and a Song with a Fa-la-la Chorus, was much more listen'd to than a Sermon.

Discretion in marry'd Women, is here grown as scarce as Modesty in Maids, they so forward their Daughters by their own foolish Talk and Example, that the pretty Miss at Seven, instead of a Rattle talks of nothing but a Husband, and the young Lady at Eleven, is as ripe in her Thoughts, and as

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To a Lady that smoak'd Tobacco. 215

her Behaviour, as if her Education had been at the famous Mrs. C——'s near Red-Lyon Square, Head of a Dancing-School:

I know, Madam, some of this News must seem strange to a Woman of your Virtue, but the more surprizing, generally the more acceptable, especially if it be true; for which Reason I sent it you, to supply the Scarcity of such as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your Acceptance of it in Room of better, from, *Madam,*

Your humbl: Servant.



An Exhortatory Letter to an Old Lady that smoak'd Tobacco.

By Mr. SMITH.

Madam,



Though the ill-natur'd World censures you for *Smoaking*; yet I would advise you Madam, not to part with so innocent a Diversion: In the first Place, it is healthful, and as *Galen de usu Partium* rightly observes, is a sovereign Remedy for the tooth-ach, the constant Persecutor of old Ladies. Secondly, Tobacco, tho' it be a heathenish Weed, is a great Help to Christian Meditations, which is the Reason I suppose, that recommends it to our Parsons; the Generality of whom, can no more write a Sermon without a Pipe in their mouths, than a Concordance in their Hands: Besides,

ides, every Pipe you break, may serve to put you in mind of Mortality, and show you up what slender Accidents Man's Life depends. I know a dissenting Minister, who on Fast-Days used to mortify upon a *Rump of Beef*, because it put him, as he said, in mind, that all Flesh was Grass; but I am sure much more may be learn'd from Tobacco. It may instruct you that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World vanish like Vapour. *Thirdly*, It is a pretty Play-Thing: Pipe is the same Thing with an old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the same Token they make both *Water at Mouth*. *Fourthly* and *Lastly*, It is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair Way of becoming so; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the Gun as naturally ushers in the Pipe, as the *Sword-Bearer* walks before the *Lord-Mayor*.

I am your Ladyship's humble Servant.



To Dr. GARTH.



WHether your *Letter* or your *Prescription* has made me *Well*, I protest I cannot tell; but thus much I can say, that as the one was the most nauseous Thing I ever knew, so the other was the most enterprising. I would gladly ascribe my Cure to the last, and if so, your Practice will become so universal, you must keep a Secretary as well as an Apothecary.

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The Observations I have made, are these, that your *Prescription* staid not long with me, but your Letter has, especially that Part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your Memory : You'll find me much alter'd in every thing when you see me, but in my Esteem for your self ; I, that was as lank as a *Crane*, when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as an *Ortolan*. I have lost off my *false Calves*, and had yesterday a great belly laid to me. A *facetious Widow*, who is my confidant in this Affair, says, you ought to father the Child ; for he that lends a Man a Sword, is in some Part accessory to the Mischief is done with ; however, I'll forgive you the Inconvenience you've put me to. I believe, you were not aware you were giving Life to two People. Pray let me have a consolatory Letter from you upon this new calamity ; for nothing can be so welcome, excepting Rain, in this sandy Country where we live. The *Widow* saith, she resolves to be sick, on Purpose to be acquainted with you : But I tell her, she'll dislike your *Prescriptions* better in full Health : And if at this Distance, you can do her no Service, pray prescribe her,

Your humble Servant,

T. M.



*To his Poetical Friend, advising him
to study the Mathematicks.*

Out of Quevedo.

By Mr. SAVAGE.



AT length my *Friend*, I begin to awake out of those Dreams and Visions, which the reading of Verses and Poems so long plung'd me in. My middle Years put all those Delusions to a Stop. I have now some moderate Esteem for other Thoughts besides Images and Descriptions. I am not in former Extasies at every *Metaphor*, and can almost bear the Rapture of a fine *Turn*. *Poetry*, believe me, leads the Reader, as well as the Knight, into an *enchanted World*: The Objects are all there dressed in false Colours, and nothing appears in its true Proportion. But if it deceives us in all Things abroad, What Disorders and Confusion does it raise at Home? By feeding the Mind with Delicacies it makes it mad after Pleasure, and lets all Passions loose upon us. Our Joys blow it up too high, and make our Grievs sit heavier; and what is yet worse, it kindles in us that foolish Passion of Love, the Ruin of our Ease, and Dotage even in Youth.

Whereas, *Mathematicks* improves all our Faculties, makes the Judgment stronger, and the Memory

Study the MATHEMATICKS. 119

ke in more. The Dull, it teaches to *perceive*,
 and the Giddy, to *attend*. It distinguishes between
true and *false*, and inures us to Difficulties: Besides,
 gives us a thousand Advantages in Life. By this,
 the Miser counts his Bags, and the Country-Man
 knows his Times and Seasons. This gives our
 annon Aim in War, and in Peace furnishes every
 workman with his Tools. How many noble En-
 gines has it invented? In one, the Wind labours
 for us, and another turns Bogs and Pools into firm
 land. This builds us Houses, defends our Towns,
 and makes the Sea useful. Nor are its Effects less
 wonderful than advantageous. The *Mathematician*
 can do more Things than any Poet ever con-
 ceiv'd. He, in a Map, can contract *Asia* to a Span,
 and in a Glass, shew a City to a single House, and
 an Army to a Man. He can set the Heavens a
 thousand Years forward, and call all the Stars by
 their Names. There is scarce any thing without
 his Reach; he can gage the Channel of the Sea,
 and weigh *Saturn*. He sees farthest into the Art
 and Skill of the *Creator*, and can write the best
 comment on the six Days Work.

He advis'd therefore to employ your self rather in
 improving your Understanding, than debauch-
 ing of your Passions, and to prefer *Realities* before
Appearances. In my Mind, to make a Dial, is
 easier than to find a Motto to it, and a Prospect
 in Lines, pleasanter than one in Words.
 Instead of Descriptions of cool Groves and flowry
 gardens, you may inform your self of the Situa-
 tion and Extent of Empires; and while others are
 dreaming in *Elisian Fields*, and fancy'd Shades be-
 lieving, you may raise your Thoughts to the Infinity
 of space above, and visit all those Worlds that shine
 on us here: Think most of *Mercury*, when he is
 next off the Sun, and mind little in *Venus*, but her
 quick Motion.

To let you see I have got the Start of you, now follow the old Rule of, *Nulla dies sine Linea* and am so far advanc'd in *Geometry*, that I desire any Man to make a rounder Circle, or cut a Line two, more nicely than myself. I am well vers'd in Squares, am no Stranger to the Doctrine of Proportion, and have transpos'd *A, B, C, D*, in all the Mathematical *Anagrams* they are capable of. My Chamber I have survey'd five Times over, and have length found out a convenient Place for a South Dial. I am at present about a Bargain of Pin which you shall soon see dispos'd into Bastions and Countercarps. I felt at first, I must confess, great Confusion in my Head, between Rhimes and Angles, Fiction and Demonstration. But at length *Virgil* has resign'd to *Euclid*, and Poetical Feet and Numbers, to their Namesakes in *Geometry* and *Arimetick*. In short, I write altogether upon Square where I make all Parallels instead of Couplets, and describe nothing but a Circle.

Let me for the future therefore catch no Poet by your Hands, unless it be *Aratus*, or *Dionysius*, and follow my Counsel, unless you can make one of these Studies subservient to the other, your Poet will be wise and learn'd, and your *Mathematicks*, pleasant and ingenious. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.



A Letter

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Letter from Tunbridge to a
Friend in London ; being a
Character of the WELLS,
and Company there.

By Mr. Ward, Author of the *London SPT.*

Dear Friend,



YOU are sensible that the Reasons that
induc'd me to make my Appearance at
this general Rendezvous, *Tunbridge*,
were neither the Air, nor Waters, but
purely the Curiosity of seeing the Peo-
ple, to which, 'till now, I was as great a Stranger
your self ; and since I promis'd to transmit to
you a Character of this Country Parade, I have here
undertaken to discharge my Duty ; I shall there-
fore proceed to give you first a Description of the
Wells, and next of the Company.

It is situated upon the Side of a Heath, so bar-
ren and so poor, that had it not produc'd a Well,
it would have yielded nothing : Much Pains I per-
ceive have been taken to improve the Walks, tho'
little Purpose ; for *New Tunbridge-Wells* at *Isling-*
ton, as much exceeds the *Old* for Pleasure, as a Girl
Fifteen a Woman of Fifty, for a Bedfellow. The
Dancers are as sawcy as Bum-Bayliffs at a Sessions-
house, and tug you by the Sleeve for half a Crown,
the very first Time of your Appearance. The chief
Diversions

Diversion at the Wells, is to stare one at another and he or she that is best dress'd, is the greatest Subject of the Morning's Tittle-Tattle. The choicest Complement among the Women, is, *I hope the Waters pass well with your Ladyship*, which is in plain English, I hope, Madam, you pass well: The Sons and Daughters of Fortune thrive here so mightily it is hard to know the Lady from the Jilt, or the Lord from the Sharper, all Higgledepiggledemix'd one among another, like Skulls in a Charnel-house or Knaves and Cuckolds at a Lord Mayor's Show. A Glass of Rhenish is here prescrib'd as the only Cordial with the Waters; and a Handful of Comfits esteem'd the best Breakfast. Physicians swarm here like Pick-Pockets at a Fair; and Quality neither eat, drink, or exonerate, without the Advice of a Doctor. The chief Leachery of the Beaus, is to watch the Ladies into their private Apartments and if their Ears are but bless'd with a Whiz when a Belfa opens her Sluice, they think themselves happy in their own Fancies, as an old Leache that peeps through a Hole, and sees a Nymph in her Bathing-Tub. Batchelors and their Mistresses come hither in Pairs, but marry'd People come down single, Men without their Wives, and Women without their Husbands; so that I suppose, while one Part are here pleasing their Palates with a new Dish, the other may be gone to the Bath, to feast their Appetites with a fresh Dainty. The chief Virtue ascrib'd to the Waters, are the following two: They very often cure the Green-sickness in Maids, and cause Fruitfulness in marry'd Women provided, they are but properly administred by a young vigorous Physician: The old grisly Galenists have but little Business here; the youngest Doctor by the Female Sex, is esteem'd the ablest, and runs away with the most Practice; for which Reason I believe the Women come hither to be kiss'd for Health.

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health-fake, much rather than be physick'd ; and
 when the Patient is so bad that neither Lip nor
 Belly-Salve will do her good, she may be honestly
 given over as past Cure. Some Fools, indeed, thro'
 their great Opinion of the Waters, have made
 their Bodies such perpetual Aquaducts, that they
 have wash'd themselves into meer Skeletons, and
 creeping about like *West-Indian* Creolians, trou-
 led with the dry Belly-ach. It's a rare Place for
 Beau to be jilted in a Wife, for many set up to
 great Fortunes, who feed their Mouths with
 their Tails, and cover their Backs with their Bel-
 lies. Maidenheads here bear an extravagant Price ;
 for a great Lover of Priority gave fifty Guinea's
 for one at Second-hand, tho' he bought it for
 man-new, but unhappily heard soon after, it had
 been sold for an hundred, a Fortnight before ; and
 when he found himself cheated by his Commodi-
 ty-Broker, was forc'd to undergo the Lash of the
 old Proverb, *A Fool and his Money were soon parted*.
 Handsome Men come here to a good Market, they
 may sell themselves for what Money they please, if
 they will but turn Slaves to pamper'd Leachery :
 there are a great many Gold-mines to be found un-
 der the Petticoat, where an able Workman may line
 his Pockets at the Trouble of digging Here are
 many Parts acted worth a wise Man's Observation ;
 Gentlemen play the Fool, Ladies play with their
 squirrels, poor Whores play the Jilt, Sharpers play
 the Knave, the Beaus play the Bubble, the old Wo-
 men, the Bawd, the Servants, the Pimp, and the
 idlers play like Devils.

Their chiefest Pastimes, next the old Trade of
 basket-making, are the following four : Bowling
 at *Rust-Hall*, where Fools lose their Money, and
 knaves win it ; Dancing upon *Southborough-Green*,
 where he that has another Man's Wife by the
 hand o'er Night, often makes him a Cuckold be-
 fore Morning ; Walking in the Grove, where the

Ring-Doves cooe above, whilst the Lovers bill below, and project all Things in Order to make themselves happy at the next merry Meeting; and Gaming at the Groom-Porter's, where every one strives to win, whilst the Box runs away with the Money.

Lodgings are so dear and so scarce, that a Beau is sometimes glad of a Barn, and a Lady of Honour content to lie in a Garret: The Horses being commonly put to Grass, for the Servants to lie in the Stable. My Landlord was a Farmer, and his very Out-houses were so full, that having shear'd some Sheep, he abated me half a Crown a Week, to let the Wool lie in my Bed-Chamber; by which Means, a Tick one Night, had bury'd himself so far in my Belly, that I was forc'd next Morning to borrow a Shoemaker's Pincers to pluck the bloody thirsty Vermin out of his Nest by the Arse, before I could get rid of him, for he had fill'd his Belly so full, and stuck so close by the Strength of his new Diet, that he held his Hold like a Bull-Dog, for which Offence I punish'd him Blood for Blood according to the old Law.

The most noble of their Provisions, is a Pack-saddle of Mutton, and a Wheat-ear Pye, which is accounted here a Feast for an *Helioabalus*; and is indeed so costly a Banquet, that a Man may go over to *Amsterdam*, treat half a Dozen Friends with a Fish Dinner, and bring 'em back again into their own Country, almost as cheap as you can give yourself and your Mistress a true *Tunbridge* Entertainment. The Liquors chiefly produc'd by this Part of the Country, are Beer made of wood-dry'd Malt, and Wine drawn out of a Birch-Tree; the first is infected with such a smoaky Tang, that you would think it was brew'd in a Chimney; and every Pint you drink, instead of quenching your Drought, begets a Thirst after a Gallon; the latter, as 'tis order'd, drinks almost like Mead, and makes a Man's

Mouth

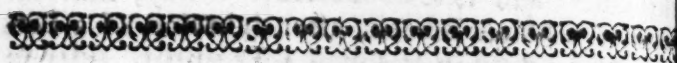
Mouth smell of Honey, as if he had a Bee-hive in his Guts; and is so abominable windy, that the breath of a Man's Breech, after drinking of a Bottle, is strong enough to sound a Trumpet. Here's Claret good at a great Price, but at the common Rate, not drinkable: We have rattle-headed Vintners, and drunken Drawers; and the Rooms we are forc'd to sit in, are sometimes as unfurnish'd as the Garrets of a Spunging-House, being hung with Plasterers Tapisry, border'd round with Black, like an old Whore's Pin-up-Petticoat; furnish'd with a *Spanish* Table, that stands as ticklish as the Nose of an old flux'd Strumpet, round which, are three or four crazy *Turkey-work* Conveniencies, which, by often carrying double, are over-occupy'd into such Weakness, that they squeak when they are sat in, like a Litter of Sucking-Piggs in the Sow's Absence: Tho' I must confess, for the Reputation of the Place, in the greater Taverns you have better Usage, but you must pay as dear for it, as a Country Squire does at *Moll Quarles's* for tickling his Rump with a Pair of Whore's Kidneys.

Therefore if the Truths I've told you, will encourage you to follow me, pray let your Pockets be well furnish'd, for if here you either want Money, or spend it sparingly, you'll be as little look'd upon, as any Man would amongst a Parcel of Beaus, that should pluck out an Oval Watch, or a Pump Snush-Box. In your next, let me hear what you have determin'd to do, as to your coming or not, and you will oblige

Your Friend and Servant,

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A Letter



*A Letter of Advice from an old experienced
City Leacher, to his Daughter at the Boarding-School, being Rules to raise her Fortune.*

By the same.

Dear Daughter,



Hear you are a very forward Bachelorette of Fifteen, and the World thinks you handsome: Your Gifts and Acquirements must supply the Want of Money; for tho' your Education has been large, your Fortune will be but little; it being a Rule with us Citizens, to bestow most upon our Daughters Breeding, when we have least Possessions to give 'em; upon this Consideration, that in Case we cannot make 'em Fortunes to match with Tradesmen, we are in Hopes, if they are beautiful and well bred, they will have Graces enough to recommend 'em to Gentlemen; for if a Shopkeeper takes to him a Wife without a Portion, he's pointed at as much for a Fool, as a Man is for a Cuckold whose Wife is brought to Bed within three Months after he has marry'd her: But Gentlemen of Estate may play the Simpleton at any Time, and its being so common a Thing, makes it pass off as much undervalued, as Shamparty in Lawyers, or Simony amongst Clergymen; therefore, since the Happiness of that Part to your Life to come, depends upon the good Management of this weighty Point, Matrimony I think it necessary to arm you with these following

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Instructions, that in Case Fortune flings a Man of Merit in your Way, you may know how to counterfeit those outward Signs of inward Excellence, may deceive the wisest Man into a great Opinion of your Virtues, though your natural Inclinations may be loose and vicious; or if it be your Fortune to flush a well fledg'd Woodcock, in whom you may be happy, I shall teach you with what alluring arts and prevailing Subtleties he is most likely to be taken.

If you would procure the Esteem of an ingenious Man, be as modest in his Company, as a Nun in a High-Mass; yet let your Carriage be as stately as an Alderman's Daughter's at a publick Feast; 'tis a receiv'd Opinion among the Judges of your sex, that a reserv'd Behaviour is the surest Sign of Virtue, and Pride in a Woman the best Guardian to secure it. Be sure be as sparing of your Words as wise Men are of their Promises, or Courtiers of their Performances; and when you do speak, let it be something that's pretty, but as concise as the Prophecy of an Oracle; for an ingenious Man dreads the Tongue of a talkative Woman, much more than a Squirrel does the Noise a Drum, or an Atheist a Clap of Thunder. Take Care to be obliging, but not free; and though reserv'd, yet not haughty; for Scorn and Fondness to a deserving Man, are equally intolerable. Tho' you love the Town as dearly as an old Citizen's young Wife does Tunbridge or Epsom, yet be careful how you acknowledge you are enamour'd with its Vanities, condemn the noisy Hive, and shew Aversion to its vicious Pastimes; speak slightly of the Play-house, tho' you admire it as much as a Zealot does the Church, or a Beau a Dancing-School; and shew a seeming Inclination to a sedate Country Life, tho' 'tis what you abominate as much as a marry'd Woman does Barrenness, or a Libertine the Thoughts of Wedlock. Be always ready to acknowledge the Sovereign

Soverign Authority of an Husband, and the Duty and Submission of a Wife; though your headstrong Temper is as great an Enemy to Obedience as Fanatick is to Loyalty, or a proud Woman to mean Apparel: Let the Clergy thus be your great Example, preach up Passive Obedience and Non-resistance towards a Husband, as they did towards their Prince, it will please your Suitor to assert it though you never design to practise it. When he offers you a Present, neither slight, nor be fond on't, but receive it with as much Indifference as Hypocrites say their Prayers, or read a Chapter in the Bible. When he offers to kiss you, neither turn your Head towards him, nor from him, you may venture to let him modestly take a Salute but be sure don't you offer to give it him; be careful also that you put not out your Lip, whilst he is possessing of the Favour, for that's as much as to say Yes, to what is often obtain'd without asking for. If he attempts to gripe your Thigh, or Finger or handle the Bottom of your Stomacher, tho' you are never so well pleas'd with what he's going about, you must put on a counterfeited Frown, and seem to be as angry as a Judge, when thro' Mistake, the Bribe is presented to himself, that should have been given to his Lady. If he offers to touch your Bubbles, you must cry, Nay, pray, Sir: If he hugs you about the Middle, you must cry, My Sir! And if he presumes to tickle the Palms of your Hands, you must then cry, Foh. Never rail against any of your own Sex, for that discovers ill Nature. Never commend one Man in the hearing of another, for that's ungrateful to him that loves you. Tho' you fancy Wine as much as a Beau does Chocolate, never be seen to drink in the Company of a prudent Man that court you, lest it washes away Discretion, which is the Bridle of the Tongue, and causes the unruly Member to betray your Weakness. Never mix

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Church, tho' you go to it with as ill a Will as a Scold does to a Ducking-Stool; and if you cannot answer the Reader as you ought to do, dissemble with your Lips and your Eyes as if you did; for without a little Hypocrisy you'll never be thought a devout Christian: Let your Table-Library in your Bed-Chamber be furnish'd with good Books; and tho' you mind them as little as a Cuckoo does her young Ones, yet turn down a fresh Leaf in the *Practise of Piety* every Day, and lay it open in the Window. Hold up your Fan when any Body names Smock; blush when any Body praises you; turn your Head when any Body looks at you; bow when you are drank to sitting; coursie when you are bowed to standing: And when your Lover says, God save the King, be sure you cry, Amen; and it will oblige him wonderfully; for Loyalty in a Woman, tho' it signifies nothing, will sometimes take with a Man of Worth as much as any Thing: Mind these Rules with an ingenious Man, and you may probably gain your Ends to your Life's Happiness; therefore every Morning, after your Prayers, con this over as your next best Lesson, 'till you have it as perfect as an Actress has her Part, and one Time or other you may Chance to find it useful.

But if it be your Fortune to be lik'd by a Fop, possess'd of an Estate sufficient to make your Life comfortable, you must then change your Behaviour as much as a Camellion does its Colour, turn your Reservedness into Freedom, your Silence into Tattle, your Gravity into Air, your Discretion into Vanity, your Wit into Puns, and be all over Action like an Eel new taken, according to the following Directions; for the surest Way of Trapanning a Fool, is by humouring the Coxcomb with the like Folly, as the Fox catches the Hare by dissembling the like Fear, &c.

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In the first Place you must mimick his Cringes and Formalities, as if you were his Monkey; and shew as many Antick Gestures in your Compliments, as a Kitten playing with a String: Be as singular in every Thing as if you would set yourself up for an Original Belfa, and let one Word in five be French in whatsoever you talk of; stalk about the Room like a Peacock in the Sunshine, and Ape like, never continue a Minute in one Posture: Laugh always when you speak, and endeavour to make every Thing a Jest, tho' not a Word of Wit in it; talk always within his Sphere: complain the Weather's very hot in Summer, tho' you find your self in an Ague, and cry it's cold in Winter, tho' you are within two Foot of a roasting Fire; rail against your own Sex for a Parcel of tawdry Minxes; but let your own Apparel, in gaudy Colours out shine the Rainbow: Assert Freedom in a Woman is the only Sign of Vertue, and that the silent Lady is the still Sow that eats up all the Draught. You must be sure to praise all gay Fools to be pretty Gentlemen; and he that flings away his Money most like an Ass, to be a Man of wonderful Generosity: You must rail against the grave wise Man, and call him the World's Slave, one that lives upon the Earth, as if he did Penitance for the Sins of his Ancestors: Express a Hatred to all Merit; call the Parson Heaven's Dark-Lanthorn, the Soldier a clodskull'd Heroe, the Tradesman nasty Mechanick; and seem to admire no Man but the very Blockhead you design to make your Market on; applaud his Deportment, tho' it is more ridiculous than a French Dancing-master's; approve his Wit, tho' it be more nauseous than a Player's; and commend his Dress, tho' it's more fantastical than Sir Foplin Flutter's; rail against Sermons as a useles Cant in so knowing an Age, and commend Plays as the more edifying Doctrine: Call all Scholars but a Parcel of Book-learn'd

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at the BOARDING SCHOOL. 231

earn'd Dunces, and juttify Beau *Wilson* was a cunninger Man than an Archbishop of *Canterbury*. Flatter him as if he were a Prince, for the more you deceive him that Way, the more he will love you. Be as expensive to him as you can, 'tis the best Way to secure him, for a Fool will never part with that easily he has purchas'd dearly, tho' it ben't worth keeping. Sometimes complain you have hurt your Knee, sometimes that your Stomach hurts your Belly, so play him round the Bush where the Game lies, and you'll find him the more eager for the Sport. Now and then shew him the small of your Leg, but seem not to know that he sees it; then clap your Hand down your Breasts, and complain of a Flea, 'twill make him wish his Fingers in the same Place. Now and then spread the Toffel of his Neckcloth, or stroke a stragling Hair of his Wigg into exact Order; give him a tickle of the Side, or take him by the Hand, play the Part of a Gypsie, and tell him his Fortune; for Fools are as much to be won by Love-Toys, as Children are with Nicknacks; therefore do but play the Fool with him as much as he does with himself, and you may draw him after you as Amber will a Straw, and influence him far more than all the Stars in the Hemisphere. To shew your Airyness, you must flutter about the Room like a Bird in a Cage; and when you hear him humming a Minuet, you must be ready to dance to it. You'll have no Occasion to alter your Carriage for what Company you see him in, for none will play with him but Puppies of the same Kind, only of another Litter. The Documents I have given you are sufficient for the Present; and if you chance to entangle such a Fool as I have hinted at, in the Net of Wedlock, I will then farther instruct you how you shall use him: In the mean Time study both your Parts, that you may act either to the Life, when Occasion requires it; and nothing shall be

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be wanting, but Money in me, to compleat your Happiness, therefore take care to marry him that wants it not, and you will add great Comfort to the gray Hairs of your aged Father.



*A Letter of News to Sir D. Clarke
being an Account of Darien, Bear
Garden, Epfom-Wells, and Miles
Musick-House, or Salder's-Wells at
Islington.*

By Mr. *Ward.*

S I R,



Being sensible News from London is welcome to you Country Gentlemen as a large Fee to an old Lawyer, of the Covenant to a Scotch Man, I thought I could not merit the Reward of a Haunch of Venison better, than to oblige you with the following Entertainment ; which, tho' it be but coarse Fare indifferently cook'd, yet, I hope it may stay your Stomach 'till the Market is better stock'd, and I have Leisure to prepare you a more acceptable Meal.

Here has been lately calv'd in this Town Male-squab Dromedary, as much to the Surprize of the City Politicks, as if they had been threatned by a Blazing

Blazing-Star, or a Whale that had swam up to *Shelds-Point*: The Astrologers have made their conjectures upon this Monster's Birth, and do all agree, the Prodigy presages, that many ill Things which have lain in the Dark a great while, will in little time be brought to Light; and that the downfall of Quakerism will be the Rise of a new action in the Church, to the great Satisfaction of some, and Vexation of the *English* Clergy. 'Tis believ'd by some Fools in this Town, that tho' *Scotland* be a cold Country, there will be warm Doings ere before the Summer be over; and tho' the hardy Loons are so much afflicted with the Scrubage, that a reasonable Man can scarce conceive they could be made to scratch where it does not itch, yet it is now credibly reported, the *Spaniards* have done it most effectually, and have quite routed the poor Gold-Finders out of their *Land of Promise*; upon which the *Scots* are so highly incensed, that they have taken an Oath of Abjuration against poverty, as well as Episcopacy; in order, first, to grow Rich, and then to be revengeful.

Some of the Highlanders lately arriv'd here, give us this Account of *Darien*, that 'tis so Sudorick a Country, they were forc'd to pluck off their shirts once an Hour, and wring them as a Landress does wet Linnen, to refresh their Bodies; and that with perpetual Sweating they smelt as sour as a parish-child wallowing in its own Puke; protesting the excessive Heat of the Climate made them so yellow, and so freckly, that their Faces look'd dilded like a Meadow with Pissabeds and Butter-flowers in the Middle of May, or like the hind appet of a Bedlamite's Shirt stain'd over with sea-t-ds. Gold, he said, there was enough in the country; but found, according to the old Proverb, they must win it before they wear it; which they attempted to do: But never mistrusting the false Dice that were against them, lost all they ventur'd, and

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and were forc'd to return home like a Parcel of Brainless Bubbblers from a sharpening Lottery.

Epsom-Wells have discover'd this Year, that our Citizens Wives are very loosely given, most of them to the great Ease and Quiet of their Husbands, being gone to drink the Waters; having been hardly bound in their Shops more than a whole Winter, they have prudently taken the Benefit of the Season to refresh their Bodies with a little Liberty in the Country. The Gentleman Pensioners of the Petticoat are forc'd to follow after, for their own Subsistence, as Pickpockets do the Judges in their Circuits, to avoid the Pinches of a long Vacation. You know 'tis natural for every Whelp to pursue his Game; and where should the Crows Rendezvous, but in the Ditch where the Carrion lies? On *Saturdays* in the Afternoon the Husbands on Horseback march out of Town in Troops, as if the whole City was an Army of Royal Regiments. All *Sunday* they spend in their Wives Company, which Day they set apart from the rest of the Week to do Family-drudgery, in Contempt of the Fourth Commandment: On *Monday* Morning early they return to open Shop, flowing into the Town in Droves, like Oxen on a *Friday* into *Smithfield* Market, or like Country Attornies at the latter End of a Term.

The Envoy from *Morocco* with his Lacquer'd fac'd Attendance, has lately done his Majesty's Bear-Garden the Honour of his Presence, in Order to see a Tryal of Skill perform'd between two eminent Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, who, for the Credit of the English Nation, almost chop'd one another to minc'd Meat, giving such bloody Entertainment to the Barbarian Spectators that they hoop'd and hollow'd to express their Satisfaction, as if they had been Hunting an Ostrich. A Butcher squeezing in amongst the rest of the Rabble, and knowing not who they were, *W—ds* say

Parcel he, what have we got here; A Parcel of drunken
 mesters who have lost their Cloaths at Hazard, and
 sent hither screw'd up in Blankets to be gaz'd at :
 ad, says he, you had need be so merry indeed; I am
 re if I was in your Case, instead of showing myself at
 the Bear-Garden, I should sneak home like a drunken
 rson, damn Fortune for a Filt, and bid the Devil take
 Dice. Hush, hush, says another standing by, you
 best have a care what you say, for these are the
 lotto Ambassadors, who are come the Lord knows
 far out of their own Country on purpose to see the
 ng. Are they so? Says the Butcher; I could find in
 Heart to tell them, if they will come next Thursday,
 y shall see my Dog run. As these two Fellows
 re thus dialoguing, one of the Gladiators gave
 Adversary such a Chop in the Noddle, as if he
 design'd to have cleft it, as a Boiling-Cook does
 Sheep's Head for the Porridge-Pot, which occa-
 n'd such a Shout, that had a Regiment of City-
 ckolds, upon a Grand Training Day, taken the
 nghill in *Bunhill-Fields*, to show the Mob the
 licy of War, they could not have express'd more
 y for their mighty Successes over the Heap of Sir-
 verence, than was shown here in Contempt of the
 istim, and Honour of the Conqueror.
 Here has been lately a wonderful Discovery made
 a true Son of the Church of England, from
 hence the *Sampsons* of the present Age derive
 their Strength, most credibly asserted by several
 ergymen, and believ'd and reported by many
 alots, as in Manner following (*viz.*) There being
 out this Town a modern Contender with Man-
 and for Strength and Agility, who, tho' he be
 bigger in Stature than a middle-siz'd Wine-Por-
 t, has often, to the Admiration of all Spectators,
 ken two as lusty Fellows as you shall find upon
 the *Butter-box-walk* at high Change, plac'd them
 on a Jovnt-stool, and held them up at Arms-
 as easily as Time does his Hour-glass, support-
 ing

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ing them in this Posture for as long a Space as a fluttering Man would require to pronounce *Cacodemon* in ; having repeated this Experiment of his Strength in many Publick-Houses about Town, he at last rais'd himself to as great Fame as his Horse-drawing Brother had done before him. But being one Day met with by a Parish Clark, a *Didimus* of the Church, who would give no Credit to the Report, unless he had seen the Performance, being conversant with Priests to believe too soon in Miracles, offer'd to wager a dozen of Drink with the *Goliath* in Epitome, that he could not lift him another after the Manner aforesaid ; the Wager being commenc'd, the Parochial Tagger of the Prayers and Collects, mounted his wooden Pedestal with his chosen Partner, upon which, for want of Room, they were forc'd to hug one another as close as a Pair of Lovers in Copulation, to keep themselves from falling ; having thus plac'd themselves in proper Order, standing like the Sign *Gemini* painted on a Conjuror's Door-Case, up rises the Giant in Minature, and furiously attempts to perform the Wonder ; but his Strength fail'd him, and he became a Laughter to the whole Company. Upon which, in a great Passion, he ask'd them what they had in their Pockets, both feeling, to satisfy their disappointed *Sampson*, the Clark found a *Common-Prayer Book* about him, and the other one of *George Keith's Sermons*, which he desir'd them to fling by upon the Table ; it being done, he lifted them up with as much Ease as a Cook would toss a Pancake, to the great Astonishment of all that beheld him : The poor Clark, besides losing the Wager, tumbl'd off the Stool one Way, and his Companion another, both likely to break their Necks ; which they look'd upon as a just Judgment for laying aside the Works of Righteousness to submit to the Power of the Devil. This Report being spread abroad, and receiv'd as an undoubted

doubted Truth, hath rais'd the *Common-Prayer* to high an esteem amongst Presbyterians, and *G. Keith's Doctrine* to so great Credit amongst Quakers, that both Sects come over as fast to the Church of *England*, as ever Beggars did from *France*, and Boors from *Holland*, in the late Revolution.

Some Time since, there was brought from the *Devil's Arse i'th' Peak*, to *Miles's Musick-House* at *Wilmington*, a strange Sort of a Monster, that does every Thing like a Monkey, but is not a Monkey; mimicks Man like a Jackanapes, but his not a Jackanapes; jumps upon Tables and into Windows upon all Fours like a Cat, but is not a Cat; does all Things like a Beast, but is not a Beast; does nothing like a Man, yet is a Man! He has given much wonderful Content to the Butchers of *Clare-Market*, that the House is every Day as full as the *Yard-Garden*; and draws the City-Wives and Prides out of *London*, much more than a Man hang'd in Chains for ravishing his Sweetheart, and knocking her on the Head to oblige her to keep Counsel: It happen'd lately upon a Holiday, when honest Men walk'd abroad with their Wives and Daughters, to the great Consumption of hot Buns and Bottle-Ale, that the Fame of this Mimick had drawn into the Musick-House as great a Crowd of Spectators, as the notable Performances of *Clinch* of *Barnet* ever drew to the Theatre; the Rabble being thus assembled in the lower Room, and the better Sort of Guests being climb'd into the Gallery; a little Creature, who before walk'd erect, and bore the Image of a Man, transform'd himself into a Monkey, and began to entertain the Company with such a Parcel of pretty Pugs Tricks, and mimical Actions, that they were all as intent upon the *Baboon's Vagaries*, as if a Mandrake had been tumbling thro' the Hoop, or a Hobgoblin dancing an Antick: Whilst the Eyes and Admiration of the Assembly were thus deeply engag'd, the Skin of a large

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large Allegator, stuff'd with Hay, hanging with the Top of the House, and the Rats having burrow'd thro' the Cieling, could come down at Pleasure and sport upon the Back of the Monster, one of the revengeful Vermin to put a Trick upon some of his Brother Bacon Bellies, who being forward peep into every Hole, were entic'd by the smell of the Hay to creep down the Serpent's Throat, his Jaws being extended; and whilst they were ransacking their *West-Indian* Hay-Loft, the unlucky Cheese-Biter, as 'tis suppos'd, to shew his Malice to the rest, who it's likely upon some Disgust, had excluded him their Company, gnaws in two the Cord, to be even with them, down comes the Allegator with his Belly full of Rats upon the Head of the Monkey, and laid him sprawling like a dead Frog kill'd by a dry Summer, giving some of the Spectators a Wipe with his Tail as he fell to the Ground, who ran away as much frightened as if they had been assaulted by a flying Dragon; the Rats within-side, being under a great Consternation at this violent a Shock, came running out of his Mouth in a wonderful Hurry, like so many Sailors from between-Decks, when a Ship at Midnight has struck upon a Rock: The Rats thus bolting into the Room from between the Allegator's Jaws, those Emblems of Destruction, were as much surpriz'd as the People, some falling foul upon the Teeth thro' haste to see what was the Matter, ripp'd their Guts out by the Way, and hung upon the ill-favour'd Instrument of Mastication, like the Limbs of Traytors upon Spikes; others, in the Hurry, for want of Care, had wedg'd themselves in between his pointed Grinders, and hung sprawling like so many Soldier's Companions, between the inflexible Teeth of an Ivory Loufe-trap; those that without Hurt escap'd the dangerous Weapons with which his Jaws were fortify'd, by clearly leaping over those snaggee Pallisadoes, within which they were en-

compass'd.

compass'd, being amaz'd at the disorder'd Crowd,
 ran up the Womens Petticoats for Shelter, that had
 been all in hard Labour in the Middle of their
 Oh, the surprizing Accident could not have
 been heighten'd with more intolerable Screaming :
 could not forbear laughing to see what a furious
 attack the Rats made upon the Rabble at their first
 aping out of their new-fashion'd Nest ; they were
 resolute in their Onset, that the Sally made by the
 Greeks upon the Trojans, out of the Belly of the
 Horse, could not be more terrible to the Inhabi-
 tants of the Town, than this small Party of little
 quadrupeds were to the Female trembling Specta-
 tors ; some of the more wicked, thought *Beelzebub*
 was come amongst them, in Order to devour them,
 and that he was spewing up a Legion of young De-
 vils for the same Purpose ; most of the People were
 scar'd, they ran out of the House without pay-
 ing their Reckoning, and few who were got safe in-
 to the Fields, were Persons of such tender Con-
 sciences, as to run any Hazard in returning to shew
 their Honesty : The Women were most of 'em run
 into the Garden, where, to fright down the little De-
 vils who had taken Sanctuary in their Plackets, they
 fell to shaking their Petticoats like a Woman crept
 out of the Straw, when she scatters her Mice to
 help Conception in a fruitless Neighbour. A
 butcher amongst the rest of the Company, being at-
 tended with a brindle Runner at the rough Game,
 who, as he lay couchant between the Leggs of his
 Master, espying the fell Monster in the Middle of
 the Room, gave a Leap from the Place like a Lion
 at his Prey, seizes the inanimate Scarecrow with as
 little Mercy as a Bailiff does a Prisoner after ma-
 king an Escape, baiting the ill-favour'd gaping
 Hell with as much Fury, as ever St. George did
 the Dragon, in Defence of a Maidenhead, that it
 made as good Sport for us in the Gallery, as the
East-India Company found at the worrying of the
 Tyger :

Tyger: A greater Confusion for the little Time lasted, was never seen amongst Bullies in a Bawdy house, or Butchers at a Bear-garden; some swearing, some staring, some laughing, and my Host crying at the great Disorder, that had ten Couple *Bartholomew-Fair* Fools in their painted Pontifical buffes, been to have baited a Poet to Death with Puns, Witticisms, and Cunnundrums, on the neglected Stage in *Dorset-Garden* Theatre, it could not have more diverted the Spleen, or cur'd the Hypochondria in a melancholy Spectator, than the many pretty Accidents that luckily attended the Downfall of the Allegator.

Pardon me, dear Friend, that I have nothing to recommend to you, more worthy of your View, my Design at this Time is only to make you laugh. I know at leisure Whiles you love to be merry, and if what I have writ will but in any Measure gratifie your Humour when you are so dispos'd, is all that's coveted by

Your assured Friend

A Love-Letter from a Gentleman to a Crooked Lady, &c.

By Mr. Ward.

Madam,



YOU have often charg'd me with Flattery in my Addresses to your Ladyship, and think I cannot love you for a Wit, because of your Deformity: To dispute plainly with you, using no more Dissimulation than one Geneva Christian would

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Vol. II.

with another, upon my Word, Madam, the Singularity of your Shape, next to the Prettiness of your Fortune, was the second Motive that induc'd me to bear an honourable Regard to your dear dislocated Person, whom I am very desirous of making my lawful Copartner, for the sundry Reasons following:

In the first Place, Madam, I have taken into my consideration the common Frailties of your Sex, having found by Observation in this debauch'd Age, that Incontinence is usually as inherent in a pretty Woman, as Covetousness in a Clergyman, or Envy in an old Fumbler; and have from thence concluded, that such Virtue is the most secure, amidst the Wars of *Venus*, that has the least Beauty to invite Love's Champions to attack it; then consequently that Woman is most likely to prove a happy Wife to a Man who dreads Cuckoldom, whose Vertue, like your Ladyship's, is fortify'd with so strong a Bulwark, that none, unless thro' Spight, more than the Honour of the Victory, would attempt to conquer.

Secondly, Madam, I should think myself exempted from the great Trouble of discovering your Disposition, which sometimes prove a seven Years Task to a marry'd Pilot to fathom, before he finds out the way to steer rightly for the Safety of his Family; but in you, I take it for granted, your Conditions are as crooked as the Mold they're cast in, and desire you, I had rather marry a Woman like your Ladyship, who, I have good Reason to believe, would be ill-humour'd to every Body, than a comely Beauty, who thro' the Sweetness of her Temper, would be good-natur'd to others as well as myself.

Thirdly, Madam, because you are a Lady of incomparable Breeding, and have double the Complaisance

plaisance of a straight Woman, for you never curse, but you bow at the same Time, also hate shew the ill Manners of turning your Back upon any Body; and an humble Deportment being a great Sign of Grace, makes me believe you a good Christian, tho' a crooked Disciple; and that you labour hard in the Paths you tread, to be thought an upright Woman.

Fourthly, Madam, I consider there is but little Difficulty in making you conformable to my own Temper, because you are already bent to my Bow, and can do no otherwise than stoop to any thing I shall desire you to submit to, which humble Condescension must contribute highly to a Husband's Happiness: Besides, should you chance to over-hear a loud unmannerly Laugh, or idle Jest, arise in Company, you'd be apt for the Ease of others, to take it all upon your own Back.

Fifthly, I am perswaded, Madam, you will make Matrimony a very healthful State, for I dare swear whosoever marries you, will never bring himself into a Consumption by a libidinous Excess with his own Wife.

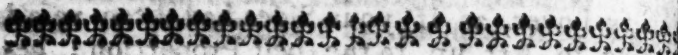
Sixthly, Madam, I consider the God of Love a great Archer, and you being as crooked as a Bow, and I as strait as an Arrow, were we both locked up together in the Case of Matrimony, the blessed Deity, who delights so much to shoot at Hearts, would doubtless think us fit Instruments upon Occasion, for the Business of Love; and by Virtue of his Power, would in all Amity, preserve our Happiness; and I doubt not, but whenever I am drawn up to the Head, I shall hit the Mark.

Seventhly, Madam, I must needs confess, I love a Woman, as a true Sportsman does Venison; whether the Meat be well season'd, and the Crust be good in its Kind, has very little Regard to the Fashion of the Pasty; so I doubt not but your Ladyship (tho' Nature has molded you into a homely

Form

orm) has as good Flesh to satisfy the Appetite of
hungry Lover, as if your Sides had been rais'd
according to Art up to the best Proportion; be-
ides, in Fruit, we always find that Crumplings
are the sweetest.

I hope, Madam, the Reasons I have given you
will prove sufficient to convince you I can love you
as a Wife, notwithstanding your outward Imper-
fections; for all I would desire with a female Help-
mate to sweeten the Bitterness of that Bundle of Rue,
the Riches, and Vertue, the one to secure me from
want, and the other to defend me from Cuckold-
ry; for of all Misfortunes that attend this Life,
there are none which I dread more, than being a
Cuck, or a Beggar: Therefore, Madam, if you
will undertake to protect me from the two *Evils*
here mention'd, I will venture to plunge myself
into that Ocean of Troubles, Matrimony; and with
a good Nature and Industry (notwithstanding
my small Inducements) will honestly perform
the refreshing Duties of a Husband; for, to tell
the Truth, what I chiefly covet is, to live
in all; and the Camel laden with *Indian Riches*,
who has an ugly Bump on his Back, is to me,
more welcome than an *Alexander's Bucephalus*;
I must needs confess to your Ladyship, I never
knew what Beast I ride upon, provided I am but
singly carry'd: So begging you will be pleas'd to
put these Things into your Consideration, and
think me worthy of a satisfactory Answer, and you
shall for ever oblige, Madam, the most honest Plain-
dealer of all your Admirers.



*A Letter from an enamour'd Beau, to a
beautiful Lady, upon his seeing her make
Exit from that odoriferous Treasure of
man Superfluities, the House of O —*

By Mr. Ward.

Madam,

WHEN Accident first dropped in my Way
lovely an Object as yourself, no Con-
at the Sight of a Reprieve, or Miser-
the finding a Bag of old *Jacobusses*, co-
have thought his Eyes more blest than mine w-
with your Beauty, which had so powerful an E-
upon my working Imagination, that I could
conceive you to be any thing less than a Piece
unknown Divinity, by Chance fallen into
lower World, and by the Coldness of the Air
pass'd thro' frozen into a visible Figure, where
we might clearly discern the Form and Dep-
ment of those Beings about us arm'd with Imm-
tality.

My Admiration of your Perfections so depre-
me of my Reason, and nourish'd my odd Con-
to so great a Height, that I could not for my
believe, a Person adorn'd with such awful Gra-
could be produc'd by the ordinary Means of Ge-
ration, or that human Acquirements could impr-
an Object to so great an Excellence, being fully
swaded, those Celestial Forms requir'd not for Su-
nance, such gross Foods as are eat and drank to

ly the craving Appetites incident to our feeble
 scases, which labour under the innumerable In-
 conveniences of a short liv'd Mortality; but ima-
 g'd by your Angelick Looks, you were of such a
 amelion Nature, that a Bottle of *Montpelier Air*
 ould have feasted your Cherubimical Prettiness,
 at least the Term of an Apothecary's Prentice-
 ip, and that you had no more Occasion for a Cook
 Kitchen in your Family, a House of Office in
 your Garden, or a close-stool in your Bedchamber;
 in a *Dutch Cripple* has for a Pair of Scates, or a
 ad Bawd for a Brandy-bottle.

I have often pursu'd your nimble Footsteps in a
 wry Morning, to try if I could discover by the
 rint of your Pettitoes, whether so beautiful an
 object could be compos'd of such gross Matter as
 common Mortals; but mine Eyes were still
 dazzled with the Stateliness of your Carriage,
 the Proportion of your Waste, and the charming
 umpness of your hindermost Allurements, that
 was no more able to discern any Impression of a
 ave Subtance upon the Ground you trod upon;
 an if I had been following fair *Rosamond's* Ghost
 upon a marble Pavement, or had been dancing after
 Fairy cross a Farmer's Hall, who was running
 Midnight to drop a Silver Penny into a Bucket
 Water to encourage the Maid's Cleanliness. Ha-
 ving labour'd for some Time under this lunatick
 Deception, I thought myself at last in the Condi-
 on of *Iaion*, and that I had unhappily fallen
 eeply in Love with a Piece of Divinity, that
 ould jilt me at the long Run, and prove but a
 eer Shadow in my Embraces; but however, after
 any as serious Deliberations as my Frenzie would
 mit of, I thus determin'd in myself, that if you
 ere not to be enjoy'd, you were still to be ador'd;
 resolv'd, if the Purity of your Nature was such
 could not admit of the former, I would take
 leaseure in the latter; and if I found you unqua-
 lified

246 A LOVE-LETTER from

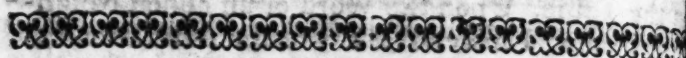
kified for a Bed-fellow, I question'd not but I should find you qualified for a Goddess; it being my full Intent to conquer you as the one, or submit to you as the other; but Providence, in this ripe Age of true Devotion, not suffering me to straggle from the right Worship, was pleas'd to clear my Eye-sight by the following Accident, and at once convinced me, I was about to turn Pagan to a false Divinity.

Rising early one Morning to my Chamber-window, about the Time that *Apollo's Flanders* had just climb'd with their gilt Chariot above our Horizon, and having the Opportunity of over-looking your Ladyship's Backside (that is your Garden, Madam, I mean) which I always observ'd was so well weeded, that there was not left so much as a Nettles for a Scold to piss on; and as I was thus pleasing my Sight with the various Colours, and delighting my Nostrils with the mixt Effluvia's of your odoriferous Flowers, who should I see but your sweet Ladyship pop out of a stinking Conveniency, very loosely attir'd in your Morning-dress, to my great Surprize, as well as Disappointment; for the Mischance which your artful Allurements had cast before my Eyes, thro' which I had always seen you, was now dispers'd by the Truth of your own Nature, which I found simply apparent without the least Ornaments or Arts to hide your Imperfections: your Face uncover'd with Pomatum, look'd as freckly as the Temples of a Carrot-pated Milk-Wench; and your Cheeks and Lips which before seem'd so rose by the Assistance of *Spanish Wool*, look'd now as pale as if a Green-sickness Appetite inclin'd you to feed on nothing but Oat-Meal and Tobacco-pipes; Love's fleshy Cushions of Delight, which when truss'd up with an artificial Rump, appear'd so plump and inviting, look'd as flat and as thin as the Buttocks of a *Barbary Gelding*, seem'd as flabby as the Udder of an old Cow, and trembled

a BEAU to a LADY. 147

you walk'd, like a Quaking-pudding just plac'd
on the Table. Upon the Word of an honest Neigh-
bour, Madam, I never felt a greater Alteration be-
tween Winter and Summer, than I found in my
Microcosm; for my Blood, which before was
terribly inflam'd with the scorching Influence of
Sun, Wash, Paint and Patches, Rump-pads and
Stock-bolsters, was so frozen and congeal'd, when
unhappily found my Goddess turn'd into a Ghost,
and the wonderful Blessings I expected from your
Favour, to be all frustrated; that I fell down at
your Window in a Swoon under the Disappointment,
and instead of Love, thought I should have dy'd
in an Apoplexy: But recovering again, was so
glad to think that your Ladyship, whom I had
before as a Deity to sacrifice my Love to, should eat
and drink like us common Mortals, and do the
same beastly Offices of Flesh and Blood, that all
my former Affections were instantly changed into
Veneration, and I can now, with as much Pleasure,
gaze upon a Dutch Mastiff, or an old Cat with sore
eyes, as gaze upon a Piece of Mortality that has
receiv'd me; and therefore can remain no more
at your Ladyship's Neighbour in Charity, and
that's all.





To Mr. Dryden: To be left at
Will's Coffee-House in Covent
Garden.

Upon promising on his Word to give him
Pound of Snuff.

S I R,

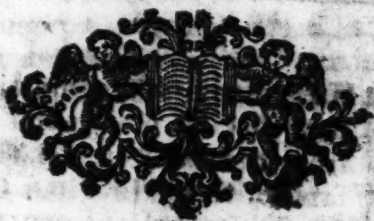


When I saw you last, you gave me
your *Word*, that you would send
me a Pound of Snuff in two Day
Time; but what signifies your
Word, for if you had kept your
Word, I had had it long ago. Now
tho' you left your *Word* with me
I don't know what to do with it; I am afraid no
Body will take your *Word*, (I mean for a Pound
of Snuff) unless you retrieve it very soon. But
may be you only design'd a Complement to my
Understanding; believing I knew you so well, and
not to depend upon your *Word*, for *Words* are but
Wind, and so indeed a *Word* to the Wise is suffi-
cient. However, you will find, if you continue
thus to forfeit your *Word*, that your *Word* by the
By, will become a *By-Word*! Nevertheless some-
thing may be said in Favour of your *Word*, as for
Example; that tho' it brought me not a Pound of
Snuff, and consequently prov'd a *Word* of no Weight

'tis certain, I have taken Snuff at it, in some measure. Perhaps you may not like my Quibbling, because 'tis playing upon a *Word*; but when your *Word* ceases to pass in Earnest, then it naturally passes into a Jest; and so in a *Word*, your *Word* is the Occasion of these *Words* I have writ, and of many more *Words* which I have still to say, when I have a farther Opportunity of *Warding* on't with you by *Word* of Mouth, which shall be the next time we meet, upon the *Word* of

Your humble Servant,

Richard Swan.





From a Lady at the Bath, to Henry Brett, Esq; in London.

An Account of the Intrigues at the Bath and the chief Diversion of both Sexes during the Summer Season: With a short Character of the Place and Inhabitants, &c. Also a new Poem upon the Ladies.

By Mr. WARD.

S I R,



HE many Importunities you have us'd that I'd oblige you with a Letter from the Bath, in Relation to the Affairs of this salubrious City, gives me Reason to believe you suspect me to be a Petticoat-Wit, a She-mortal with a Male Soul, that has let drop Pattern, Sampler and Bobin, to turn scribbling Characterist. But I would have you to know, that tho' we Women are good Projectors of Love-Plots, excellent Politicians at a hard Labour, witty Prattlers at a Gossiping, and can sometimes puzzle the Parson at the making of a Christian, yet we must not pretend to that notable Talent, Wit; which is a Property only to be boasted in your happy Sex, to whom partial Providence, or your more partial Policy, has made

as silly Creatures, but inglorious Servants, and consequently, are never suffer'd in Qualifications, the World's Esteem, to rise equal with you, our Masters.

We can sometimes rave, 'tis true, as emphatically as a *Drury-Lane* Actor, just stagger'd from the *Horseshoe-Tavern* to the Stage; especially under a Lover's Slight, a Rival's Injustice, or a Gallant's Disappointment; and can rail against those Vices we most practise, as bitterly as the black Robe does against Women, Wine, and Covetousness. In short, we can scold when we are vexed, like peevish Serjeant at the Bar; or perhaps give out bad Words upon Occasion, as a *Billinggate* Fish-woman, fomented with the Slander of barren Sow: So that if there be Wit in Scurrility, I do not know but some of us may be qualified to pass in a mistaking Age, for good modern Satyrists, tho' not like those of Old, whom Painters represent with Asses Ears, and Goat's Legs: Nature having fram'd us of a quite different Composition, giving us a Snake's Head, and a Wasp's Breech, so that when angry, if our Tongues fail us, by a Sting in our Tails, we often revenge our Injuries.

But however, Sir, since you according to the Custom of the Male Sex, have been very forward in your Solicitations, and I, as a Woman ought, have been hitherto backward in granting your Request; yet to shew you, the most unwilling of our Sex may be brought to comply with continu'd Importunities; I have at last submitted to gratify your Desires, and shall therefore proceed to give you the best Description of the *Bath*, my Knowledge of the Place, and the Weakness of my Capacity, are able to oblige you with. I shall first begin with the Company, and rank 'em together in the same Order they fell under my Observation:

Here

Here Qualities Wives and their well-built Stallions cajole one another as publickly, as if Cuckoldom went by Destiny, and extrinsical Necessity was a justifiable Plea for committing Adultery: Husband bands of the higher Rank come hither with their Mistresses, who wallow together without Shame in Vice and Luxury, whilst their absent Wives are indulging themselves at *Tunbridge* in the like Liberties: For 'tis a Rule with Physicians to incur the Anathema of parting Man and Wife, and if the *Bath* be good for one, nothing more proper for the other, than *Tunbridge Waters*. Ladies of all Sorts are as plenty as Fruit in a Costermonger's Shop; some great, some little, some Sweetings, some Crabs, some rotten. In short, a lustful Epicurean may please his Palate, from the Golden-pippin to the Open-arse; Though I said of all Sorts, I meant to except Virgins; for I must confess, I believe Maidenheads at Maturity, are here as scarce a Commodity as Godly Books in a Lawyer's Library. The meanest Courtesan, if but tolerably equip'd according to the Mode, has her Minion as well as Benefactor; one that feeds her, and another that she feeds. A Lady of Pleasure being the Escutcheon of Iniquity, and the Cully and Bully, her two Supporters, hanging thus like *St. Dunstan's Clock*, between *Boucher* and *Bowden*, for both to mock at in their Turns; whilst she, like a true mettled Gentlewoman is willing to hold 'em tack, tho' like the two Clock-work Loggerheads, they were able to strike the Quarters: My own Sex, that labour under any Indisposition, are here as politick as niggardly; for they sum up in one, both Physician and Gallant, and make him do something more for his Fee, than to prescribe to the Apothecary. The precise Lady too, wants not the Cunning, to at once cheat the World, and save Charges; conversing with few else but the Clergy, as most suitable to their Piety; who, to gratify their

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their Care of her precious Soul, has sometimes a
 good Living, but at all Times a Pulpit at a
 Preacher's Service, where he may thump 'till his
 Heart akes, before he will hurt the Cushion, and
 make the most of his Text, before she'll complain
 of the Length of his Sermon; she knowing, by
 Experience, if the Subject be well squeez'd, 'twill
 afford Abundance of Matter: In short, they are
 married thus: The English Lady and her Captain
 Macdonnel, by my Shoul; Madam *Buxom* and Squire
Limberham walking together, like the two Em-
 blems of Pharaoh's Dream, Plenty and Famine,
 one being as plump as a Pincushion, and the other
 as thin as a Comb-Case. The Skeleton of a Lord,
 bringing to a *Pall-Mall* Head-Dresser, as if he was
 begging a little sound Flesh to cover his rotten
 bones, that the Wasteband of his Breeches might
 sit easy without gauling his Hips: The common
 Trader and the Beau, who struts by the Side of
 his Mercenary Mistress, like a Dunghill Cock by
 his Favourite Pullet, to watch her from dispensing
 her Favours to his Neighbouring Rivals; the
 precise Hypocrite and the brawny Chaplain, as
 close as Nun and Fryar: They eat together, walk
 together, bathe together, pray together; and, as
 many believe, do something else together; for in
 such a merry Age as this, the Lambs of the Lord
 must play; and indeed, how fearful a Sinner must
 that Woman be, that dares not venture as near
 Hell-Gates, as her holy Guide that conducts her?

About ten a-Clock in the Morning, all these
 have recourse to the *Bath*, where, to mortify the
 Pride of my own Sex, all Degrees of Females,
 from the Countess to the common Crack, promiscuously
 stewed together, like Beef, Mutton, Pork,
 Sheeps-Heads, Dumpling, Pudding, Carrots, Turnips,
 and Cabbage, in a boiling Cook's Copper, at an *Irish* Ord'nary; also Lords, Pimps, Mechanicks,
 Stallions, Gamesters, Cullies and Bullies, every

one

one expecting to receive Benefit from the universal Vertue of this kind Nature's Bagnio, which like a Quack's *Nostrum*, is prescrib'd by most physical Wiseakers, in all Sorts of Distempers, as Pox, Gout, Stone, Rheumatism, old Pains and Aches, Scrophulous Tumours, Knots, Nodes, Boils, Buboës, and Barrenness, with an &c. to include other Diseases, too tedious to be mention'd. Besides the numerous Assembly of afflicted Sinners, there is an intriguing Train of amorous Water-Wagtails, who come hither for Pleasure only; some to make themselves amends for the Deficiencies of their Spouses, others to revenge their Parents Negligence, and provide themselves with Gallants, for want of the Dad's Care to procure them Husbands; and a third Sort, who (poor Creatures) are forc'd to fling themselves upon their Backs, like a Cat in a Skirmish, and labour Hip and Thigh, for a bare natural Subsistence.

It is pleasant to observe what false Steps and Stumbles the Ladies often make in the Bath, to tumble into the Arms of their Lovers; and how ready the next Beau is to catch at so happy a Wind-fall, and with what cleanly Conveyance a *Billet Deux* is palm'd out of the Crown of a Gallant's Cap into his Mistress's Handkerchief, and how she, by the like Legerdemain, without the help of Powder-le-pimp, can conjure up a Note of Assignment out of her *Indian Bowl*, which floats before her, freighted with Sweet-meats, or the like, and put it, with undiscernable Dexterity, (as she imagines) into the Hand of her next Male-Neighbours, tho' perhaps, for all her Cunning, 'tis visible to all those whose Eyes are upon her; for Love it self being blind, is apt to conceive others under the same Circumstances.

Some more nice Ladies, under the Pretence of Modesty and Privacy, see the Sergeant of the Bath, for Admittance at Midnight, with none but

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er Woman to attend her, in whom she confides
 as much, as a Plotter against the State does in a
 Confederate, where she spends but few Minutes,
 er her nimble Gallant springs down from his
 Chamber-Window, by the Assistance of his Vallet
 and a hempen Conveniency, and like an impa-
 tient *Leander*, swims cross to his expecting *Heroe*;
 upon which, the Maid being a notable Baggage,
 of a discerning Faculty, and not so ignorant, but
 to guess at the Purpose for which these Pains
 were taken, retires at a proper Distance, whilst
 perhaps, by the help of the prolific Quality of the
Bath, and a little pleasing Industry, an Heir is
 conjur'd up to some Fumbler's Estate, to the
 Husband's great Satisfaction, and the unexpressible
 Joy of the whole Family; which being done, the
 strenuous Gallant vanishes in Obscurity, and the
 honest Lady returns to her Lodgings, looking,
 like *Solomon's* Adulterers, as if she had done no
 Harm. Such Intrigues as these, are as common as
 false Dies at a Gaming Ord'nary, by which Means
 Quality are often made Cuckolds by Scoundrels,
 and many happy Children enjoy good Estates by
 the Mother's Side, when the natural Father had
 never more Acres than what he could plough
 with his Genitals. Having given you a short
 Specimen of a copious Subject, which instead of a
 Letter, is much fitter for a Treatise, I shall now
 avoid Prolixity, and give you a short Character of
 the Town, and the Inhabitants, which I desire you
 will accept, as follows:

The Town is the most sinful Part of a good
 Bishoprick, where the Company corrupt their
 Insides as often as they cleanse their Out; blacken
 their Souls, tho' daily wash their Bodies; both
 Sexes minding much more what the Physician says,
 than what the Parson preaches. The *Bath* it self
 is a Hell-Kettle of hot Water, where afflicted Sin-
 ners stew out their Diseases, and the Liquor that
 remains

256 *Mr. Ward's* CHARACTER

remains is a Mess of Porridge for the Devil. The Temple of the Lord is made a House of Affignation; the wicked Congregation, a Convention of lustful Hypocrites; the Pews built ogling Height for the Conveniency of Temptation; the Sermon turn'd into Ridicule by the Beaus and Bellfairs and the Parson, but the *Merry Andrew* that gathers the Parade together. The Situation of the Church is very commodious for Gamesters, one Door opening upon the Raffle-Shop, and Bowling-Green, so that the Bones of the Devil are rattl'd over the Bones of the Dead, by the Quality themselves, whilst their Footmen (pursuant to their good Example) make Hazard-Tables of the Tombstones; and, thoughtless of Mortality, upon holy Ground, at a bad Chance, call the Devil to their Assistance: The Gentry upon the Green, are well worth a wise Man's Observation, where they use more Language to their Bowls, than the Driver of a Waggon does to a Team of Horses, and much after the same Manner, only the Dialect is somewhat different: For as the Carter crys, *Gee*, the other crys, *Flee*; and as *Ralph* crys, *Wo*, the Bowler crys, *Rub*; both Terms us'd in the same Sense, tho' they vary something in sound, some calling as earnestly to their Bowls to mend their Pace, as if the *Lignum Vitæ* Messenger was as intelligible, as he who sent it of an Errand to the Block; another stamping at the Trigger, to stop the Fury of his Bowl, as if at one Stroke with his Foot, he could give an Earth-Quake to the Universe; every one shewing such Antick Postures in his Turn, as if all the Tumblers in the Kingdom were met together, to shew the Spectators the Flexibility of their Joints. The Lodgings, 'tis true, are pretty neatly furnish'd, but as dear to those that occupy them, as Shops in *Cheapside*; and if you chance to be so ill, as to require the Use of a Warming-Pan, it will cost you as much in brush Wood, to

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The Coals to warm your Bed, as in Town you may buy a Pair of ordinary Sheets; for Firing being so very dear, that a Family might have their Victuals dress'd in London, could it be sent down hot by the Coach, and save Money by the Bargain. The Inhabitants, four Months in the Year, are as proud as *Lucifer*, and as sawcily imperious to their Lodgers, as a rich Victualler to a Parcel of Journey-men Taylors; but as humble the other eight, as a London Vintner, in a long Vacation: The servants, like their Masters and Mistresses, are as mercenary as Town Strumpets; and if they answer you but what's a-Clock, they'll expect Sixpence for their Labour; the Women being as ready to open their Legs as their Mouths, if they can get but any Thing by the Bargain; but without Interest, do every Thing as unwillingly as a Dog that turns a Spit, or a Miser, that lends his Money upon doubtful Security. A thousand Times as much could I say of this renown'd Place, were it proper to make a Letter as long as an Independent Sermon; but knowing what I have already writ, will tire your Patience, I will change the scene, and present you with a Panegyrick on the chief Beauties at the Bath:

V—rs. has all the Charms, has all the Arts
Of Dress, to captivate and ruine Hearts;
No Tongue can speak, no Language can express,
How Bright, how Charming, how Divine she is:
In her fair Face, her Shape, her Air, her Mien,
Heav'n is display'd, and Paradise is seen,
Each lovely Posture doth our Hearts enthral;
Whether she stands, or leans, or sits, we fall:
Each charming Motion doth command our Love;
With her our Hearts, with her our Pulse doth move.
But oh! What Rhet'rick can describe her Gate,
When at her Heels ten thousand Cupids wait!

She

258 Mr. Ward's CHARACTER.

*She negligently treads with Janty Air,
And careless gives the sad Beholders Care :
Nor is her Body, than her Mind, more bright ;
Nor are her Eyes more sparkling than her Wit.
In short, wou'd Mortals know what Angels are ?
They look, they move, they walk, they speak like Her.*

*Fair D——n has the Irish Billows cross'd,
To make Invasion on the British Coast ;
Armies of Cupids do the Fair attend,
And irresistably her Power extend :
In vain the English boast of Victories,
Ireland gains greater Conquests by her Eyes.*

*When W——ny Dances, not the Spheres above,
With so much Grace and Harmony do move ;
At every Step she takes with graceful Art,
She sets her Foot upon a vanquish'd Heart ;
Where e'er she turns herself, with dangerous Skill,
Like the bright Lightning, does she move and kill.
When she, we all do move, and shake, when she
Bends with her Foot, and trembles with her Knee ;
With every Motion of her Hand she throws
Us down, and tramples on us as she goes :
The lovely Conqueror walks o'er the Plain,
And in proud Triumph strides o'er Heaps of Slain.
Do not, fair Madam, on the Prostrate tread ;
Do not insult, bright Tyrant, o'er the Dead :
Ah ! Wound not with your Foot ; alas, there flies
Enough Destruction from your charming Eyes.*

*When D——d sings, her Breath, like some strong Wind,
Shakes and disturbs, and agitates the Mind.
When D——d dances, Love arms every Part ;
Her Head, her Foot, her Arms, her Hand's a Dart :
But Oh ! when D——d talks, the Graces throng
About her Lips, and dance upon her Tongue ;
Mirth, Humour, Wit, gay Conversation shine
In her Discourse, and make her Words Divine :*

Easy

easy and unconstrain'd her Wit doth flow,
free, while we that hear her, are not so :
but only I attempt to praise her Wit,
or to speak of it, I should write with it.

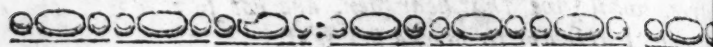
Nor must we here forget her lovely Niece,
Mankind's first State appears in her fair Eyes;
at once there's Innocence and Paradise.

C——n with marvellous harmonious Art,
lays on the Flute, and on the Hearer's Heart;
the Instrument, and we, at once are struck,
and when she shakes the Note, our Souls are shook :
strange Power of Art, which thus canst arm a sound.
and give weak Air the Strength and Might to wound !

Bright L——ll makes every Heart her Prize,
at once victorious with her Voice and Eyes;
the amazing beauties of her Face,
with mighty Pleasure, mighty Pain, we gaze;
and when the Syren sings, her tuneful Breath,
the pestilential Fire, gives certain Death;
the Face and View the Angel doth appear,
for all we know of what these Spirits are,
only that they sing, and that they're fair.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.



To his Loving Friend Mr. _____
lately fallen into the Surgeon's Hands.

S I R,



THE News you sent me surprizes me much.

What! My Friend in the Surgeon's Hands, and thy Friend's Friend in the Bailiff's Hands!

'Tis some ill Planet sure, that reigns, and bears a Spight to *Old Southampton-Buildings*.

When I reflect upon your several Misfortunes I find some Analogy betwixt them; for it would not be improper to say, that you are clapt, and he is clapt up. Again, I find a considerable Difference; for your Body is in Danger, whilst his is secured: And as he rails at the Cruelty of one Sex you vent your Spite at the Kindness of the other. But prithee, *Jack*, let me know whom you are indebted to for this Favour; that if I should steer my Course that Way, I may avoid that fatal Shell where your frail Vessel sprung a Leak, and suffer Ship-wreck.

Is it th' Apothecary's Wife,
Who in her Husband's Lap so tamely sat, (what
And laugh'd whilst you were grabling—— you know
If so; who knows, but the confounded Jade
Design'd it to promote her Husband's Trade?
Amongst her Friends, if Favours thus she place,
Profit must needs come Running in apace.
The Project's new; but various are the Wiles,
Base Woman uses, when she Man beguiles.

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Therefore to you, my hapless pickled Friend,
This, as my best Advice, I recommend.
Arrest the Cuckold; for without Dispute,
You can prove Damage, and that's Cause of Suit.
He'll ne'er stand Tryal in so foul a Case,
But rather than submit to the Disgrace
Of the vile Injury you took Offence at,
His Pocket for her Placket shall compensate.
Adieu.

I am,

Your Humble Servant,

RICHARD SWAN.



F R I D A Y.

By Mr. George Farquhar.



I F I han't begun thrice to write, and as
often laid down my Pen, may I never
take it up again. My Head and my
Heart have been at Cuffs about you.
Says my Head, ' You are a Coxcomb
' for troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whose
' Wit is as much above your Pretensions, as your
' Merit is below her Love.' Then answers my
Heart, ' Good Mr. Head, You are a Blockhead: I
know Mr. Farquhar's Merit better than you. As
for your Part, I know you are as whimsical as
the Devil, and changing with every new Notion
that offers; but for my Part, I am fix'd, and can
stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever;
and if the fair She can secure an Interest in me,
Monsieur

' Monsieur Head, you may go whistle. — ' Come
 ' come, (answer'd my Head) you, Mr. Heart, at
 ' always leading this Gentleman into some Trouble
 ' or other. Was't not you that first entic'd him to
 ' talk to this Lady? Your damn'd confounde
 ' Warmth made him like this Lady; and your buff
 ' Impertinence has made him write twice to her
 ' Your leaping and skipping disturbs his Sleep by
 ' Night, and his good Humour by Day. In short
 ' Sir, I will hear no more of her. — I am Head
 ' and I will be obey'd. — You lie, Sir, reply
 ' my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Mat
 ' ters of Love. And if you don't give your Consent
 ' you shall be forc'd: For I am sure, that in this
 ' Case, all the Members will be on my Side. What
 ' say you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh! (say the Hands)
 ' We would not want the Pleasure of touching
 ' soft Skin for the World. — Well, what say
 ' you, Mr. Tongue? — Zounds, says the Tongue
 ' there's more Pleasure in speaking three soft Words
 ' of Mr. Heart's suggesting, than whole Orations of
 ' Seignior Head's. — So I'm for the Lady, and
 ' here's my honest Neighbour Lips will stand by me
 ' by the sweet Power of Kisses, we will, reply'd the
 ' Lips.' And presently some other considerable Part
 standing up for the Heart, they laid violent Hands
 upon poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains. So
 now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any
 in *Christendom*, my Heart purely dictating every
 Word I say. The little Rebel has thrown itself into
 your Power; and if you don't support it in the
 Cause it has taken up for your Sake, think what
 will be the miserable Condition of the headless
 and heartless

Farquhar

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To a Lady, whom he never saw : Being a true Relation of a Saturday Night's Adventure.

By Mr. George Farquhar.



Have now, Madam, had Time to reflect on *Saturday Night's Adventure* : And if I have reflected on any thing else since that, may I never be blest with such an Adventure again. A Lady in a Masque, with a pretty Hand, that presently got hold of my heart, desires to know where she shall see me after the Play : At the *Rose*, Madam, said I. There the Lady calls like a Woman of Honour, where was found like a Man of Honour, and without much Ceremony, leaves three honest Gentlemen, and two roasted Fowls, to venture myself, Neck, and Gizzard, with two strange Ladies in a Coach. complements (which, by the Way, were pretty plain on my Side) being past on both Sides ; the Ladies would do nothing under the *Rose*, but must drive to the *Fountain* in the *Strand*. If the Ladies had inform'd me of their Quality, I had call'd for *Burgundy* ; but seeing nothing about them that promis'd beyond *Covent-Garden*, I thought a Bottle new *French* might be suitable. They both were Love with me ; but one a little further gone than

than the other; their Discourse was modest, and they drank like Women of Quality; for our Bottle was soon out. I was then impatient to return to my Fowls; for I could not feed upon covered Dishes. The Lady that was most in Love with me, promised to take off her Mask, if I would see her Home. I promised to wait on her Home, if she would let me lie with her all Night. I was a Blockhead for that; for the Lady was angry, not with the Matter, but the Manner of my Expression: But I thinking still of *Covent-Garden*, was not so very nice in my Phrase; but at last, away they drove, and set down one Lady, the Lord knows where: The other (relying I suppose, more upon my Modesty than her own) had the Courage to stay alone with me in the Coach; which after several Turnings, stopp'd where we lighted in *Golden-Square*; she advis'd me to make the Coach wait; which I thought a very good Hint to discharge it. She conducted me up Stairs to a *very stately Apartment*; and according to her Promise, took off her Mask; but pull'd her Hoods so about her Face, that I was far to seek for her Beauty as before. After some foolish Chat, in comes a Maid, with a red-hot Warming-Pan, and retires into a Bed-Chamber; and returning presently, told her Lady, that her Ladyships Bed was ready, and dropt a modest Curtesie, and made her *Exit*. The Lady told me 'twas Time for me to go to Bed. Madam, said I, with all the Speed I am able; and began to unbuckle: But in Spight of all my Haste, she was in Bed before me. Our Conversation was free, natural, and pleasant 'till Ten a-Clock next Morning. The Chamber was so dark, that I could not see the Lady's Face, so was forc'd to depart as great a Stranger to that, as when I met her first; though I knew every other Part about her so well, that I shall never forget her. I hope your Ladyships will pardon

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II.

to a LADY he never saw. 265

My Familiarity : For, by Heavens, I can no more
bear whispering my past Joys to myself, than
could abstain repeating them with you, would
you bless me with a second Opportunity. I have
sent you a Note for the Pit, to see the Jubilee to
morrow, tho' I would rather try the Power of my
Love, by finding you out in the front Boxes. I am
Nig that you can't be handsom ; for Nature never made
any thing entirely perfect. In short, If I can't
find you out by Instinct, never trust me, when
I say, I love, which must be as great a Curse, as
your Favour will prove a Blessing to, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

George Farquhar,

To Mrs. C——.

Madam,

I Am got to the Rose, whence I send to
know how my Dear is. Bless me with
a Line, my Dear. If I durst, I would
visit you.

'Tis a cold frosty Night,
My Desires are warm ;
My Love makes a Fire
To keep me from Harm.

But should you prove cruel,
And your Favours withhold,
My Fire goes out,
For want of it's Fuel,
And I, poor I, must perish with Cold.

II.

N

So

So much for Rhime; now for Reason. I love you, my Dear, and I have a thousand Reasons for it: And if you don't believe me, by Heaven you're wrong the faithfullest Man on Earth.

Pray Madam, don't put me to the Expence of Vows and Oaths. I hate swearing under my Hand. I love you in plain downright Terms. But what Sort of Love, I can't tell you, 'till I have the Honour and Happiness of seeing and conversing with you once more. You have Art enough to engage my Friendship, and Beauty enough to engage my Love: You shall make a Friend of me, and I'll aspire to make a Mistress of you; but if you will bless me with the Knowledge of Time and Place of waiting on you, you shall make a Friend, Lover, Fool, or what you please of Madam,

Your Admirer,

George Farquhar

By the Same.

Madam,



YOU were so engag'd with Wits last Night, Madam, that an honest Man could not be happy; and I am now engag'd with Wits now, that I can't write Sense. I am very uneasy and don't know for what. I don't drink no Health that can restore me. Cure, I am stupid and lifeless; for my Love is where — G — D —, Madam, — I wish I had never seen you. You made a Turn in the —

Nig

to Mrs. C——.

267

ght, that has chang'd the Scene of my Happiness—
'tis out—and I good Company again, —Sir,
humble Service to you ; and I am this Lady's

Most humble Servant,

George Farquhar.

By the Same.

Madam,

When I left you, my Dear, I went to
the Play ; from thence to Wit and Wine ;
which detain'd me 'till Four this
Morning : Then I went to Bed, and
dreamt of her, whose Health I came
from drinking. 'Twas yours by Gad.

Now, Madam, I have given you an Account of my
Spent Hours, for such I must reckon those that
throw away in any Company but yours ; but
we and Fortune cannot be reconcil'd. They
both blind, and therefore can never meet ;
you and I can see ; for we love one another.
answer for you, and you shall do the same for

Witness my Hand,

George Farquhar.

By the Same.

Madam,



IS a hard Case, that you should disturb
a Man of his natural Rest at this Rate
If I have slept one Wink to Night, may
I sleep to all Eternity. The very Thought
of you made me wakeful, as if I had had your dear
self in my Arms. Zounds, Madam, what d'ye mean
Consider, I am a Man ; a mortal, wishing, amorous
Man.

*My Heart is Wax, your Eyes are Fire,
You are all Charms, and I all o'er Desire.
I'm stark staring mad
In Mind, by Gad,
To Day I languish with Sorrow ;
But since I can't crown it,
I'll drink 'till I drown it,
And make myself well by to Morrow.*

Madam, I am,

Your most ———

What you please, by J

To a Masque on Twelfth-day.

By the same.

 O be a Man, and honourable, you'll say, Madam, are Contradictions. But to be a Man, and not curious, were a greater Contradiction. Now, Madam, amidst all these Contradictions, I'll say a Thing *very reasonably*. Your Letter is very pretty; you may be very handsome, and I have a Mistress already: She has Charms enough to secure my Heart hitherto, but can't well tell whether they are of Force to maintain their Ground against yours. If you think the *Victory* worth your Trouble, 'twill be the best Way to take a Garrison possessed by so powerful an *Enemy*. You may at last see and view the Fortifications; and if you can find an Engineer worth a Farthing, you may presently tell whether the Fort be impregnable or not. Though this be last Day of *Christmas*, it may prove the first of my *Jubilee*, if ever your Ladyship please to honour me with your Commands, where I shall wait on you. I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Wildair,

Geladen

Celadon to Mrs. C---ll.

By the same.



YOU may be assur'd, *Astrea*, that neither Grief nor Love will break the Heart of any Man, since neither of them have kill'd me, tho' I have been forc'd to be two Days without the Honour of seeing you. When I parted from you to begin this tedious Separation, I remember you promis'd me a Letter; the Expectation of which was a Comfort to me in my Absence; but when I came to Town this Morning, and found none; never you saw or could fancy a Man wild with Dispair, just such a Thing was I; the mildest of Thoughts was, that I was forgotten, and deserved to be slighted; that something of Disadvantage to me had occur'd since I saw you; and that some Body, I do not know who, has been doing I don't know what, to ruin me in your Esteem: For you are in your Nature generous, and a strict Observer of your Word. Sure, therefore, it must be something extraordinary that could provoke you to be at once both so kind and unjust to

Yours,

Celadon

P. S.

I would have wrote more, but I find myself in-
trembling Disorder, as you may perceive by my
manner of writing, which I can no more give an
account of, than you can, why you are pleas'd to
omit of Letters from

Your humble Servant.

Mrs. C——ll's Answer.

Can guess (without the Help of a Conjurer)
at *Celadon's* Disease: The Thimble upon
the Seal of your Letter, assures me, your
Trembling was caus'd by some Female
sight. I can't find in my Heart to pity you,
since 'tis a Malady you voluntarily draw upon your
self. But let me caution you by the Way; don't
feel it too frequently, lest the *angry God* should
make you feel his Power in *Reality* — I find
we both lay under a Mistake: You expected a
letter Yesterday, and I a Visit. I would not stir
abroad, nor was I good Company at Home. I was as
much out of Humour at my Disappointment, as
if I had been really in Love with you. I know
what Sort of *Lethargy* has seiz'd me; but 'tis
the Opinion of all but myself, that I am inclining
to that *Folly*. But I am resolv'd to pray hard against
it; and if the Devil be but so much my Friend, to
keep you out of my Sight for four and twenty
hours, I am certain I shall be out of Danger.
Adieu,

Celadon

ASTREA.

LETTER II.

Celadon to Mrs. C——ll, in Answer to
Copy of Verses she sent him.

By the same.



Adam, by making such a Pother,
Of being tost this Way and t'other,
Methinks 'tis plain you want a Rudder.

Which, if my Counsel might prevail,
You'd get, and fasten to your Tail
The next Time you resolve to sail.
Then you'd not fear a Storm or Quick-sand,
When once your Ladship is Mann'd.
And should you touch my Rock of Wit,
Why should you be afraid of it?
For I shall sink, and you shall split.
But to descend to phrase of Land,
And speak what both may understand.
You say you ventur'd a Surprise,
And went much wounded from my Eyes:
And when recover'd, and grown better,
There came a parlous witty Letter,
Which bound your Heart fast as with Fetter.
Madam, all Women must submit
To my joint Force of Eyes and Wit.
Where e'er I come I make sure Slaughter:
But were you dead, dead as Dish-Water,
I have a cordial Infection,
Will cause a speedy Resurrection,
A blessed Medicine, ne'er failing
Those that like you, are giv'n to Sailing.

Thre

Three Doses does it; sometimes more,
According as I am in Store.

But thou'd it fail, pray what of that?

Tho' I have kill'd you like a Cat,

As I shall find, e'er I have done,

You have, alas! more Lives than one.

But one Thing more, and I have ended:

Your two last Lines have much offended.

You seem unkindly to suspect,

Thou'd my glorious Prize neglect;

Or else misuse the Pow'r you gave,

And frown ungently on my Slave.

But did you know your Man throughout,

Thou'd be asham'd of such a Doubt:

For I'm as merciful as stout.

}

adder.

No more Poetry, I beseech you, 'tis too charge-
able a Way of writing to be pleasant, to a Man
that's forc'd to hire; so unlucky am I too at this
 juncture, that my Hackney's at Grass, which must
 seem, both for a Reason why your Answer has
 been delay'd so long, and for the Faintness of his
 performance. Give me Leave to tell you with as
 much good Manners as I can, that not one of
 those fine Sayings, you would flatter your humble
 servant with, sits easie on him. They become him
 as ill as the Jubilee Beau's Cloaths do a Porter;
 or as fine Trappings would an Ass: Let me in-
 treat you therefore to believe that I know myself,
 and can't bear being laughed at by one I would
 make my Friend. Immoderate undeserv'd Praises,
 are the severest Lampoons; and you must have a
 very mean Opinion of him you give 'em to, if
 you think he'll take 'em: Let Example instruct
 you, I check my Pen when I find it inclines to
 any thing that can be wrested to a Complement,
 tho' all I could say would be less than you truly
 deserve, Oblige me with more Truth and less

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Wit,

Thre

Wit, as you value the Friendship and Conversation
of your humble Admirer,

C E L A D O

P. S. Send me Word if I may have Leave to
sit you to-morrow.

Mrs. C——ll's Answer.



Was just concluding our Acquaintance was at an End, when I perceiv'd a Porter make up boldly the Door; and saluting it with three swinging Blows, which signify'd he came in Haste, and by Matter of Importance to deliver

The Door being open'd, immediately he produced his Authority, your Letter, which I had no sooner open'd but I perceiv'd by your Poetry, you sent him on a speedy Message, suspecting I had met with ill Weather, and ran you adrift, and might want a Pilot to bring me safe in Port; but I can help telling you, I am not so ill a Mathematician (tho' a Woman) but I know how to steer my Course and where to cast Anchor too. I guess, our Acquaintance will be out of a short Longitude, if you *Pegasus* take such a Latitude in his Stile. I am sorry you misunderstand my Intent, which was only to divert you over a Bottle, and myself from Spleen, I never had the least Design of coming to any Particulars. And I am as little concern'd to know if you are courageous, as whether you are merciful or not: For I'll assure you, my Condition

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Celadon to Mrs. C———II. 275

not so desperate as you may imagine. *Raillery* is allowable from Woman sometimes, as well as from our Sex. If I remember, *Truth* and *Sincerity* (which ought to be cloath'd in *Modesty*) were the Principles you profess'd, and seem'd to defend. But I find, those are Points as far out of a *Lawyer's* Way, as good Manners from a *Dutchman*; especially a *Templer's*. Therefore I fear I must be forc'd to remove my Cause into another Court; or withdraw my Action into *Statute*; for this Declaration of yours has put a Decour to my former Resolves. You desire me to write Truth; it is the only good Quality I pretend to. *Wit* was never my Talent, which you are not sensible of, and makes you use me so freely. I hope you will not condemn this; for I think there is nothing like a Complement in the whole Scrowl. Take it as you please from

ASTREA.

P. S. I must see your Answer e'er I know whether I shall give you Leave to visit me or not.



Celadon to Mrs. C———II.

Madam,

Our Passion becomes you well enough: The little Heat you have put yourself into, with the bare Apprehension of an Affront, gives you more than ordinary Brightness, which shines to Advantage in an Air of Resentment throughout your Letter. But if you would have thought it worth your while to have read mine twice, or indulg'd me the *Liberty* you allow'd all Mankind, and which you are not ashamed to make Use of yourself, sometimes of

rallying

rallying: I mean, you would not have found so much Subject for Satyr, as upon a rash Curfory View, you did, when you condemn'd me for a Fault I never intended to be guilty of. No I assure you, 'twas the farthest from my Thoughts. Believe me, I judge myself in this Point as nicely as you can do; and could I convict myself of any Indecency, either in Language or Carriage to a Woman, I'd punish myself with a Severity, which You, in your Justice could not but approve of, and resolve never to see the Face of a Woman again. Self-Denial, I would not practise upon any other Consideration, than a Crime I could never forgive myself; and which I shou'd think I cou'd never do or suffer enough to atone for. 'Tis strange to me that you, who have so good a Relish, should let yourself fall into a Mistake, and not discern, that whatsoever ill Face my Poetry might carry with it, it was innocent at Bottom; Nay, in Truth, 'twas but what you drew me into; so that if there was a greater Latitude taken than ought to have been (when I vow I don't remember, and have no Copy to recollect by) I dont know how you'll acquit the Lady that wrote Verses to me first. If she had kept back the Cause, the Effect had not been. Moderate therefore your Reproaches: Be Friends with me, and fall out with yourself. Keep me to Prose, and there's not a Man moderater, and more nicely observes the *Decorums* Ladies ought to be treated with: But when I am forc'd to make Room for a *Muse* in my Breast, I am possess'd, you have seen that the very Being of the Female Kind so near me, has an Influence upon me extraordinarily: It shall be my Care therefore, not to lose by my *Muse* what I gain by my Fortune, Certainly you have been very ill us'd by some of the Gown, which provokes you to condemn us all for Monsters, Creatures void both of good Morals, and common

common Civility. I have very little to say for my self: But if you'll give me leave, I'll shew you the Face of a Man shall be an Instance that they are not all past the Grace of repenting, and reforming too, by the silent Reproofs of others good Works. I dream'd of you all Night; and in spight of your Rigour, I had you in my Arms, it is impossible to describe the Extasy; 'twould be too transporting to be reveal'd by

GELADON.



Mrs. C——ll's Answer.



F your Dreams be so pleasant, enjoy them still; they are the only certain Pleasures; all others are transitory and subject to change: A thousand Things may occur to make us *unhappy*, should we indulge the Folly of Love. I will not insert the Particulars, the better to disarm your Defence; for one of your Profession knows how to defend a bad Cause as well as a good one. Besides, I cannot expect more plausible Answers, than you have given me already. Nay, I am inclinable to believe you above the common Level of Mankind, which makes me deal more *sincerely* with you, than with the *Generality* of your Sex: Therefore let me dissuade you from the Pursuit of what, if really obtain'd, would not be worth your Care. If you have discover'd any little Whim in my Humour, that agrees with yours (for no Woman but is Mistress of some Charm in some Eyes) think at the same Time, that that is not enough to engage

engage the Heart of *Celadon*; think that I have thousand unanswerable Faults in t'other Scale. Whatever your Imagination shews you in Favour of me, turn but the Perspective, and it will shew you more to the contrary. As for Example, Fancy me all that's ill; think me (for ought you know, I may be) a Mistress easy to be enjoy'd, one that may be bought with sordid Gold, where the most nice *Rhetorick* fails to move. Think me this, I say; then ask your self if you still love *Astrea*. Perhaps you'll say, this is an odd Letter but no Matter, I hope you'll never have Cause to tax me with Deceit, nor think me vain, when I say, I have as true a Notion of Honour, as your Sex can have: And when I see a Man deserves it, I can use him so, if *Celadon* pleases to continue our Correspondence by writing; but I never must see him more.

Celadon to Mrs. C—ll.

✱✱ EVER see my dear *Astrea* more!
 ✱✱ my Eyes are the Subject of your Aversion, by all that's good, to have you
 ✱✱ my Arms, I'd pluck them out. There's not any thing so dear to me. Nothing can I think, except your self, be dearer to me than my Eyes; but I would renounce them, to purchase Felicity, which only you can raise me to. every Thing that you have nam'd to fright me, be worse, be common, be rotten, false, designing, be nothing but what is base and infamous; I will not stop in my Pursuit; but be content

I have share Infection with you, might I but taste those
 ravishing *Enjoyments* which you, and none but
 you can give, and have my Portion of those
 charming Things your Mind produces. Good
 Gods! What have I been saying of a Woman
 that comes nearest to Perfection of any of her
 sex, and contains more Vertues in her than a
 whole Convent does. Every Thing you do or say,
 is a Charm to me: Your very Anger has a *Beauty*
 in't, as you express it: And like a gentle Wind,
 it more encreases than abates my Fire. Reverse
 your cruel Sentence, I beseech you, Madam, and
 suffer me to visit you. You know you can com-
 mand my strongest Passions with a Look, and
 easily disarm me of my most violent Resolutions.
 I love too much to dare to be

Your Servant, &c.



T H E



THE REMAINS

Of the late celebrated

Mr. Thomas Brown;

BEING

LETTERS and POEMS, &c. not Printed
in his WORKS.

A Letter to Mr. P—— in London,
June 2, 1692.



IF I did not love you better than our
Statesmen do a new Plot, a Fop a
new Fashion, and the wou'd-be-
wits at Will do a new Criticism,
I wou'd never leave a Parcel of
honest fellows that are now dusting
it about, to retire to a corner by my self, and
send you the Transactions of *Hartfordshire*.

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THO. BROWN'S REMAINS. 281

So much by Way of Preface, without which even Letter to a Friend now a-Days, not to mention those unwieldy Things call'd Epistles Dedicatory, is thought as naked, as an Archdeacon's Hat would be thought by the Country People, without a Rose in it.

I have now pass'd just two tedious Months in the Country, and cannot forbear now and then to cry out, with a little Alteration from the Words of our beloved *Horace*,

*O urbs quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Phyllide nunc pulchra, nunc Bacchi divite succo
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ !*

The Effects of this cursed War appear no where so lamentably as they do in these Parts of the World. In *London* you only find it in your *Gazettes* and *News Papers*. You have the *Play-House* to divert you, and the *Taverns* are as much crowded as ever. Here we have Company indeed, and drink ; but when we consider how much the latter is degenerated from what it was in the Time of Peace, it pall's our Mirth, and we are as heavy-hearted as the *Jews* of old were at the Sight of their second Temple.

The Wine, in those few Places where we find it, is so intolerably bad, that tho' 'tis good for nothing else, 'tis a better Augment for Sobriety, than what all the Volumes of Morality can afford. My Companion, *Jack Freeman*, who you know is a Libertine in his Nature, says it ought to be employ'd only in sacred Uses, for whatever Preparation it deserves before Hand, it never fails of giving a Man a Week's Repentance afterwards. The Duce take me, if in some of my fullen Moments I don't envy a *London Fly*, I don't mean an Inhabitant of *Smithfield* or *Wapping*, but one that tipples in a creditable Tavern, somewhere about the *Exchange* or *Temple-Bar*. Where this sorry Stuff is not to be had, we are forc'd in our own Defence to take up with

with Punch; but the Ingredients are as long summoning, as a Colonel would be recruiting his Regiment. In my Conscience, the King might sooner get a Convocation of honest dis-interested Church-men together. We must send to a Market Town five Miles off for Sugar and Nutmeg, and five Mile beyond that, for rotten Lemons. Water itself is not to be had without travelling a League for't, and an unsanctify'd Kettle supplies the Place of a Bowl. Then when we have mix'd all these noble Ingredients, which generally speaking are as bad as those the Witches in *Macbeth* jumble together to make a Charm; we fall to contentedly, and sport off an Afternoon. 'Tis true our Heads suffer for't next Morning, but what is that to an old Soldier? We air our selves next Morning on the Common, and the Sin and the Pain are forgotten together.

At other Times we do Pennance in stale *March* Beer, which fills and clogs, but never inspires. It gives any Mirth, 'tis sickly and faint, like the Light one receives from burn'd Brandy, and our Smiles like those of the moody *Almanzor* in the Play, are hardly to be distinguish'd from a Frown. This Course of Life we led 'till our Stock was all exhausted at Home, and then 'twas with us in the Case of Drink, what it was formerly between *Mahomet* and the Mountain upon another Occasion. If the Drink won't come to us, we must e'en go to the Drink, and that we do with a Witness; for we make longer Pilgrimages to a Tub of Ale, than a Jesuit would undergo, to make a Royal Convert. Our Director in these Matters is an honest Parson of the Neighbourhood, one that has made a Shift to get a red Nose and a double Chin in the Service of the Church, tho' he has but thirty Pounds a Year; and to keep his Palate Orthodox, and still in Tune, he carries the Tip of a dry'd Neat's Tongue always in his Pocket. He has some Acquaintance with

with Books and critical Learning, and pretends to have discover'd a false Reading in *Minutius Felix*, which has hitherto escap'd all the German Commentators. 'Tis that famous Passage *non magna loquimur sed vivimus*. He says, and proves it by the Context, that it ought to be *bibimus*, and has brought us all to be of his Opinion. In short, you may talk of your Secretaries of State, and Ministers, as long as you please, but he's a Person of the most universal Intelligence I had ever the Honour to be acquainted with. No sooner does one Tub decline, but he has his Emissaries to tell him when another is fit to bleed; and thus ten Miles round him. Then we saddle our Horses, and make as much Haste to examine the Vessel, as a Messenger does to seize a Delinquent come from France.

Having thus tir'd you with our Drinking, you expect, I suppose, to have an Account of our Women. I was five Days in this Family, before I saw one female Face. Whatever the Matter is, they are as shy of being seen by a Londoner, as a Dutch Trooper, the modestest Animal in the Universe, is of meeting a French Dragoonier in Flanders. But t'other Morning, as I walk'd in the Garden, I heard a squeaking Treble murder a Play-House Tune, at least as old as herself; however it was new here; and presently after, a Thing in a Commode look'd out of the Window, but as merrily as King Charles the Second peeps out of the Royal Oak in a Country Sign. The Governess of the Castle at last believ'd we were no Monsters, and resolv'd to give us the Honour of her Company. I never saw so diminutive a Creature in my Days; when she came into the Dining-Room between her two strapping Daughters, that were at least 6 Foot high, she look'd, methinks, like a Pair of Snuffers between two Monument Candlesticks. After the first Salutation was over, she complain'd of the Taxes,

Taxes, and the Sins of the Age, that occasion'd them; but for all her Sanctity, the old Gentlewoman thought it no Sin, it seems, to paint which she had laid on as thick as an Author does Flattery in a Dedication. The *Fucus* had bestow'd some red upon her Cheeks, by the same Token it made them guilty of a Piece of false Chronology. It made a Resemblance of Youth amongst Furrows and Wrinkles; so I could not help thinking upon some of *Varelt's* Pieces, where you see Winter and Summer Flowers, that never grow together, joyn'd in one Picture. But for all that, 'twas a very godly discreet old Lady. She ask'd us a thousand Questions about the Funds, and the Lotteries, and whether she might dispose her Money safely to the Government? No doubt on't, Madam, the Confederates and we are a hundred thousand strong in *Flanders*; besides, *Russel* has play'd the Devil with them at Sea. The Messieurs one of these Days will come upon their Knees to supplicate for a Peace. And so we parted for that Time.

A few Days after, this old Lady desir'd *Jack Freeman* and me to bear her and her Daughters Company to a Wedding in the neighbouring Village. At the very Mention of a Wedding we rejoic'd as much as the People in *Cornwall* do at the News of a Wreck. So down we went to the Farmer's House, whose Heir apparent was to be matrimonially bound to his good Behaviour. The Bride was a fat fresh colour'd Wench, well built and ruddy, and a great Pains-Taker (to use *Harry Higden's* Word) I dare warrant for her. The Husband Elect look'd somewhat grum upon the Matter, as knowing how much Business he had upon his Hands. To be short, we saw them conducted to the enchanted Castle, where the sacred Magician perform'd his Office; when he came to the terrible Words you wot of, the Bridegroom look'd as Pale as a Parson that preaches a stol'n

Sermon

sermon at a Visitation; and the Bride, after the
 laudable Custom of her Sex, dropt a few precious
 Tears, and wip'd them off with their Handkerchief.
 From thence we came back to the old Place of
 Rendezvous, where one would have thought the
 whole Country was assembled to behold the Cere-
 mony; but 'tis an old commendable Custom of
 our Mothers, all *England* over, to bring their
 Daughters to such a Sight, or prepare them for
 what they must undergo another Day; as your
 keepers call in their young Dogs at the plucking
 down of a Stag, to enter them. All Dinner-Time,
 the Bridegroom and Bride ogled one another like
 Adam and Eve in an old Bible-Cut. When that was
 over, we remov'd into the Yard, where we shak'd
 our Heels in *Fresco*, and towards the Close of the
 Afternoon, were interrupted by a Parcel Country
 Fellows, with a Fiddle at the Head of them, who
 gave us a Spice of their Abilities under an Elm-
 tree. When first I saw them move, they gave me
 an Image of *Lucretius's* Atoms, and how they jum-
 pled and interfered in the *Vacuum*. I could not
 forbear to make another Reflection upon it, which
 shews upon what chimerical Grounds People build
 their Satisfaction. These Fellows, by the pure In-
 stinct of Nature, did what Mr. *Dogget* has learnt to
 do with Pains and long Imitation. Yet Mr. *Dogget*
 pleases, and we should hiss these off the Stage for
 scoundrels and Blockheads,

A little before Supper, we had a Cessation of
 Fiddles, and our old Lady, whose Piety and Ptific
 made her equally troublesome to herself and all the
 World besides, began the Discourse with complain-
 ing of the strange Debaucheries of the Men; and
 to shew her wonderful Charity, was pleas'd to af-
 firm, that not one Man in five hundred that had
 been bred in *London*, but had pass'd the Chirurgeon's
 Hands two or three Times before the Day of Mar-
 riage. Well, the Lord be praised, says a Gentle-

WOMAN

woman newly marry'd, that sat next her, I have no Reason to complain of my Husband, he is no Drunkard, make me thankful for't, nor given to lewd Company, and what few of my Neighbours can say, I am sure he never knew any Woman before myself. Sure on't, cries *Jack Freeman*, rising up and bowing to her, For Heaven's Sake Madam, how was it possible? For *Moses*, Madam—Pugh! Says she, what do you tell me of *Moses*? With Submission, Madam, *Moses* was an honest Gentleman and tho' he has set down certain Marks by which a Man may know whether his Wife comes a Maid to him—Lord, what Stuff is here—Yet he no where instructs the Women to know whether the Men have been trespassing before — No Matter for that — Did you believe him then upon his own Word — I won't tell you whether I did or no — Or did you discover him to be a Virgin, as we do a raw undisciplin'd Soldier — How is that — Why Madam, by the awkward handling of his Arms and making his Attacks irregularly. With that, all the Men fell a laughing, and the Women blush'd behind their Fans. But this was not enough for *Jack Freeman*, for with an Assurance equal to that of a thorough-pac'd Evidence, tho' he never saw this Woman's Husband in his Life before, yet as if he had been one of his old intimate Acquaintance, he thus went on — Indeed, Madam, I can't tell what Stories Mr. N—— might tell you of his own Virtue, and all that, but I knew him perfectly well at the University. He and I, Madam, were of the same College; I believe, we have drank this Room full of Bottled Ale together, and we took him for no Saint there. There went a scurvy Report of him, but I won't justify it, because Fame's a common Harlot, and a Lyar, *ad infinitum*. But the Report was, I remember, he was very great with his Bed-maker. No cawdry young Creature, I must do him that Justice, but a grave, stay'd, discreet Person.

I have a venerable old Matron, upon my Word, and fit
 have made a Wife for *Burgersdicius*, if ever you
 heard of him. She wore about her a Girdle, with
 some threescore and ten Keys, which, when she
 talk'd, made as delicious Music as a Carrier's
 Womans. And, Madam, we had a Tradition amongst
 that he seduc'd this ancient Person with Nine-
 pence in hard Money, and a Pair of blue Worsted
 stockings; but God forbid, that I should affirm this,
 for all I know, it may be true. For, Madam,
 all Flesh is frail. Upon this, the Company laughed
 heartily as before; the poor Gentlewoman look'd
 blank in the Mouth, but Supper came very fea-
 rably to her Relief. So to eating we fell, then
 the Fiddlers struck up, and we danc'd 'till Ten. At
 which Time, the old People, taking the Bride's
 case into their pious Consideration, whose Con-
 cupiscence had stood upon tip Toes ever since the
 parson had put her into the Church-Pound, took
 her up Stairs, and as Mr. *Otway* says, dish'd her
 neatly in Bed. What happen'd afterwards you may
 easily guess.

'Tis a Sign you don't know when you are well,
 otherwise you would not long so furiously to be
 here only upon the Score of the Country Nymphs,
 you call them; for I dare engage, you'd soon
 wish yourself at Home again. A raw Wench here
 in the Country, not to recount to you a thousand
 other Impertinences, before you can bring her to
 hear, will put you to the Devil and all of Ex-
 perience in Perjury. All which is sav'd in London.
 The Women there are better bred than to ask it
 of you, or else know the World too well to depend
 upon't. Produce but the Half-Piece, and they trou-
 ble their Heads no farther about you. But here
 you must run through as strict a Scrutiny, as if you
 were to take a Post of the greatest Trust in the Go-
 vernment — And my Dear, will you be everlast-
 ingly true to me — No doubt on't Child —

But

But when you have serv'd your Turn you will leave me for somebody else ——— But indeed won't ——— It would break my Heart if you should ——— Never fear it ——— Swear then, my Dear ——— Why there's no Occasion ——— But you shall swear dear Rogue, now your Honey bids you, or ——— So then you are oblig'd to part with as many Oaths in a Moment, as would handsomely maintain one of the King's Majesty's Garrisons for a Twelvemonth. Now this is very hard upon the Subject, especially the tender conscientious. Nay, to give you the last Proof of their ill Breeding, in the critical Minute of Joy, when they ought to be all Rapture and Contemplation, then, even then, when they should be all rapt up in holy Silence, they'll ask you a thousand foolish Questions, as *mal a propos*, as if one should interrupt a Popish Priest at the Elevation and ask him what a-Clock it is. You complain that the Damsels with you dress too fine, and that a pretty Woman, set out in all the Advantages of Art is too luscious a Dish to feed upon, and as bad as Sack and Sugar. I can answer for nobody's Palate but my own; and cannot help saying with the fair Knight in *Harry the Fourth*, If Sack and Sugar is Sin, the Lord have Mercy on the wicked.

During my Stay in these Parts, I have reconcil'd myself to all the Sports of the Country, but Fox Hunting. They have got me out twice upon that Account, but if they ever get me again, I'll give them Leave to hang me. For my Part, I believe some Priest first invented it, because it requires so much implicit Faith, and the Drudgery is so stupid. A Man must venture his Neck for a Thing he never sees, and when he has got it, 'tis not worth his while. And this Doctrine I daily preach to the Gentlemen, but they mind me no more than the Bankers in *Lombard-street* did the zealous *Devil Jones* declaiming against Usury.

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Thus I have plagu'd you with a tedious long
letter, which I have not Patience enough to look
over again, and going to make Excuses for it, am
interrupted by the following Complements —
What a Plague are you a doing all this while by
yourself — Here we have scor'd you ten Glasses —
Come, or we shall lay a heavier Fine upon you —
Thus I am forc'd to conclude with subscribing my-
self,

Your humble Servant,

T. Brown



Letter to a Gentleman of Doctor's
Commons.

Dear Jack!

O mihi post nullos.



Ho' at this present Juncture, *superos &*
conscia sidera testor, I am in no very
good Condition to write Letters, *seces-*
sum scribentis & otia querunt, because
my Head akes, *accessit fervor capiti*, and
th last Night's drinking my Hand trembles, *quid*
ebrietas designat, yet I cannot forbear, *tener infa-*
mile multos, to send you an Account of our Meet-
at the Sun, *forfan & hæc olim meminisse Juvabit*,
what happen'd upon it, *Exitus acta probat*, but
endeavour to be as brief as I can, *summa sequar*
igia rerum, for I hate Prolixity and all its Works.
You must know then, that a Parcel of young
follows of us, *in curta curanda plus equo*, jolly to-
g Companions *sponsi Penelopes nebulones*, who,
ene'er we are at a Tavern, never try to go Home,
ges consumere nati, met at the Sun, to drink some

Thus

Vol. II.

O

Tokens

Tokens sent out of the Country, *O rus? quando ego
aspiciam!* At first we were exceeding chearful and
merry, *nunc te Bacche canam*, the Glasses trolled
about like Lightning, *nec mora nec requies*, we drank
Prosperity to old England, *dulce et decorum est
pro patria*, nor was the best in Christendom forgot, *semper
lunca alta fuit, vastoq; immanis hiatus*. So far the
every thing went well, *huc Arethusa tenus*, the
Candles burnt clear and bright, *noctem flammis fun-
alia vincunt*, the Tobacco smok'd agreeably, *Verum
pudor aether odor testis*, but you know the old Saying
Pleasure has a Sting in its Tail, *nocet empti dolo-
voluptas*, People seldom know when to give off,
quantum in Rebus inane, for mark what follow'd
felix quem faciunt, we had the Devil and all to do
before we parted, *Alecto Stigiis caput extulit ori-*
nothing but Bloodshed and Desolation, *bella horri-
bella*, and a Woman occasion'd it all, *dux, femi-
falsi*. One in the Company, it seems, was deep
in Love, *omnia vincit amor*, so he began his Ma-
stress's Health in a Bumper, *Nevia sex Cyatis*, swear-
ing she was an Angel, a Goddess, and I know not
what, *trahit sua quemque voluptas*, but his next Neigh-
bour, like a Fool refus'd to pledge him, *quis
mentis inops oblatum respuit?* Upon which, Rog-
ue and Rascal strait ensu'd, *nulli tacuisse nocet*, one
Word begat another, *verba accusandi genetivum
sunt*, after which, Bottles and Candlesticks flew like
Hail, *jamq; facies & saxa volant*, and some undermin-
ning Moles in the Company, that nobody could tell
what to make of, *incerti generis sunt talpa*, blew
the Coals to make more Mischief, *spargere voces
vulgum ambiguae*, till at last all of us were hook'd
into the Quarrel, *O miseri, que tanta insania Giver*.
'Twas to no Purpose, to preach up Peace and Moderation,
in Campo figitis asellum, for the Wine was
in and the Wit was out, *secundi Calices quem non
cere?* One with his Mazzard, demolish'd, *quantum
mutatus ab illo Heclore*, fell down on the Floor, and

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mitum tellus, and lay as flat as a Flounder, *procum-*
it humi bos; t'other with his Nose dismounted,
is cladem illius noctis, fell a swearing like a Dragon,
ercentem tonat ore deos, and flung the Montieth at
is Opposite, *furor arma ministrat*. A third had his
eyes clos'd up, *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*.
fourth, his lac'd Cravat and Perriwig torn to
pieces, *quis funera fando explicet*? In short, the Di-
traction was universal, *peste vacat pars nulla*, it
reign'd from Dan to Beersheba, *ab ovo usque ad ma-*
for by this Time all of us were at it pell mell,
igitq; virum vir, but such a Noise, and such a Con-
fusion, good Lord! *ferit aurea sidera clamor*, I war-
ant you there was Work enough for the Surgeons,
ulta vi vulnera miscent, but it's an ill Wind, you'll
ay, that blows nobody Good, *aliquisque malo fuit usus*
illo. At last the Man of the House appear'd, *uir*
regis ipse Caper, with a Constable and a Mob of
Watchmen at his Heels, *una Eurvsq; notusq; ruunt*,
commanding us in the King's Name to keep the
peace, *tollite barbarum clamorem*, and not to fight
like Beasts or Dutchmen, over our Drink, *pugnare*
bracum est; What, says he, do you think there
are no Magistrates in the Neighbourhood? *Creditis*
vellos Danaos? Or do you know my Lord-Mayor
and the City no better, *sic notus Ulysses*? Come, pack
up your Awls, and begone, *ille regit dictis animos*, or
I shall send you all to the Compter, *horrifono stri-*
ntes cardine Porta. Upon this, the Mutiny was
soon quash'd, *omnis pelagi cecidit fragor*, we had no
mind to be longer at Logger-heads, *non ea vis animo*,
Prison was no such desirable Place, *Centauri in fo-*
bus stabulant, so the Reckoning was call'd for and
aid, *de moribus ultima fiet questio*, every one went
towards his respective Home; *sedes quisque suas*,
some in Coaches, and some on Foot, *scinditur incer-*
studia in contraria vulgus. But see the Uncer-
tainty of human Affairs, *omnia sunt hominum*, we
were stopp'd by the Monarch of the Night at Lud-
gate,

gate, *apparent nova Monstra*. Cries he, Whence came ye? *sed vos qui Tanaem*, or whither are you going? *Quove tenetis iter?* Shall I send one of my Myrmidons to see you Home? *auxilio tutos dimittam*, or will you reign with me in this Elbow-Chair of State? *vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis*. By my Faith, my Throne and all is at your Service, *Urbe quem statuo vestra est*. No, said Ned Townly, I beg your Excuse, *haud equidem tali me dignor honore*, I love you, Gentlemen Constables, with all my Heart, *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, but I have a morose Thing call'd a Father, at Home, *est mihi namque domi pater*, besides a Mother-in-law as mischievous as a Fury, *Hircanæq; admorunt ubera tygress*. So if you please, we'll e'en take our Leaves of one another, worthy Sir, *satis est quod sufficit*, and thus thro' so many nocturnal Principalities and Powers *per tot Discrimina rerum*, we at last got safe to the Commons, *tendimus in Latium*,

Had I the Lungs of an hundred Lawyers, *mihi si centum linguæ sint*, yet were I not able to tell you all my Adventures, *omnes scelerum compendiosa formas*. But to conclude, this was the Issue of this tragical Night, *hæc Finis Priami fatorum*; but what the Plague could have foreseen it, *quid sit futurum cras fuge querere*. However, I shall have more Work for the future, *piscator sapit ictus*, so begging your Pardon for this tedious Letter, *veniam petimus debemusq; vicissim*, I promise you, *Nequid nimis* shall hereafter be the Word, with

Your most humble,

T.

LOVE

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LOVE-LETTERS written to Madam
MAINTENON, stolen out of her
Closet by one of her Servants.

Translated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

Le MARQUIS de CHEVEREUSE'S
LOVE LETTER.

Madam,

AFTER having oftentimes assur'd you
in Conversation, that I love you more
than myself, I take the Liberty to write
to you, that I may give you fuller Evi-
dences of my Sincerity, and at the same
time to make this Protestation before you, that
notwithstanding all your Indifference, I shall ever
persevere to adore you. I am sensibly afflicted that
I had not the Honour to take my Leave of you
before my Departure: I have sought every Oc-
casion with the utmost Diligence, but you, my cruel
rival one, think that I am not sufficiently punish'd
for my Transgressions, either by your Rigour or
my own Despair, You have hitherto industriously
avoided my Company, because you very well
understand, that one Moment of your charming Con-
versation, would sweeten and lessenify all that Chagrin
which your Absence had created. Let me per-
suade you, Madam, to quit all those Cruelties that
are so disagreeable, and contrary to the fairest Sex;

consider the Violence of my Passion, and by an Act of Generosity, which is so peculiar to your Nature, return one Heart for another; mine is already together yours, it will suffer no other Image to be impress'd upon it, but that of your charming Person, nor will it ever be separated from you. Give me therefore some small Room in yours, 'tis the only Thing in the World which I beg of you, and for the attaining of it, I would willingly abandon my Fortune and my Dignity. Let me then conjure you, Madam, to comply with my Passion, and make yourself absolute Mistress, not only of my Heart, but also of every thing that I possess. The Bearer hereof will bring me your Answer; I beseech you, that you will no more deny me this Favour, than any thing else that I have requested of you; without which you'll reduce to the Extremity of Despair, the Person, that preserves his Life upon no other Score, than to love, nor his Fortunes, than to serve you.

De Cheveruse

The Marquis's of Cheveruse to Madam Maintenon.



I S I find, decreed, Madam, and you have resolv'd my Death; if that is your Design, you'll have your Satisfaction upon me in a few Days; for since I have been absent from you, I have not been able to procure one Moment's Release from my Torments. However, if you'll be pleas'd to alleviate

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alleviate my Pains with one Word from your a-
dorable Hand, I shall have the Consolation to be re-
member'd by you. Do it then, I beseech you,
and if you disdain to answer my Prose, at least,
answer the Verses which are sent you by the most
passionate and sincere of Lovers,

De Cheveruse.

To my Adorable GUILLEMETTE.

By the same.

I.

Air Goddess, whose victorious Charms
Have made a Conquest o'er my Heart,
When will you fill my long expecting
(Arms)
And bid my cruel Fears depart.

II.

Since envious Fate your Absence has procur'd,
No peaceful Rest has crown'd the Night.
The Day has seen no kind Delight,
Ten thousand Martyrdoms I have endur'd.

III.

Come make a Victim of your Pride,
Cure my Despair, and ease my Pain,
Lay unbecoming Cruelty aside,
And to mild Rity sacrifice Disdain.

Q 4

IV. Or

IV.

Or if my Fate you have decreed,
And poor unhappy I must bleed,
In a pathetick Tone pronounce my Death:
And I with Freedom will resign my Breath.

LOVE-VERSES, *spoken to Adorable*
GUILLEMETTE: *By the MARQUIS*
of CHERVILLE, after his Recovery
from a fainting Fit.

I.

WELL, now, imperious Fair, I find,
You have your Lover's Death design'd:
Since you that could have eas'd my wretched
(State,
Have added to my Cares, and urg'd my coming Fate.

II.

Go, take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear,
But Love, alas! gives Place to Fear;
Awful Respect disarms my Hands,
And to my growing Passion gives Commands.

III.

Ah! must your wounded Lover die,
And see his Balm, and see his Cure so nigh:
Or shall he boldly seize a Kiss,
A Prelude to a greater Bliss.

IV.

No, he'll a thousand Deaths endure,
And all Reverses of his Fate attend,
E're he'll by Sacrilege attempt his Cure,
And his dear Guillemette offend.

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To the same; deliver'd by a Peasant.

Madam,

 I Am perswaded, that if I did not live en-
 tirely for you, I had not been able by this
 Time so much as to lift up my Eyes to
 see you without dying. If I could have
 had the Honour to take my Leave of you, and know
 your Sentiments, I had receiv'd sufficient Consola-
 tion. Do me then the Favour that I may enjoy one
 Minute's Conversation with you, in some Place or
 other: Alas! who could have believ'd that we should
 be so cruelly separated, when we were just upon the
 Point of meeting? However, it does not signifie
 much, and I have that favourable Opinion of your
 Charity, that it will repair the Loss we have mu-
 tually sustain'd, Adieu, my Dear, let me know how
 Matters go with you. You may confide entirely in
 the Bearer, for he's trusty and faithful.

~~~~~  
*Her Answer to the MARQUIS, slipt in-  
 to the PEASANT's Pocket.*

S I R,

Altho' I have not seen you since my De-  
 parture from ——— yet have not suf-  
 fer'd that Passion to be extinguish'd,  
 which you have kindled in my Heart;  
 for a Proof of this, let me find you to-  
 morrow about Four a-Clock, disguised in a Female  
 Habit, on the Side of the Wood that joyns the High-  
 way, there I shall have the Honour to see you.



*Ten Years after she was the Marquis's Mistress, he propos'd her in Marriage to a Judge of the Finances. The young Judge's Letter to the Marquis, against entering upon a second Marriage.*

S I R,



FTER having made Abundance of Reflections upon the Inconvenience and Misfortunes, that Marriage generally carries along with it, I have taken up a Resolution not to venture myself the second Time on that outrageous Sea, but to pass the Remainder of my Life in Security in the Harbour: The most convincing Arguments that serv'd to determine my Opinion in this Case, were sent me in a Letter by a Poet, a Friend of mine: I have transcrib'd a Copy of 'em for you that you may see the Advice which he gives me and with what an invincible Aversion he declaims against Matrimony. In the mean time, I shall never cease to make you all the Acknowledgement in the World for your infinite Favours, and I am heartily displeas'd with myself, that I cannot force my Inclination so far as to offer my Vows to the charming Person you design'd for me: You may reasonably believe, that Providence never design'd me for so great a Blessing, however, I shall always reserve the Honour of writing myself,

Yours

P. S.

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P.S.

The Verses sent in the same Letter.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,  
 He's always in Danger, she always in Motion.  
 And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcass,  
 Twice ventures a drowning; and faith, that's an hard Case  
 Even at our Weapons the Female defeat us,  
 And Death, only Death, can sign our Quietus.  
 Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost,  
 How our Joys are all pall'd, and our Pleasures all crost,  
 This Pagan Confinement, this damnable Station,  
 Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Nation.  
 The Levite it keeps from Parochial Duty,  
 For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?  
 The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,  
 And a poor Beast, you know, will scarce carry double.  
 'Twas invented, they say, to keep us from falling,  
 Oh, the Virtue and Grace of a shrill Catterwauling!  
 But it pales in our Game. Ay, but how do you know, Sir,  
 How often your Neighbour breaks up the Enclosure.  
 For this is the principal Comfort of Marriage,  
 You must eat, tho' a hundred has spit in your Porridge.  
 True Woman ne'er minds a Sermon, or Lecture,  
 Her Glass is her Guide, and her Ghostly Director,  
 Then she primes her gay Looks with an early  
 (Devotion,  
 There she paints, and she patches, and studies each  
 (Motion,  
 Not

Your

P.S.

Not to please the dull Sight of her Conjugal Satyr,  
But charm and confound e'ery gaping Spectator.

*If at Night you're unactive, and fail of performing,  
Enter Thunder, and Lightning, and Bloodshed next Morn-*  
(ing.

*Crys the Bone of your Side, Thanks, dear Mr. Horner,  
This comes of your sinning with Grape in a Corner.  
Then to make up the Breach, all your Might you must rally,  
And labour, and sweat, like a Slave at the Gally.*

*Yet still you must charge, Oh blessed Condition!  
Tho' you know to your Cost, you've no more Ammunition.*

*'Till at last, my dear mortified Tool of a Man,  
You're not able to make a poor Flash in the Pan.*

*Fire, Female, and Flood, begin with a Letter,  
And the World for them all scarce a Farthing's the better,  
The Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you may humble,  
If into the Flames Store of Water you tumble;*

*But the Fire of a Female, on the Word of a Friend,  
Is ne'er to be quench'd, but burns World without End.*

*You may call half the Engines, and Pumps in the Nation,  
To extinguish the Flame, and allay Titillation,  
But may piss out as well the last Conflagration.*

*Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts of the Matter,  
Judge you as you please, but I scorn to flatter.*

### On Enjoyment.

*But as Resistance feeds the Flame  
And fans the dying Fire:*

*So dull Enjoyment spoils the Game,  
By passing the Desire.*

MON.



MONSIEUR SCARON'S SISTER'S VERSES *on her BROTHER being bilk'd of his SPOUSE'S MAIDEN-HEAD on the Marriage Night. That Secret being reveal'd, broke the POET'S Heart.*



HERE's no Body knows this Secret but I,  
Which I've heartily sworn to conceal par  
may foy :

And I've promis'd, without any damn'd  
Reservation,

Not to utter one Word to a Soul in the Nation.

Then must I conceal it ? Alas and alack !

I may promise as well to bear Paul's on my Back.

But then if I tell it, I ruin my Brother,

Why I'faith I can't help it, as well he as another.

This telling of Secrets is Part of our Charter,

And for my Part, I swear, I'll dye no body's Martyr :

Well, let me consider once more of the Matter,

Either burn or disclose it, why, troth, chuse the latter.

But then, if I speak it, farewell Reputation,

And besides, I may raise his severe Indignation,

But what Woman alive can conceal Fornication.

Not a Female on Earth can Cuckoldom smother,

Then don't take it ill from your Sister, good Brother,

You know what the Matron said unto her Daughter,

Ne'er long keep a Secret, nor long hold your Water.

The

*The FRENCH KING's Letter to Ma-  
dam SCARON, who was after, Ma-  
dam MAINTENON.*



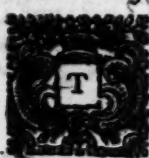
AM to tell you, Madam, that your Resistance has extremely astonish'd me; Me, I say, that have been hitherto accusom'd to Victory, and was never before refus'd. I always believ'd that being a King, it was sufficient to give any Sign of my Desire, in Order to accomplish it, but I perceive the contrary by your Rigours, and therefore to oblige you to soften them; was the Occasion of this Letter. Let me conjure you, my dearest, to love me, or at least make as if you lov'd me. Towards Evening I shall come to see you, and if then I find you no more favourable to me, than at my other Visits, you will reduce to extremity of Dis-  
pair the most passionate of Lovers,

LOUIS.



*To Mr. Synh--n at Cambridge.*

S I R,



HE Lines hereunto subjoyn'd, were occasion'd by the Death of a Lady really beautiful and strictly virtuous, an Ornament to her Sex, and the Delight of her Parents, and this lovely Flower, even in blooming, dy'd: What a Loss the World sustain'd? And what Grief was bury'd in Obedience to Almighty Providence? The Resignation of her Parents equal'd the Silence of her Departure, and surviving Friends preserve her Memory for  
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Imitation; those who knew her, were transported with her Converse; those who have truly heard of her, were astonish'd at her Virtues, and her Death seem'd a calm Translation from uncertain Comforts to the Throne of endless Happiness: Her patient Behaviour dispell'd the pusillanimous Clouds of her Relations, dying an Example worthy of their Observation; and now presuming the Guard of Christianity a sufficient Barrier against natural Force, I beg leave to offer the following Copy of Verses.

### On the Death of Mrs. Bilton.

*What ! Could'st thou not a blooming Beauty spare ?  
And must your Dart descend on such a Fair ;  
Lucinda's dead, and has resign'd the Prize  
To fainter Charms, and less inviting Eyes.  
But 'tis a Sign thou'rt blind, regardless Death,  
A Vandal wou'd have spar'd that valid Breath ;  
But thou'rt all Ice, unalterably Cold,  
Uncharm'd by Beauty, and unbrib'd by Gold ;  
Whilst zealous Vows did in the Church ascend  
Beyond the Stars, I cou'd not but offend ;  
I fix'd my Eyes, and Thoughts, and Heart on you,  
As a just Debt, and absolutely Due :  
Nor shall that Day escape my Calendar,  
When you ascended, and became a Star.  
No, I will consecrate your final Hour,  
No Time shall e'er your Memory Devour ;  
Lasting as Vertue shall thy darling Name  
Survive the Tomb, and aged Honour claim,  
And Shine for ever in the Rolls of Fame.*

Your humble Servant, T. R.

The



The Fable of the *Wolf* and *Porcupine*:  
In Answer to the Argument against  
a Standing Army.

## I.

**I** Sgrim with hunger prest, one Day,  
As thro' the Woods he posted,  
A Porcupine found on the Way,  
And in these Terms accosted.

## II.

Our Wurs are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,  
Then let's sit down and prattle  
Of Towns invested, Sieges rais'd,  
And what we did in Battle.

## III.

The Plains a pleasing Prospect yield,  
No Fire, nor Desolation;  
While Plenty reigns in every Field,  
And Trade restores the Nation.

## IV.

Yet you your Quils erected wear,  
And tho' none seeks to harm ye,  
In Time of Peace about your bear,  
Methinks, a standing Army.

V. Friend,



# REMAINS.

305

## V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,  
The War's at Length decided;  
But 'gainst such tricking Blades as you  
'Tis good to be provided.

## VI.

Censorious Fame shall never say  
That too much Faith betray'd me;  
Who thinks of me to make a prey,  
Must at his Cost invade me,

## VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,  
Tempt Knave to make a Martyr;  
The Sharpers that wou'd me beguile,  
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

### An EPITAPH upon ABRAHAM a Taylor's Wife.

From Abraham's Bosom full of Lice,  
To Abraham's Bosom in Paradise,  
Poor Sarah's Ghost has took its Flight,  
And bid the Lousy Rogue good Night.

Tho. Brown.

### An EPITAPH upon Barren Pegg.

Here lyes the Body of Barren Pegg,  
Who had no Issue but her Leg:  
But, to her Praise, she had that cunning  
Whilst one stood still the other was running.

Tho. Brown.

Phryne

Friend,



## Phryne to Eugenia against Marriage.


 Receiv'd yours, my *Eugenia*, by the last Post, in which you give me an Account of the Addressee of *Lysander*. You might have spar'd your Character of him; he's too well known to our Sex in this City to want his Picture to be sent us out of the Country; his Wit, his Gaiety, fine Person, and all his other Accomplishments have made more than you, sigh for him in spite of his being marry'd. Whatever Sentiments a Lady has of the Addressee of a marry'd Man, before she sees him, she yet wishes for those of *Lysander*, as soon as she beholds or hears him speak. You have therefore a Happiness beyond Thousands in having captivated his Heart; and if you deny your self the Use of it, you owe your own Misery to your own foolish and capricious Humour. Ah! How many Ladies of my Acquaintance sigh for, and have in Vain endeavour'd to gain that Advantage. Fortune has voluntarily thrown into your Arms! But he's marry'd, you say, and therefore you can't be happy, you can't enjoy your Wishes without a Crime; you can't be his Wife, and you resolve you'll not be what you disdain to Name. I know not what Influence Custom may have on you; but I'm not at all mortify'd at those ignominious Notions the Vulgar have, of having an Intrigue with a Man without the Priest's Licence. For my Part *Eugenia*, I think the Desire of Marriage is more unreasonable and unnatural, than that of Traitors; for ~~to~~ immediately, and knowingly to conspire against

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our own *Liberty* and *Happiness*. Love sows the gilded Paths of Youth, with a thousand soft and melting Pleasures; but Marriage comes, and with one fatal Blast blows them all away, and it makes us old in the very dawn of Youth; for not to love is to be old, and to marry is the certain Way not to love. If Love's a golden Dream, why should we quit the dear Delusion, (when in our own Power to avoid it) to wake to Horror, Misery, and Distraction? That is, why should we marry? 'Tis true, we read in Novels, and Romances of Lovers faithful and constant, nay, obstinate Adorers of the wishing fair one, in Spight of all the Obstacles of Fortune, Friends, or Rivals; but *Eugenia*, these Politick Writers lead them no farther than Marriage in that Humour. When they have brought the Knight and the Damsel to the Noose, they there leave them; all the golden Scenes of Love are over, and there remains no more Happiness to describe: If they cou'd shew us any persevering Lover after Marriage, they would do Wonders; tho' 'twould be so unnatural, 'twould pass for downright Farce. Marriage, in my Mind, is at best but like the drunken Feasts of the Lapithites; the Mirth, Jollity, and Pleasure of the pompous Banquet soon degenerates into Strifes and Combats. Love and Constancy have their Reign before Marriage, but the very Words that seek to tie us faster together, immediately (like the Medicines of Quacks) have a quite contrary Operation, and eternally divide us. Fortune and your own Heart has chose you an Object of your Desires, whom you can't, according to Custom, marry; such a sure Provision has Fate made for your Happiness; and you like a froward Child slight the mighty Gift. But you're afraid of the Curse and Infamy of an old Maid; first I shall little Value the Opinion of the World, if they think me what, to my own real experimental Knowledge, I am not; next, where's the

the Necessity of acting so imprudently, as to hinder your Marriage hereafter? Nature has given us Desires and Appetites, and added a vast Pleasure to the very Act of their Satisfaction, which shews it can be no ill. All the Dictates of Nature are easy, sure, and plain, and we comply with them with Pleasure; but the Inventions of whimsical Men, that oppose these, are not follow'd without Pain, without Constraint, and a thousand Inquietudes; by this, judge of the Good or Ill of complying with our Inclinations. This is no Plea for Prostitution, for then is Pleasure, the constant Companion of natural Actions, lost. There are no more Raptures, no more transporting Joys, and melting Languishments; all is dead, heavy, and insipid, if not painful and Nauseous. A moderate Exercise affords Pleasure and Delight, but continual Toil and Labour is not undertaken without Necessity. The same will hold in all Things. 'Tis Nonsense to imagine, that, if Love will not make you happy, a few canonical Words will do the Feat. But I have been tedious, if this don't please you; and long enough if it does; 'tis in your Power to be happy if you will, for how long I know not; but this I know, if we must seek no Happiness here, but what's lasting, we may be miserable all our Lives; for the most permanent we can't grasp a Minute longer than Fate pleases. My dear Eugenia.

*Adieu,*

**Yours,**

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*The Cornuted Beaux: Or, a Satyr upon Marriage.*

Beaugard.



*I* Can't be he. Courtine! the brisk, the gay!  
What Hag has stol'n the Friend and Man away?  
What Monster is he metamorphos'd to?  
How all unlike the Jolly Thing we knew?

*Such Underwoods have over-run the Coast,  
In his Beard's Thicket all his Face is lost;  
That hanging Look, sad Guesses does invite,  
And on his wrinkled Forehead Husband write.*

Courtine.

*For thy unseasonable Mirth, a Curse,  
As heavy as that Fiend that haunts me thus;  
That Constellation of Plagues be thine  
Which spiteful Heaven has doom'd with Sylvia, mine:  
Be thou condemn'd to hug an endless Life,  
The Gally-Slave to an eternal Wife.*

Beaugard.

*A friendly Wish! but Partners would destroy  
That Bliss, which none but one can well enjoy:*

*Lucky*

Lucky Courtine, how ev'n in Spight of me  
 Does thy good Fortune make me envy thee?  
 How like the neat Sir Davy, sage and wise,  
 New Aldermen sit budding in her Eyes?  
 A Face so fair as Sylvia's sure might move,  
 Spight of his Hymns, a bloodless Angel's Love;  
 And then what dull Platonic can behold  
 The Beauty, and the Virtue of her Gold?  
 The Atheist thinks a merry Life does well,  
 Bartering short pleasant Toys for a long future Hell.  
 To Lovers thits the happy Night alone,  
 For a whole Age of Torments might atone,  
 After a Day of eating, which might vie  
 With the Lord Mayor's, or Shrivall Luxury:  
 See where a Drove of envious wishing Friends  
 Around thy Bed, the Bower of Bliss attends;  
 Each Squinting Gallant prays the Place where his,  
 And by Delays excel the coming Bliss:  
 Sack-Poffet then, while each green Virgin throws  
 Prophetick Stocking at thy patient Nose.  
 Sack-poffet still, and when they that remove,  
 Next — enters the sweet Syllabub of LOVE.

Soft Music then thy Laziness must chide,  
 And give a fair Excuse to leave the Bride;  
 Not wooing Puffs can louder Songs compose,  
 Nor more Diversity of Airs than those.  
 Harmonious City-Music; such a Bliss,  
 'Twere worth the while to marry but for this.

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Nor must you think the Joys should end so soon  
 There's yet a live-long, heavenly honey Moon ;  
 In Wedlock's pleasing Team, with equal Law,  
 Thy courteous Yoke-fellow most ever draw,  
 While Pictures of thy kind laborious Bride  
 Shall still run softly bellowing by thy Side.

## Courtine.

Since my fair Pack so wound'rously does please,  
 Thy Shoulders lend, and be an Hercules :  
 I feel a Load, a heavy Hell above,  
 For the expected gaudy Heaven of Love ;  
 How then would you those Tinsel Pleasures find  
 With which sly jilting Nature bribes Mankind ?  
 SATED FRUITION does the Bliss destroy,  
 And the next Moment knows not the tumultuous Joy.  
 Who can reflect without just Rage and-Fright  
 And deep Regret on such a mean Delight !  
 Ye Gods, if these Love's highest Banquets be,  
 Brutes can love more, and better far than we :  
 This knew sly Jove, who, when he left the Skies,  
 Chose rather any other Beast's Disguise,  
 The Bull, nay, th' improporcionable Swan,  
 Much more the lusty Ass, can rival Man,  
 Who all their Pleasure in Possession find,  
 Without the curst Alloy, and Sting behind ;  
 As Nature prompts, promiscuously they rove,  
 And hunt free Joys through ev'ry Field and Grove,  
 But in a Pound, what Brute wou'd e'er make Love ?

}

Man, Man alone is damn'd to grinding still,  
 And in the Prison of his Cage must bill;  
 Like a blind Stallion ever drudges on,  
 And gets new Slaves for Wives to ride upon;  
 Night-mar'd, like me, whom gaily Sights pursue,  
 And scar'd with her lean Ghost, whom once I knew.  
 That Sylvia's now no more, who big with Charms,  
 Dropt a whole Dow'r of Pleasure in your Arms;  
 Loose hangs the Flower, lately so fresh and gay,  
 And every Tempest bears new Leaves away;  
 Unlovely now it flags, and overblown,  
 And ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Charm is gone;  
 Her Tenderness is fond, and awkward grows,  
 And all her Female Art affected shows.  
 True Hag all o'er: Ugly she grows and old,  
 And knowing this, turns jealous and a Scold;  
 Fletcher's Wife-tamer durst not dare to woo her,  
 Xantippe was a Patient Grizel to her;  
 Each Look, each Step I tread's by her survey'd;  
 She haunts me, like my Conscience, or my Shade,  
 Expects t' a Statue, I should constant prove,  
 And daily damns my unperforming Love,  
 Whene'er for Quiet's-Sake she looks me in,  
 Heavens, how she ruffles in her Buckram Skin,  
 And frights my Soul away from the Embrace!  
 No Mummy looks so dreadful as her Face,  
 So when from Gibbets and the Common-Sewer,  
 Th' officious Devil has pimp'd, and brought his Friend a

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So shrieks the Wretch, when he next Morn has spy'd  
 A ghastly Carcass rotting by his Side.  
 Just such a Lot is mine; I drudge my Life  
 Worse than with Legion far, possess'd with WIFE:  
 Wou'd Fate and Hell some higher Ill provide,  
 And club for any other Plague beside,  
 I soon should easy and contented grow,  
 In Spight of Bolts above, and Flames below,  
 No ——— such luxurious Ease I ask in vain,  
 And like poor Adam must alive remain,  
 Whom vengeful Fate did to curs'd Woman chain,  
 In Judgment gave him an unkind Reprieve,  
 And damn'd him to ten thousand Hells in Eve.



On the first Fit of the Gout.

Elcome thou friendly Earnest of four score  
 W Promise of Wealth, that hast alone the  
 Pow'r

T attend the Rich, unenvied by the Poor;

Thou that dost *Æsculapius* deride,  
 And o'er his Gallipots in Triumph ride.

Thou that art us'd t'attend the Royal Throne,  
 And underprop the Head that bears the Crown.

Thou that dost oft in Privy Council wait,  
 And drive from drowsy Sleep the Eyes of State.

Thou that upon the Bench art mounted high,  
 And warn'st the Judges how they tread awry.

Thou that art Half the sober City's Grace,  
And adds to solemn Nodde solemn Pace.

Thou that dost oft from *pamper'd Prelate's Toe*,  
Emphatically urge the Pains below.

Thou that art us'd on *amorous Lady's Knee*  
To feed on Jellies, and to drink cold Tea :

Thou that art ne'er from *Velvet Slippers free*,  
Whence comes this unsought Honour unto me ?

Whence does this mighty Condescension flow  
To visit my poor Tabernacle ? Oh ! —

Thus *Jove* himself from *Ida's Top*, 'tis said,  
At poor *Philemon's Cot* once took his Bed,

And pleas'd with his kind hospitable Feast,

*Jove* bid him ask, and granted his Request :

So do thou grant (for thou'rt of Race *Divine*,  
Begot on *Bacchus*, the great God of Wine)

My humble Suit, and either give me Store,  
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.



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A DIALOGUE *between a Cuckoldy*  
Courtier and his *LADY.*

*Husband.*



Should modest Ladies steal abroad,  
Mobb'd up like Common Punk or Bawd,  
Without their Stays, in wanton Dresses,  
Just fit for amorous Caresses?

What base Intrigue are you upon?  
And whither, Madam, is't you run?  
Squirting about in *Hackney-Coach*,  
Like Jilt in quest of new Debauch,  
Without your Footman, or your Maid,  
As if you fear'd to be betray'd;  
Sneak Home by Night at Twelve a-Clock,  
Discharge your Coach before you knock,  
Then gently tapping, are with Caution  
Let in by her that waits your Motion;  
And when you're sily crept up Stairs,  
Pretend to go an Hour to Pray'rs,  
As if Devotion was design'd  
For nothing but a holy Blind.  
So pious Jilts, that kiss and pray,  
Repent and sin again next Day.

P 2

*Lady.*

*Lady.*

Bless me! my Dear, you're wond'rous free;  
 What means this Fit of Jealousy?  
 Am I a Vassal, or a Wife?  
 Your Lady, or a Slave for Life?  
 Must I, to please your Whim, be ty'd  
 In my own Coach always to ride,  
 'Suit all my Actions to the Eyes  
 Of Servants, and be watch'd by Spies?  
 Suppose I had a Mind to call  
 At Pinners, or at Salters-Hall,  
 Only for once, or so, to hear  
 The Low-Church Way of preaching there:  
 Or, that upon some publick Day,  
 I long'd to hear old *Daniel Burgis* pray;  
 Not thro' Devotion, I protest,  
 But purely for a Pulpit-Jest.  
 Since we are *Church-Folks*, is it fitting  
 The World should know I go to th' Meeting?  
 When, if my Equipage should wait  
 At Door, the Town would know it strait:  
 And where's the Harm, if in these Cases,  
 I go disguis'd to such like Places?

*Husband.*

Good Heavens! What would Women do  
 To cloak the Vices they Pursue!

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And paint their Ills with pious Cheating,  
If 'twas not for the Church or Meeting?

Religion, once the Prop of State,

What is it thou'rt become of late!

The very Scandal of the Gown,

The common Banter of the Town;

As manag'd now, the Nation's Curse,

Th' aspiring Villian's stalking Horse;

The Trader's holy Face and Mein,

To hide the Knave that lurks within;

The Cause of e'ery spiteful Jar,

The Bane of Peace, and Drum of War;

The Wife's Excuse when e'er she lies

To satiate on forbidden Joys:

In short, 'tis now a Cloak put on

For every Evil that is done;

Therefore, pray Madam, cease your prating

Of going mobb'd to Church or Meeting:

When you steal out in such loose Dresses,

I know you find more private Places;

Not to serve God, but to promote

The Pleasure of the Petticoat,

And to be safe, whilst you comply

With Ills you cannot justify.

*Lady.*

My Dear, to hear you talk so odly,

'Twould vex me, were I ne'er so godly:

But as you fancy, pray suppose,

(For Jealousy's the De'il, God knows)

That when I'm mobb'd in such a Pickle,  
 I am too wanton or too fickle  
 To trouble Church or Conventicle;  
 But have perhaps a Mind to see  
 Some foolish Curiosity,

Th' *Arabian* Goat, or some such Creature,  
 Whose Horns are Miracles in Nature.

Or if by Chance I take a Loose  
 To do what's more ridiculous,  
 And blushing, laugh an Hour away  
 To see the *Moorfields* Strolers play,  
 Who, by their awkward Struts, transverse  
 A Tragedy into a Farce,

Or, *Vice versa*, make you weep  
 At Comedy, 'till fast asleep:

Thus when they mean that we should cry,  
 We laugh, to see their Lovers die,  
 They do't so very awkwardly.

And when they strive to make us glad,  
 Their tragick Tone still keeps us sad;  
 Therefore, my Dear, if I take Pleasure  
 In such Fanatick Whims as these are,  
 Where is the Scandal, or the Crime,  
 Of a *Hack-Coach* at such a Time,

And without Equipage, to go  
 In *Dishabille* to see a Show,  
 Since Lords and Ladies often strole  
 From Court as far as *Hockley-Hole*,  
 To see the Dogs, the Bulls, and Bears,  
 Halloo'd together by the Ears?

For tho' some think such rugged Sport  
Too rakish for the nobler Sort,  
I vow, 'tis but a Jest; for we,  
That call our selves the Quality,  
Have all our Whims; act, jest, and talk,  
And play the Fool like other Folk;  
Only our Grandeur cheats their Eyes,  
And makes them think we are more wise.

*Husband.*

But I hear, Madam, you are fam'd  
For a worse Sport than you have nam'd;  
And that your Hackneys and Disguises,  
Are all but infamous Devices,  
To drive on your Intrigues the better,  
And make my sprouting Shame the greater.  
What, must I bring you first to Court,  
And then be thus rewarded for't!  
Was it for this, your Pride aspir'd  
To dwell among the fawning Herd?  
That you might prostitute your Charms  
To this and that gay Blockhead's Arms,  
And with a bastard mottl'd Race  
My Ancient Family debase,  
By your curs'd Tail and tempting Looks,  
Make it as spurious as a Duke's?  
But I'll revenge the Wrongs you've done me,  
Or a worse Plague shall light upon me.

*Lady.*

Prithce, my Dear, don't let your Passion  
Thus rise without just Provocation ;  
My Lady *Backwell* can inform you,  
I ne'er do any thing to harm you ;  
For whenso'er I steal abroad,  
Mobb'd up in Furbelow or Hood,  
I never fail to call upon her ;  
And none can touch her spotless Honour ;  
Therefore you need not doubt your Wife,  
She'll witness my obedient Life,  
And all the Liberties I take  
Where-e'er I go behind your Back.  
But Men, I find, will still distrust  
Their Wives, altho' they're ne'er so just,  
And from the Guilt of their own Vices  
Punish themselves with strange Surmises.

*Husband.*

It is not all your sham Pretences  
Can longer smother your Offences ;  
You need not go *incog.* to see  
The *Arabian* Goat, but look at me :  
Your wanton Tail has made my Crest  
Vie *Anslers* with that monstrous Beast.  
Long have I guess'd by your loose Carriage  
You've broke the solemn Vows of Marriage ;

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But now I know my Fate as certain  
As if my Eyes had seen my Fortune;  
And that my Forehead could proclaim  
Your Faults, to my eternal Shame.

*Lady.*

Be patient 'till your Horns appear,  
Don't be so positive, my Dear;  
Because he only is, you know,  
The Cuckold, who believes he's so.  
What foolish Story has possess'd  
Your Noddle, and inflam'd your Breast?  
What servile Sycophant or Spy  
Has brib'd your Friendship with a Lie?  
And, for the Sake of some bye End,  
Has sily prov'd a treach'rous Friend?  
Prithee believe no idle Tales  
Of what I did at *Tunbridge-Wells*;  
Of what fine Spark among the *Beaux*  
At *Bath* for a Gallant I chose  
The World's ill-natur'd and censorious,  
And *Modest Wives*, whose Charms are glorious,  
Are often falsely made notorious.  
He that would lead a happy Life,  
Must always listen to his Wife,  
And for the Truth depend upon her  
In all Things that respect her Honour:  
For he that ever lends an Ear  
To common Fame, that common Liar,

3

May be a Cuckold in his Thought,  
 Altho' his Lady ne'er was naught.  
 Thus, 'tis not what we really are,  
 That frets the jealous Breast with Care,  
 But what we *think* ourselves to be,  
 That oft creates our Misery.  
 Then what dull Sop would Horn his Brows  
 By harb'ring Evil of his Spouse,  
 Since if he thinks her chaste and good,  
 No Cuckold's he, tho' she be lewd?

*Husband.*

The Jilt does many Ways devise  
 To blind her injur'd Husband's Eyes;  
 Will still perswade the Fool she's chaste,  
 Tho' ne'er so loose beneath the Waste;  
 Especially if not detected  
 I'th' Fault of which she is suspected.  
 But I've discover'd your Abuse  
 Of Marriage, far beyond Excuse;  
 Have prov'd at last too cunning for ye:  
 And found just Reasons to abhor ye.

*Lady.*

Prithee, my Dear, don't shew your Heat  
 So like a Cuckold in Conceit,  
 And vent your Spleen, as if your Eyes  
 Had witness'd my Infirmities.

Perhaps

Perhaps your jealous Ears have heard,  
 I'm much admir'd by such a Lord ;  
 And that we met some Afternoon  
 At *Chelsea*, or at *Kensington* ;  
 What then ? Can't Lords and Ladies take  
 A Frisk for Conversation's Sake,  
 Be merry o'er a Flask or two,  
 Drink a cool Syllabub, or so,  
 But like falacious Punks and Play'rs,  
 They must defile the Tavern Chairs ?  
 O foh ! I hate a jealous Sot,  
 That harbours such a beastly Thought.  
 I'm sure, they must have led ill Lives,  
 That judge so hardly of their Wives ;  
 For those who are themselves unjust,  
 Are always fullest of Distrust.

*Husband.*

Most rarely urg'd, imperious Creature !  
 Cunning by Practice, lewd by Nature ;  
 A most incomparable Plea  
 For faithless Woman's Liberty ;  
 If a Man once be well assur'd  
 His Lady rambles with my Lord,  
 And meets his Honour up and down,  
 In Holes and Corners out of Town :  
 I think he has Cause enough to guess  
 His Wife has foul'd her Wat'ring-place,

And

And ought, I say, to take't for granted  
His Horns are very firmly planted.  
What Business can a Wife pretend  
To have with any strong-back'd Friend,  
But to oblige her lustful Passion  
With base adult'rous Recreation?  
Therefore, it's Proof enough, Pox take her,  
To know she meets her Cuckold-maker,  
For would she have her Husband see,  
As the Law calls it, *Rem in Re*?

*Lady.*

O fie upon you! by my Life  
Your Talk's enough to spoil a Wife:  
There's Stuff, indeed! I thought that no Man  
Would use such Words before a Woman.

*Husband.*

You're mighty modest, by your prating,  
But Pox take him that taught you *Latin*:  
I find, you have been made by some Man  
Too good a Scholar for a Woman.

*Lady.*

I'm not so ign'rant, you may see,  
As you believe your Wife to be.  
Perhaps your Jealousy in Time  
May improve my Knowledge to a Crime,

And



And make you apt to think me naught,  
 Because I understand what's what.  
 I've read, my Dear, I must allow,  
 The Tryal of a Rape, e'er now,  
 Yet ne'er was ravish'd in my Life,  
 Before, or since, I've been your Wife;  
 Therefore I hope you don't distrust  
 I'm disobedient or unjust,  
 Because, my Dear, I don't applaud ye  
 For speaking fulsome Latin Bawdy.

*Husband.*

You banter, Madam, mighty well;  
 I know you've Tongue as well as Tail,  
 Both which have not alone been try'd  
 By me, but many more beside.  
 Who was it, call'd the other Day  
 At *Man's*, upon Sir *Fred'rick Gay*;  
 Took him into her Hackney Coach,  
 And carry'd off the young Debauch;  
 At *Whitehall-Stairs* took Boat just after,  
 And, to *Spring-Gardens* cross'd the Water,  
 There spent six Hours, to both your Shame  
 In doing what's too bad to name?

*Lady.*

I'll take my Oath 'twas none of I,  
 If't had, I'd scorn to tell a Lie.

*Sir*

And

Sir *Fred'rick* ! by my Life and Soul,  
 I know the Gentleman, that's all.  
 But pray, my Dear, suppose I had  
 Done what you say, you've done as bad.  
 Who was it took a homely, cloudy,  
 Lascivious, poor, Theatric Dowdy,  
 Cloth'd her as richly and as fine,  
 As if her Charms had outshone mine ;  
 Down from her Garret brought the Jilt,  
 To *Holland* Sheets, and *Sattin* Quilt,  
 Kept her as if sh'ad been a Dutcheß,  
 To please and humour your Debauches ?  
 How then can you expect I'll be  
 True to a Man that's false to me;  
 Since I have Youth and Beauty too,  
 At least, I'm sure, enough for you ?

*Husband.*

Both Sexes love the pleasing Sport,  
 It is a reigning Vice at Court ;  
 I've had my am'rous Freaks, 'tis true,  
 And so, I'm satisfy'd have you ;  
 Therefore, what's Honour, but a Cheat,  
 Among the Noble and the Great ?  
 Since we of Wealth and high Degree,  
 Who boast of Birth and Quality,  
 Are far more base behind the Curtain  
 Than those content with meaner Fortune ?

On PLEASURE. *Out of the French.*



ELL, whate'er Sins by Turns have sway'd  
(me,

Ambition never reach'd my Heart,

Its lewd Pretences ne'er betray'd me,

In publick Ills to act a Part.

Let others, Fame or Wealth pursuing,

Despise a mean, but safe Retreat;

I'll ne'er contrive my own Undoing,

Nor stoop so low as to be Great.

The faithless Court, the tricking Change,

What solid Pleasures can they give?

Oh, let me in the Country range!

'Tis there we breath, 'tis there we live.

The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,

Smiling Valleys, murmuring Fountains,

Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,

Eccho our Complaints repeating.

Bees with busie Sounds delighting,

Groves to gentle Sleep inviting;

Whispering Winds the Poplars courting,

Swains in rusty Circles sporting.

Birds in cheerful Notes expressing

Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing:

These afford a lasting Pleasure,

Without Guilt, and without Measure.



**A DIALOGUE betwixt Sir Roger L'Estrange, Harry Carr, and a Dissenter, on King JAMES's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience.**

Oxon. Printed 1688.

**Harry.**  Sir, I am glad to see you : What, *Anno ætatis sue* 72, and yet so brave and lusty ? Having not of late seen any thing from you, I was afraid that the Difficulty of finding out *Self-murder*, had tempted you to make upon your self some fatal Experiment ; like the *Philosopher*, when he could not solve the Motion of the *Sea*, threw himself into it.

**Roger.** I must confess, *Harry*, I have been of late (but much against my Inclinations) very usefess ; my Talent and the present Current of Affairs are diametrically opposite : Had the Church of England *Men* been our own, I could have run Divisions upon the Dissenters *ad infinitum* ; I would have prov'd them a Pack of Rebels for a whole Century ; I would have made the last 88 to be of a Piece with this ; and the invincible *Armada* should have been believ'd to be no more than a Fanatick Conspiracy.

**Har.** Nay, the Dissenters are not at this Time to be provok'd.

**Rog.** That I am sensible of, and therefore I have endeavour'd all I could to bring myself to speak for them ; but I find I do it so awkwardly, that you

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would as soon cure the Rickets in any one of my Age, as bring any thing of mine into Shape that pleads for them: My Answer to the *Letter to a Dissenter*, I hope, was an ample Specimen of my good Will; but my Wit lay so much the other Way, that my Answer was look'd upon to be the worst of the four and twenty; besides my Printing the Letter at large, made me in Danger to be brought in as a Disperser of the Libel.

Har. I must tell you, Sir Roger, that Answer with some other late Writings of yours, has a little atton'd for your old Sins; and tho' the Dissenters do not look upon you as their best Friend; yet it has in some Measure allay'd the Enmity between them and the Serpent.

Rog. Now you have put me in Mind, I think I have given the Dissenters in some of my last Observators a very pleasing Farewel: If I be not mistaken, I spoke notable Things for the Toleration; and were it not for the Reproach of *Self-contradiction*; I could have said twenty times as much.

Har. What need you fear *Self-contradiction* so much? Cannot you say, That upon a Change of Circumstances, a Man may likewise vary his Judgment as to Toleration, with a Respect to hic & nunc; [*R. L's. Answer to the Letter to a Dissenter, pag. 12.*] and what was abominable in one Reign, may be Law and Gospel in another?

Rog. You speak right; to alter one's Opinion, tho' at Threescore and Twelve, I think is no very great Blemish: But I that have so often challeng'd the World to discover two clashing Sentences in all my Writings; that have carried my Matters always so even, that to discover one Flaw in me, was as difficult as to find out Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey's Murther: For me to speak home for Toleration, would make it a harder Task, to find an Agreement between my Works, than it would be to reconcile the two Churches.

Har.

Har. What is't you have so unluckily said, that will make it so heinous in you to write for Toleration.

Rog. O, I have spoke against the Dissenters such hard Words, that now I could willingly eat them; but withal they are so full of Gall and Bitterness, that should I swallow them, they were in Danger to come up again.

Har. 'Tis but gilding them, then, Sir Roger; a few Presents from the Dissenting Party, I suppose, will make 'em run down easily: But what are these Cutting Expressions?

Rog. Why, among other Things, I have said, that *Liberty of Conscience was a Paradox against Law, Reason, Nature, and Religion*: [Obs. Vol. 3. Numb. 47.] and should I now unsay all this, the Wags would make such Work with me, as I formerly made with *Richard and Baxter*.

Har. Have you never an old *Distinction* then left, to help you out at a dead Lift? I remember when I had Ocoasion to consult your Writings, *distinguishing* was the best Part of your Talent.

Rog. That, you must know, I have already attempted; when I perceiv'd that an *Indulgence* was a brewing, I thought it was high Time for me to draw back, and pull in my Horns; and therefore I immediately fell to Work, and split the Hair. I artificially divided an *Indulgence*, into an *Indulgence granted*, and an *Indulgence taken*; into an *Indulgence that shall owe itself to the Favour of the Prince*, and an *Indulgence that shall be got by the Importunities of the People*: [Observ. Vol 3. N<sup>o</sup> 43] By thus nicely distinguishing the Matter, I was in Hopes to rescue the present Toleration from the Strokes of my former Animadversions; and in my Answer to the Letter to a Dissenter, my telling the Dissenters, that *The Declaration of Indulgence ran to them, and not they to the Declaration*, [Answ. to the Letter, p. 3.] I think was a full Comment upon the Text as it stands thus divided.

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*Har.* Methinks, Sir Roger, this Distinction is very ridiculous, and I can compare it to nothing more, than to a *Decree of the Council of Constance*, which I remember ever since I writ my *Pacquet*, runs thus: Upon the Debate about the *Communion* in one Kind, it was order'd, that when the Laity *desir'd the Cup*, it was by all Means to be *denied them*; but if they would submit to the *non obstante* to our Saviour's Institution, and *not desire it*; then they might be *allow'd* to partake of it: So that, *Ask and ye shall receive*, it seems is a Rule that will by no Means hold in the Case of Toleration.

*Rog.* I must confess I was there hard put to it, and you may be sure, that 'twas not willingly that I took my Leave so abruptly of the Observator, and went trailing like a Blood-hound after the Murder of Sir E. B. G.

*Har.* Let Murder alone, when all comes to all, 'tis but saying he was a Heretick, and then, Killing, you know, is no Murder. Our Business must now be to get off the *Penal Laws*.

*Rog.* Penal Laws! Had my Endeavours succeeded, they should have been kept up to the End of the Chapter, ay, and as tight too, as any Fiddle-string: Cou'd I but have brought over the Church of England Men, our Business had been done; and I think I drew as good a Scheme for Accommodation, as ever *Cassander* did, or the Bishop of *Spalato*: Had that Project took, the *Penal Laws* wou'd have been as useful to us as the Inquisition; and then I had boldly affirm'd, That neither the Church of England, nor the Members of the Church of Rome, cou'd be join'd in a Toleration with the Fanatics, but with the certain Ruin of both. [Obs. Vol. 3. Numb. 134.]

*Har.* These Church of England Men are very obstinate.

*Rog.* Ay, and perverse too; insomuch that you would as soon perswade the Pope to part with the Franchises, as bring them to pray to the People in

an unknown Tongue. To other Day, a Friend of ours (I suppose after reading my Project of Accomodation) ask'd a Church-Man? In Case the Church of Rome should give up *Transubstantiation*, what would the Church of England part with, in Order to a Reconciliation? And what dost think the Churchman offer'd in Exchange?

Har. Why, the nine and thirty Articles I suppose.

Rog. I protest only *Passive Obedience*; and I wou'd no more take that Principle from them; then I wou'd unshackle a Madman. *Passive Valour* is a Virtue I love in an Enemy; and 'tis as necessary for our Preservation that they hold this Doctrine, as 'tis for the Grand Seignior that a Bassa believes that of *Fatality*, when he is to undergo the Discipline of the Bow-String.

Har. I give the Church of England Men for lost; and therefore for my Part, my Province shall be to gain the Dissenters, I think the Wind blows fairest from that Side.

Rog. Prithee, Harry, how cam'st thee to be either belov'd by the Papists, or believ'd by the Dissenters? I am sure you have spoke as severe Things of the Papists, as ever I did of the Fanaticks, and yet by a sudden Turn you are become as gracious as if you were a Convert of some considerable Standing.

Har. I perceive you don't understand the Virtue of Holy Water; this powerful Sprinkling will immediately restore a Man to the State of Innocence: Had Adam but known this easy Receipt, he would never have been at the Expence of Fig-Leaves. You must know I have all my old Sins forgiven me, and I am now as clean as if I had been over Head and Ears in Jordan.

Rog. But all thy Washings will not clear thy Contradictions; thy Packet of Advice, and the Weekly Occurrences, are as opposite as Fire and Water; and I wonder how thou canst so shamefully prevaricate without one single Blush to alter my Complexion.

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When I was press'd hard with my former Opinions, I set off the false Coin with some plausible Varnish, and always distinguish'd where I could not fairly deny; but thou wou'dst fain cheat, even in Spight of Day-light; thy Juggle is so easily detected, that by thus openly publishing thy Shame; one would think this Task was given thee, not so much that thy Masters had need of thy Pain, as to oblige thee to a Penance.

Har. Puh, Sir Roger, you know Words are Wind, and why should one no more than t'other be ty'd to one Point of the Compass; he that can turn and double upon a Stage, is always applauded for his Performances; and why may not a dext'rous Change of Opinion be as much commended for the Activity of the Brain, as the other is for the Agility of Body.

Rog. In Troth, Harry, I must confess thy Brain is of a very singular Constitution; and thy late Writings are such Originals, that for my Part, I think thou deservest to have a Patent for Scribbling; thou art of late the very Darling of the Papist, and thou carriest on the Business of Rome so vigorously, that I do not doubt in a short Time to see thee Secretary to the Conclave.

Har. Why, I believe I do them no small Service; with my Occurrences; I take from them the Odium of Persecution, by fixing it upon the Church of England; I fill my Peoples Heads so full with Penal Laws, that there is no Room left for the Inquisition; and if any one blabs about Q. Mary's Days, I immediately stop his Mouth with the Thirty-Fifth of Elizabeth.

Rog. But you very frugal in giving Instances of the Severities of the Church of England, not above one in a Paper.

Har. You must know he that has not much Butter, must spread it thin; I must make the most of what I have, for I am afraid hereafter I am not like to have from that Side any more Examples: But if you observ'd, I manage Matters to the best Advantage: When once upon a Time, there was taken from a Quaker

Quaker a *Warming-pan* for the Church Dues; I put in a notable innuendo, and hinted, that 'twas then *Cold Weather*; What think you? May not that be call'd the *Warming-pan Persecution*?

Rog. Ay, that was indeed hot and fiery; to take a *Warming-pan* from a *Quaker*, was a little too unchristian, whom not only the *Season*, but his *Religion* oblig'd him to frequent Fits of shaking.

Har. And now you talk of your *distinguishing*, I think I have lately had a notable Fetch that Way too; When I had in one of my *Occurrences*, accus'd the *Clergy* of London of cheating the Poor of Sion College, in keeping from them the *Charity* of the Founder. [Occur. Numb. 11.] And the Malice and Falshood of my Accusation being unluckily publish'd, I was hard put to it to avoid the Charge of Evil-speaking, Lying, and Slandering; therefore in my next Paper, I did protest, that in my former Story, I did not intend to reflect upon the London Clergy. [Occur. Numb. 12.] So that here is the Clergy of London, and the London Clergy make up a serviceable *Distinction*.

Rog. Your *Occurrences*, then I perceive, are no Insult over the Church of England, and thereby to divert the Papists and gain the Dissenters.

Har. You are in the right on't; this Church of England, you know, is our greatest Obstacle; it vexes me to think that an Heretical Church should be by Law established; these Laws are such unlucky Ways of fortifying, that they stand more in our Way than Walls and Bastions. Could we but once level their Work, you would not find it long before we fell to Storming, and I think we have already made some considerable Advances.

Rog. And do the Dissenters come on kindly?

Har. Why truly some of them are pretty forward, and we favour them accordingly; we do as the Patriarchs did of old, he that comes in first receives the Blessing; if they promise fairly, then we place

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place them in convenient Stations, we put them in such Posts that are something for their *Honour*, as well as for our *Use*.

*Rog.* I must confess for my Part, I am not for advancing the Dissenters too much; and tho' I cannot but approve of their present Behaviour, yet I am not for trusting them too far, for they are slippery Creatures.

*Har.* Trusting them, quoth a, why, who does? Have you ever seen a Dissenter at the Head of a Regiment? Have you ever heard that any of them was made Lieutenant of the Tower, or Governor of a Garrison? The Offices they are generally put into, are Places of *Expence*, and not *Profit*. If any of them has a Mandate to be Mayor or Alderman of a Town, he is so *precarious* in his Office, that he dares not make one false Step upon Pain of another *Regulation*: And withal, they commonly act in *Conjunction* with Papists; so that they are no more than *Under-Workmen*, they are only employ'd, not trusted.

*Rog.* Here is a Dissenter a coming; I guess he comes to beg your Assistance, *Harry*, either to present an *Address*, or to get a *Commission* to regulate some stubborn *Corporation*. He looks as if he had a Spight to the Test and Penal Laws.

*Har.* Let me alone, I'll warrant you I manage him to Advantage, and if I don't make him as rank a Repealer as any is in *England*, I'll forfeit all the Gain of my Occurrences.

*Rog.* Well, I take my Leave of you; and at our next Meeting shall expect an Account of your Transactions, and in what Forwardness Affairs stand for a Parliament. Farewel.

Enter an Honest Dissenter.

*Dissenter.* Gentlemen, I am sorry I have disturb'd you, and that I should be the Occasion of breaking up so choice and select a Meeting. My Business is only

only with you, Harry, and not so urgent neither, but that I can retire, and call upon you at your Leisure.

Harry. Sir, you are heartily welcome, I am never so engag'd, but that I am always ready to wait upon a Person of your Character. Yours, I am sure, is *publick Business*; and since I have not of late seen your Hand to an Address, I doubt not but you come now at least some Hundreds strong.

Diff. That is not at present my Business. You must know, there is a *small Place* in his Majesty's Service lately fall'n vacant, which lies so conveniently in my Neighbourhood, that as it may not be of such Advantage to another, so no one perhaps can so easily attend the Duty with so much Diligence as myself; and therefore since I am told, that now all Offices are dispos'd of *without Distinction*; I hope by Virtue of former Acquaintance, I may beg your Interest on my Behalf.

Har. Before I can appear your Friend, you must answer me first to some few Questions; for no Man must expect his Reward before he can say his Catechism. Will you, whenever there is a Parliament call'd, endeavour to choose such Men as will take off the Test and Penal Laws?

Diff. What is the Meaning of this?

Har. You must know then, that no one is to be either promoted to, or continu'd in an Office, who will not answer affirmatively to this Question.

Diff. Why this is encountring Test with Test, setting one Nail to drive out another; if a Man be not qualified for an Office, but upon such Conditions; you seem to send up as hard Things as those you would have abrogated. For what is the Difference between your obliging a Man to abjure the Test, and the Laws requiring him to renounce Transubstantiation? But only this, that for my Part, I think renouncing Transubstantiation to be the more innocent.

Har. There is a greater Difference than you may imagine: For the Declaration that is requir'd by

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the Law is a violence to a Man's Conscience; 'tis obliging him to renounce an Article of his Faith; whereas the Tests are Matters purely political: They were promoted by a Faction, and design'd only to gratify a Party, which is pleas'd to call itself the Church of England.

*Diff.* Hold there, Harry, these Words are something too severe; let me tell you, you cannot make the enacting of these Laws to be the Business of a Faction, without putting the late King and his Parliament at the very Head on't; and it does not become you to speak so irreverently of a Crowned Head, tho' it lies in Ashes. But suppose a Man should believe in his Conscience, that the Tests are a great Security to the Protestant Religion, and that the Consequence of repealing them will be the Introducing of Popery; (as I must necessarily think of those many noble and worthy Gentlemen, who lately lost their Employments upon this very Question) is not the turning of such a one out of his Office, which perhaps is his whole Subsistence, for not consenting to repeal those Tests, not only a Privative, but according to your wise Distinction, a positive inflicting of Penalties on the Score of Conscience [Occur. Numb. 9.] For is not he that thinks his whole Religion to be in Danger, as much concern'd in his Conscience as another that is so tender of one single Article?

*Har.* But these are groundless Apprehensions, the Protestant Religion, will be secure without these Tests; and I have over and over prov'd they are but Wind-Walls. Surely you have never seen my Occurrences.

*Diff.* Ay, that I have, and at the same Time that could laugh at your Jest, I was offended at your Curtilities: And now you put me in Mind, I have seen your *Patquet of Advice from Rome*, too: There I remember you say, *That no Mortal Man can embrace countenance the Popish Religion, but either a design'd Knave, or a cajol'd self-will'd Fool* [Pacq. Vol. 3. p. 15.]

[*Har.* ] Now, I cannot believe that you look upon either of these Characters to be very honourable.

*Har.* I wou'd have the Papists be admitted into Offices as well as other Subjects; and they may sometimes happen to have better Abilities, to serve their King and Country, than those that would excuse them. [*Occur. Numb. 9.*]

*Diff.* Certainly, Harry, thou art made up either of Knavery or Forgetfulness; tho' I am afraid, Knavery is the chief Ingredient in thy Composition. Have not you said in your Pacquet, that you cou'd wish we were fairly rid of 52000 Papists, and yet you believ'd, durst undertake to prove the King should not lose one good Subject by the Bargain. Pacq. Vol. 3. p. 143.]

*Har.* You should not so spitefully recollect my former Opinions: You should consider not so much my old Faults, as my present Arguments; and if my Carriage at this Time may make you entertain any hard Thoughts of my Person, tho' you may not believe the Man, yet I hope, you will be convinc'd by his Reasons.

*Diff.* Why, truly, whenever I see a Forehead of Brass, I am apt to believe, that what is within is of no better Metal. To be always false and shifting, is, methinks, a Temper so mean and creeping, so very like the Race of the Serpent, that to be overcome by such a one's Insinuation, is not to be persuaded but betray'd.

*Har.* Is it not unreasonable that the Papists should be debarr'd of those Privileges, and Advantages which they are born to? And since they are under an equal Obligation of Duty with other Subjects, why should not they have the same Right? as 'tis in other Countries where Protestants and Papists have an equal Share in the Government. [*Occur. Numb. 9.*]

*Diff.* Prithce show me but one Country where there are but four Papists to one Protestant, and the Protestants allow'd to enjoy equal Privileges with the Papists: If this cannot be done, why then should

the Papists of our Nation look upon it as unequal dealing in this Government, to keep them from Offices, when their Number is not as yet, perhaps, above one in two hundred? Unless they assume some extraordinary Privileges to their Persons, as well as their Religion, and pretend that their very Civil Rights are *Catholic*.

*Har.* But these *Test-Laws* are unjust: They set up an Inquisition into Mens Thoughts, put their Souls on the Rack; so that a Papist must either starve or violate his Conscience. [Ibid.]

*Diff.* I perceive, Harry, your Compassion leans much on the Popish Side; and you do not seem much concern'd, whether a Protestant dies in his Bed, or on a Dunghill, for if the Loss of Employment be an infallible Symptom of starving; I am afraid, there will be found of late, more Church of England Men put into those uneasy Circumstances, than there are Papists of any Note in the whole Nation. And since you would persuade us, that the grand Project is to employ Men equally, without any Regard to their Perswasions; methinks it does not at all become you in Policy, to give such early Instances of Partiality.

*Har.* Are not there Church of England Men preferr'd as well as other Men; do not you see them daily made Deans and Bishops, &c.

*Diff.* So I have seen Bulls and Bears wear Top-knots; but I presume they would never have gone to the Expence of adorning the Brutes, were it not on Purpose to expose the Fashion. Prithee, Harry, there are Knaves of all Perswasions, and the Church as well as the Barn breeds Vermin.

*Har.* Why are you so much afraid of Papists being put into publick Employments; I'll assure you, they are not such Men as you do imagine; and whosoever says they are bloody and cruel, foully misrepresents them, and does not draw them in their proper Colours.

*Diff.* Pray, Harry, how long have you had such a favourable Opinion of their good Nature? What are all the holy Candles out, that you formerly told us, were made of Protestant Grease at the Irish Massacre? [*Pacq. Nov. 19, 1680.*] Are there no Popish Fires but that which burnt the City? Or have the French Protestants think you, lest their Estates and come over only for the Advantage of a Collection? These are too bitter Things, Harry, to be so easily digested; and if I be not much mistaken, I can shew you, that some of them are bound by Oaths to give Hereticks no better Quarter.

*Har.* Surely there is no such Thing?

*Diff.* I do assure you, I had it from a very substantial Author.

*Har.* Pray, who is it? I'll warrant you, one of our modern Misrepresenters.

*Diff.* No, I'll assure you, I had it from the worthy Author of the *Pacquet of Advice from Rome*; and certainly he must needs know best what was done there, where he kept his Weekly Correspondence. 'Tis the Oath which all Popish Bishops take at the Time of their Consecration. My Author has it at large, but I shall here only give you the Clause of it. And all Hereticks, Schismaticks, and such as rebel against our Lord the Pope, or his Successors, I shall, to the uttermost of my Power, persecute, impugn, and condemn. So help me, &c. [*Pacq. Jan. 30. 1679.*]

*Har.* And does not the Church of England with her Penal Laws, come upon you and your Brethren, with the same Severities?

*Diff.* Pray, where is a Church better seen, than in her Articles and Canons? And if these are to be look'd upon as the Standards of her Doctrine; to give the Church of England her Due, she in her 66th Canon, requires her Bishops and Ministers, to endeavour by Instruction, and Perswasion, to reclaim all Recusants within their respective Limits: And if some of her Communion did put the Laws in Execution.



execution against us with too much Rigour; the present *Promotion* of several of those Instruments of our Miseries, wou'd tempt a Man to believe, that what they did was not so much out of *Mistake*, as by Order.

*Har.* But now you have a Commission to enquire, into what Money was taken from you upon the Account of your Religion; and so in some Measure you make your selves whole again.

*Diff.* Prithee *Harry*, why dost not send us to the *Spanish Wrack* to dive for Gold and Silver? On my Conscience I believe it would be to as much Purpose. If you will procure us all that was return'd into the *Exchequer*, that will indeed encourage and enable us to sue for the rest; and surely you do not think that the *Exchequer* ought to thrive by *Oppression*, no more than a private Gentleman's Pocket.

*Har.* If you consent to take off the Test, you do not know what may be done for you; and methinks you of all People should be ready to comply, since you are so much oblig'd for the *Toleration*: And you know one good Turn always requires another.

*Diff.* Suppose the Church of England Men had comply'd to take off the *Tests*, dost think then we would have been such *Favourites*? I find it was our Turn to be ask'd last: We have something of *Original Sin* that still sticks to us; and I am afraid, when Popery comes in, we that have no *Foundation*, and are as it were *Strangers* in the Land, must expect that this Liberty will only encrease our future Task, and put us farther into the House of *Bondage*.

*Har.* You shall have *Magna Charta* for Liberty of Conscience; and that you know, is like the Laws of the *Medes and Persians*, unalterable.

*Diff.* I must be a Fool by thy own Maxim, if I believe thee; for have not you said in your *Pacquet*, that he is only fit to be *Recorder of Gotham*, who does nor foresee, that if ever the *Papists* prevail, *Magna Charta* and the Bible must down together. [*Pacq. Nov.*

21. 1679.] But now I think on't, how will this *Magna Charta*, and the *Magna Charta* of the Council of *Lateran* stand together? which is so far from giving *Liberty of Conscience*, that it will not allow Hereticks the common Priviledge of living.

Har. Has not Sir *Roger* clear'd that Difficulty sufficiently? when he told you, that when they are rightly distinguish'd, they may very well stand together; for the Degrees of the Church of *Rome* are Religious, this *Liberty* you are offer'd is a Civil Point. [Answer to the Letter to Dissenters. p. 7.]

Diff. Well, now I find true, what I always suspected; that this *Liberty* was grounded upon a Trick of State; and not upon Religious Conviction of Judgment. So that when the Government shall not stand in Need of such Arts; that is, when Popery is too powerful to submit to such Condescensions; we must expect to be thrown off, and sink again into the State of suffering.

Har. I do assure you, it has been the constant Judgment of *Papists*, that all Men ought to have *Liberty of Conscience*: And they are very ill Men, and you ought not to joyn with them, who would perswade you to the contrary.

Diff. *Divide & Impera*, I know is the *Papists* Rule, as well as the *Politicians*. *Prithce Harry*, he that is but eight and twenty Years old, has liv'd long enough to see their Methods of destroying the Protestant Religion: And it is most by playing fast and loose with the Dissenters. Sometimes the Dissenter is a Heretick and a Rebel, and all the Cry must be, Crucifie him, Crucifie him; at another Time he is all Innocence, What Harm has he done? We'll release him, and let him go. Thus by intermittent Fits of Ease and Rigour, they endeavour to shake and undermine that Foundation; against which their Arguments have not Strength to prevail.

Har.

*Har.* But this *Indulgence* was so frankly offer'd you, that you cannot choose but make *suitable Returns* for such unexpected *Civilities*.

*Diff.* Profered Service in some Cases is not only *unacceptable*, but *nauseous*: For when all the Arguments of *Reason* and *Religion* could not prevail, to find an unexpected fit of *Affection*, makes the Kindness something suspicious, and all the endearing Expressions may proceed not so much from *Love*, as *Disimulation*; a Politick Design may be in the Bottom, and a Snake may lie in the Grass that looks so fresh and flourishing.

*Har.* I find you still continue in your groundless Suspicion of the Papist: Methinks they are the most reasonable Men alive; for if they do repeal your Laws, they promise you *Equipollent Securities*.

*Diff.* I must tell you *Harry*, the Papists are the worst Men in the World to pretend to insure the Protestant Religion from Fire and Faggot: Their Love to Hereticks, we know, is generally *hot* and *flaming*, and 'tis rarely that any of them vouchsafe to *Miss*, but when 'tis to bring in others that come with *Swords* and *Staves*. And what is this *Equipollent Security* to be? An *Act* of *Parliament*.

*Har.* Yes, but such an *Act* that shall be unalterable, and not in the Power of future Ages to revoke.

*Diff.* Hold, not so fast there, you will ruine the *dispensing Power* else; for if the King may not *suspend* that *Act* too at Pleasure, what will become of those Officers, who have made so bold with the Laws in being? for the Consequence must reach all *Acts* alike.

*Har.* Ay, but these *Tests* are in their Nature unjust, and dangerous to the Government in their Consequences; and so no Matter what becomes of them.

*Diff.* And will not that *Law*, think you, be unjust, which cramps the King's *natural* and *inherent* Right of *suspending* *Acts* of *Parliament*? so that this *Law*, or the mighty *Prerogative* of *suspending*, immediately

diately falls to the Ground: And which do you think will most likely get the better on't? Besides, that Law, if it be *Equipollent*, must exclude all *Romish Priests* from officiating in any publick Church or Chappel within the Kingdom: Now if it be, according to you, so *impious* to exclude Papists from serving the King in *publick Offices*; what a monstrous Piece of *Impiety* will popish Judges Interpret that Law to be, which excludes the Priests from serving God in his *publick Worship*? And therefore the apparent Consequence of repealing our Laws to me will be this; that hereafter we shall have all popish Governours both in Church and State; and to us will be left the Merit of *Obedience*, and the Glory of *Suffering*; only I am afraid we shall much eclipse that Glory, upon some melancholy Considerations that we have had a Hand in our own *Execution*.

*Har.* Well, I perceive you will not give me a Categorical Answer to my Question. You will have the same more formally put to you e're long, and I do not doubt when you have taken Time to consider, but you will return a very satisfactory Answer.

*Diff.* To be short with you then; the Sum of my Opinion is this: That I consider my self as an *Englishman* as well as a *Protestant*; and whatever I conceive may *directly* or by *Consequence* prejudice my Religion or *Civil Rights*, I think my self oblig'd not to consent to it, as I am to answer it to GOD and my COUNTRY. So Farewel.



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A Prophecy upon *Lambeth* Ox-cheek.




 Hen the *Number* that stands next to that of  
 (the *Muses*,  



 And the *Member* to Man that of visible  
 (Use is,  



 With the *Thing* that still wishes his *Dad*  
 (old *Nick*,

But together aspires to a Archbishoprick.

When the Panther, so spotless, is plagu'd with a (Head,  
Whose Outside is Brass, and whose Inside is Lead.

When *Lambeth* its primitive Oracle lost,  
Instead of a *Pillar* is propt with a *Post*:

And *Britain* beholds, in an eminent Station,  
An immoderate Duncce of great Moderation.

If such a dull Guide to the Church proves a *Benizon*,  
You may swear Contradictions are true, and that  
(Ten-is-one,

Q. 2

To



*To a Friend in the Country, on the Death of  
his Mistress.*

*To read of great grief and* Vinegar-yard.

Dear Jacky,

Jan. 21, 1702.

**I** Am sorry to be the Messenger of ill News to you (for to a Person of your Tenderness, I know it must be very unwelcome) however, since it must arrive to you by some other Hand, tho' I should take never so much Care to conceal it from you; I thought myself concern'd in Point of Friendship to communicate it to you; and at the same Time to endeavour to give you all the small Comfort I was capable of. Be pleas'd therefore to know, that a dear Friend, and old Acquaintance of yours, to the great Affliction of all that knew her, is ——— it goes to the very Heart of me to tell this ——— defunct, and dead and gone, the Way she knew so well, I mean the Way of all Flesh. For your Consolation, she dy'd a Member of the Establish'd Church, (and this I must add in her Praise, that ever since she knew what was what, she was exceedingly zealous for the Establishment) and nothing grieved her so much, that she must leave this World before the Occasional Bill pass. before you could come to close her dying Eyes. The Curate of St. Giles's pray'd very fervently two Pours with her, after which, she call'd for a Glass of cool Nantz, and drank a Health to the best (and here

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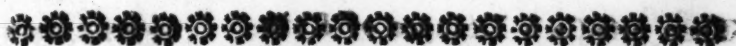
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here her Tongue began to falter) but afterwards, she faintly added, in Christendom. All the Standers by had so much Charity, as to believe she meant the Church. If you give yourself the Trouble to turn over the Leaf, you'll not only find the dear Person's Name, and what Distemper she dy'd of, but a small Poetical Cordial by way of Epitaph.

*Your unknown Friend,*

N.B.



### *An Epitaph upon the Charming Peggy.*

Under this Marble Peggy lies,  
Who did so often spread her Thighs,  
And made Philander's Courage rise.

This Morfel of delicious Lust,  
That kifs'd with so sincere a Gust,  
Is now resolv'd to common Dust.

Her Hands (forgive me if I'm blunt)  
Will now no more, as they were wont,  
Pilot Love's Sailors to her ———

Her Limbs that us'd to move so nice,  
And taste Love's Pleasures in a Trice,  
Are now, alas! as cold as Ice.

To

To tell the Truth, as short as can be,  
She kill'd herself with drinking Brandy,  
And all for her dear Jack-a-Dandy.

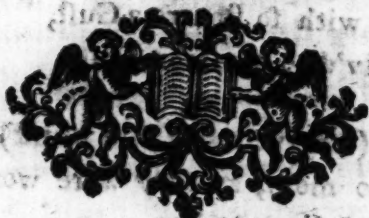
Thus did our charming Nymph expire,  
According to her Heart's Desire,  
And as she liv'd she dy'd by Fire.

\* *Nector*, my Boy, of thee I beg,  
Not to forget the illustrious *Peg*,  
But o'er her Tomb lift up thy Leg.

Then piss such Deluges of Rain  
In so exuberant a Strain,  
As shall o'erflow the World again.

This Tribute's to her Ashes due,  
Whose Loss ten thousand Youths will rue;  
And so immortal *Peg*, adieu.

\* *The Name of his Danish Dog.*



Upon



*Upon the Paper Project for raising of Money.*



Ray, Sir, did you hear of a late Pro-  
(Proclamation,  
Of sending Paper for Payment quite  
(thro' the Nation,

Yes, Sir, I have, they're your *Mounta-*  
(*gue's* Notes

Tinctur'd and colour'd by your Parliament Votes :  
But 'tis plain on the People, to be but a Toast,  
For they go by the Carrier, and come by the Post.

*The happiest Day of MARRIAGE.*

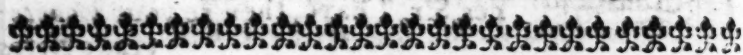


*I*N Marriage are two Things allow'd,  
A Wife in Wedding-Sheets, and in a  
(Shroud :  
How can a *married* State then be a-curst,  
Since the last Day's as happy as the First?

*Epigram.*

## EPIGRAM

 Mpubis nupsi valido, nunc firmior annis  
 Ensusco & tremulo sum sociata viro.  
 Ille fatigavit teneram, hic atate valentem  
 Intactam tota nocte jacere finet.  
 Dum nollem, licuit, nunc dum volo, non licet uti;  
 O Hymen, aut annos, aut mihi redde virum.

  
 Translated thus. By Mr. Tho. Brown.



Oming a tender Girl from School,  
 Marrying, I met a thund'ring Tool:  
 But fit for Love's Embraces grown,  
 I've got a Man that's next to none.  
 The first with Youth's too vig'rous Warmth inspir'd  
 With Love's untasted Joys, my Weakness tir'd.  
 My second grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms,  
 He fills my Bed 'tis true, but not my Arms.  
 When I'd no Appetite, Love cloy'd me;  
 Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me.  
 Oh! Hymen, Hymen, for my Quiet,  
 Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.



You, who our Neighbour-Navies did confound,  
 And made our Fame from Sea to Sea resound,  
 Grieve now to see your Trophies from us torn,  
 The Seas, your Mistress, helpless and forlorn;  
 Mourn to behold a lustful proud Pottroon,  
 Eclipse those Glories you for us have won.



*The Poet's Will at the Whiggs Festival.*



Under your *Author* stands extreamly ill,  
 And yet of perfect Mind, thus makes his  
 (Will.

First, I bequeath my Soul, when I forsake  
 (it,

To him that has the truest *Right* to take it;  
 My *Body* next, let me consider well,  
 To those that will convey it out of Smell:  
 My *Worldly Goods*, altho' they are but few,  
 My *Brother Poets*, those I leave to you;  
 And were I sure that they'd accept of it,  
 The *Rhyming Quality* should share my Wit:  
 To *Daniel*, and his *Friend the Observer*,  
 I leave my *Manuscripts*, and *Scottish Psalter*,  
 With all my *Volumes* that have scap'd my Bum;  
 From the *Wise Masters*, to the fam'd *Tom Thumb*.

Next, I bequeath, but let me recollect,  
 I fain would something Leave to every Sekt;  
 To all our grave *Divines*, where'er they be,

... want my *Charity*

And



And to those *Prelates* that oppose the *Bill*,  
Were I secure they would not take it ill;  
To them, and their *Heirs*, I'd give and grant,  
My *Model* of the *Godly Covenant*.

The *Presbyterians* too, I'd something give,  
Tho' they're so Rich, I know not what to leave,  
Besides, they're grown so very proud withal;  
They won't accept of any Thing that's small;  
And yet, methinks, 'tis fit that they should have,  
Some Marks of my *Remembrance* in my *Grave*;  
Among my *Lumber* they will *Papers* find,  
Writ to inform the *Realm*, what they design'd;  
That they have them, it is my sole *Intention*,  
They'll be of Use against a *Comprehension*:

The *Quakers* too expect their *Legacy*,  
To those good Men I leave my *Modesty*;  
And let the other *Sects*, that I mayn't wrong 'em;  
Take my *Religion* and divide among 'em.

And to Conclude, it is my *Will* and *Mind*,  
Some honest wealthy *Cit* would be so kind;  
To see all this perform'd, and for his Pains,  
To take for him, and for his *Heirs* my *Brains*.

### *The Fable of the Lyon and the Beasts.*



NE Time a mighty *Plague* did pester  
All Beasts *Domeftick*, and *Silvefter*.  
The *Doctors* all in *Consult* join'd,  
To see if they the *Cause* could find;

And

And try'd a World of Remedies,  
But none could conquer the *Disease*.

The *Lyon*, in this *Consternation*,  
Sends out his *Royal Proclamation*,  
To all his loving *Subjects*, *Greeting*,  
Appointing them a solemn *Meeting*.  
And when they're gather'd round his *Den*,  
He spoke, *My Lords and Gentlemen*,  
I hope you're met full of the *Sense*  
Of this devouring *Pestilence*;  
For sure such heavy *Punishment*  
On common *Crimes* is rarely sent.  
It must be some *Important Cause*,  
Some great *Infraction* of the *Laws*;  
Then let us search our *Consciences*,  
And ev'ry one his *Faults* confess;  
Let's judge from biggest to the least,  
That he that is the foulest *Beast*,  
May for *Sacrifice* be given,  
To stop the *Wrath* of angry *Heaven*.  
And since no one is free from *Sin*,  
I with my self will first begin.

I have done many a Thing that's ill,  
From a *Propensity* to kill;  
Slain many an *Ox*, and what is worse,  
Have murder'd many a gallant *Horse*;  
Robb'd *Woods* and *Fens*, and like a *Glutton*,  
Devour'd whole *Flocks* of *Lamb* and *Mutton*;  
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not *Lye*,  
The *Shepherd* went for *Company*.

He

He had went on, but *Chancellor Fox*  
 Stands up, what signifies an *Ox*?  
 What signifies a *Horse*, such *Things*  
 Are honour'd, when made Sport for *Kings*?  
 Then for the *Sheep*, those foolish *Cattle*,  
 Not fit for *Carriage*, or for *Battle*;  
 And being tolerable Meat,  
 They're good for nothing, but to eat.  
 The *Shepherd* too, your *Enemy*,  
 Deserves no better *Destiny*.  
 Sir, Sir, your *Conscience* is too nice,  
 Hunting's a *Princely Exercise*;  
 And these being all your *Vassals* horn,  
 Just when you please are to be torn.  
 And, Sir, if this will not content you,  
 We'll vote it *Nemine Contradictente*.

Thus after him they all confess,  
 They had been *Rogues*, some more, some less;  
 And yet, by little slight *Excuses*,  
 They all got clear of great *Abuses*.  
 The *Bear*, the *Tyger*, *Beasts* of fight,  
 And all that could but scratch and bite;  
 Nay, even the *Cat*, of wicked Nature,  
 That kills in Sport her fellow *Creature*  
 Went Scot-free, but his *Gravity*,  
 An *Ass* of stupid *Memory*,  
 Confess'd, i'th' *Road to Tunbridge-Fair*,  
 His Back half broke with *wooden Ware*,

Chancing

Chancing unluckily to pass  
 By a Church-yard full of good *Grass*,  
 Finding they'd open left the Gate,  
 He ventur'd in, stoop'd down and eat:

Hold, says *Judge Wolf*, these are the Crimes  
 Have brought upon us these sad *Times* ;  
 'Tis *Sacrilege* ; and this vile *Ass*  
 Deserves to dye for eating *Holy Grass*.

*The Fable shows us poor Mens Fate,  
 Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.*



*An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Edward  
 Millington, the famous Auctionier.*

✻✻✻ Ourn, mourn you *Booksellers*, for cruel Death  
 ✻✻✻ Has robb'd the famous *Auctionier* of Breath ;  
 ✻✻✻ He's gone, he's gone, ah, the great Loss deplore!  
 Great *Millington*, alas ! He is no more :  
 No more will he now at your Service stand  
 Behind the Desk, with *Mallet* in his Hand.  
 No more the Value of your Books set forth,  
 And sell 'em by his Art for twice the Worth ;  
 Methinks I see him still, with smiling Look  
 Amidst the Crow'd, and in his Hand a Book,  
 Then in a fine facetious pleasing Way,  
 The Author's Genius, his Wit display ;



O all ye scribbling Tribe, come mourn his Death,  
 Whose Wit hath giv'n your dying Fame new Birth:  
 When you neglected Works, did mouldring lie  
 Upon the Shelves, and none your Books would buy;  
 How oft has he with strained Eloquence,  
 Affirm'd the Leaves contain'd a World of Sense,  
 When all insipid, dull Impertinence. }  
 Come Gentlemen, come, bid me what you please,  
 Upon my Word, it is a curious Piece;  
 Done by a learn'd Hand, and neatly bound,  
 What say you, come I'll put it up, one Pound;  
 One Pound, once, twice? Fifteen, who bids a Crown.  
 Then shakes his Head with an affected Frown;  
 Good lack-a-day, 'tis strange, then strike a Blow,  
 And in a feigned Passion bids it go:  
 Then in his Hand another Piece he takes,  
 And in its Praise a long Harangue he makes;  
 And tells 'em that 'tis writ in lofty Verse,  
 One that is out of Print, and very scarce;  
 Then with high Language and a stately Look,  
 He sets a lofty Price upon the Book:  
 Five Pound, four Pound, three Pound, he cries aloud,  
 And holds it up, expose it to the crowd,  
 With arm erect the Bidders to provoke  
 To raise the Price, before th' impending Stroke;  
 This in the Throng does Emulation breed,  
 And makes 'em strive each other to out-bid;  
 While he descants upon their learned Heats,  
 And his facetious Dialect repeats:

For

For none like him, for certain knew so well  
 By Way of *Auction*, any Goods to sell;  
 'Tis endless to express the Ways he had,  
 To sell the Good, and to put off the Bad;  
 But ah! in Vain I strive his Fame to spread  
 The Great, the Wise, the Knowing Man is dead.  
 And you in Painting skill'd, his bewail,  
 He's dead that did expose your Works to Sale,  
 See how he lies, all dismal wan and pale,  
 No more by him your Praise will be express'd,  
 For ah! he's gone to his eternal Rest:  
 Can you forget, how he for you did bawl,  
 Come put it in, a fine Original;  
 Done by a curious Hand, what *Strokes* are here  
 Drawn to the Life, how fine it does appear!  
 O lovely Piece, Ten Pound, Five Pound, for Shame  
 You do not bid the Value of the Frame:  
 How many pretty Stories would he tell,  
 T' inhaunce the Price, and make the Picture sell;  
 But now he's gone, ah, the sad Loss deplore!  
 Great *Millington*, alas, he is no more.  
 And you, the *Muses* darling, to rehearse  
 Your Sorrow for the Loss of him in Verse;  
 Mourn, mourn together, for that Tyrant Death  
 Has robb'd the famous *Auctionier* of Breath.

### His EPI T A P H.

Underneath this Marble Stone,  
 Lies the famous *Millington*;

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*A Man who through the World did steer,*

*Ith' Station of an Auctionier;*

*A Man with wond'rous Sense, and Wisdom blest,*

*His whole Qualities are not to be express'd.*



## *Farewell to poor England.*

*By Mr. THO. BROWN; in the Year 1704.*



*Farewel false Friends, Farewel ill Wine,*

*Farewel all Women with Design;*

*Farewel all pocky cheating Punks,*

*Farewel Lotteries, Farewel Banks;*

*And England, I am leaving Thee,*

*May say, Farewel to Poverty:*

*Adieu, where e'er I go, I'm sure to find;*

*Nothing so ill, as that I leave behind.*

*Farewel Nation without Sence,*

*Farewel Exchequer without Pence;*

*Farewel Army with bare Feet,*

*Farewel Navy without Meat;*

*Farewel Writing Fighting Beaux,*

*And Farewel useless Plenipoes.*

*Adieu, &c.*

*Farewel you good old Cause, Promoters,*

*Farewel brib'd Artillery Voters;*

*Farewel to all attainting Bills,*

*And Record which for Witness kills;*

*Farewel to Laymens Villany,*

*And Farewel Church-Men's Perjury.*

*Adieu, &c.*

*Instead*

Instead of one King, Farewel nine,  
 And all who associating Sign;  
 Farewel you gull'd unthinking Fops,  
 Poor broken Merchants empty Shops;  
 Farewel Pack'd Judges, cull'd for Blood,  
 With eight Years War for England's Good;  
*Adieu, &c.*

Farewel you Judges, who dispence,  
 With perjur'd cut-throat Evidence;  
 Farewel thou haughty little *Moose*,  
 With those that choose thee for the House;  
 Farewel Long — and spiteful Looks,  
 With Reverend *Oates*, and all his Books;  
*Adieu, &c.*

Adieu once more, *Brittania* fare thee well,  
 And if all this wont mend Thee,  
 May the D — triumph in your Spoile,  
 May Begg'ry run throughout your Isle,  
 And no one think it worth his while  
 To take up to defend Thee.

*The End of the second Volume of*  
**FAMILIAR LETTERS.**

**F I N I S.**